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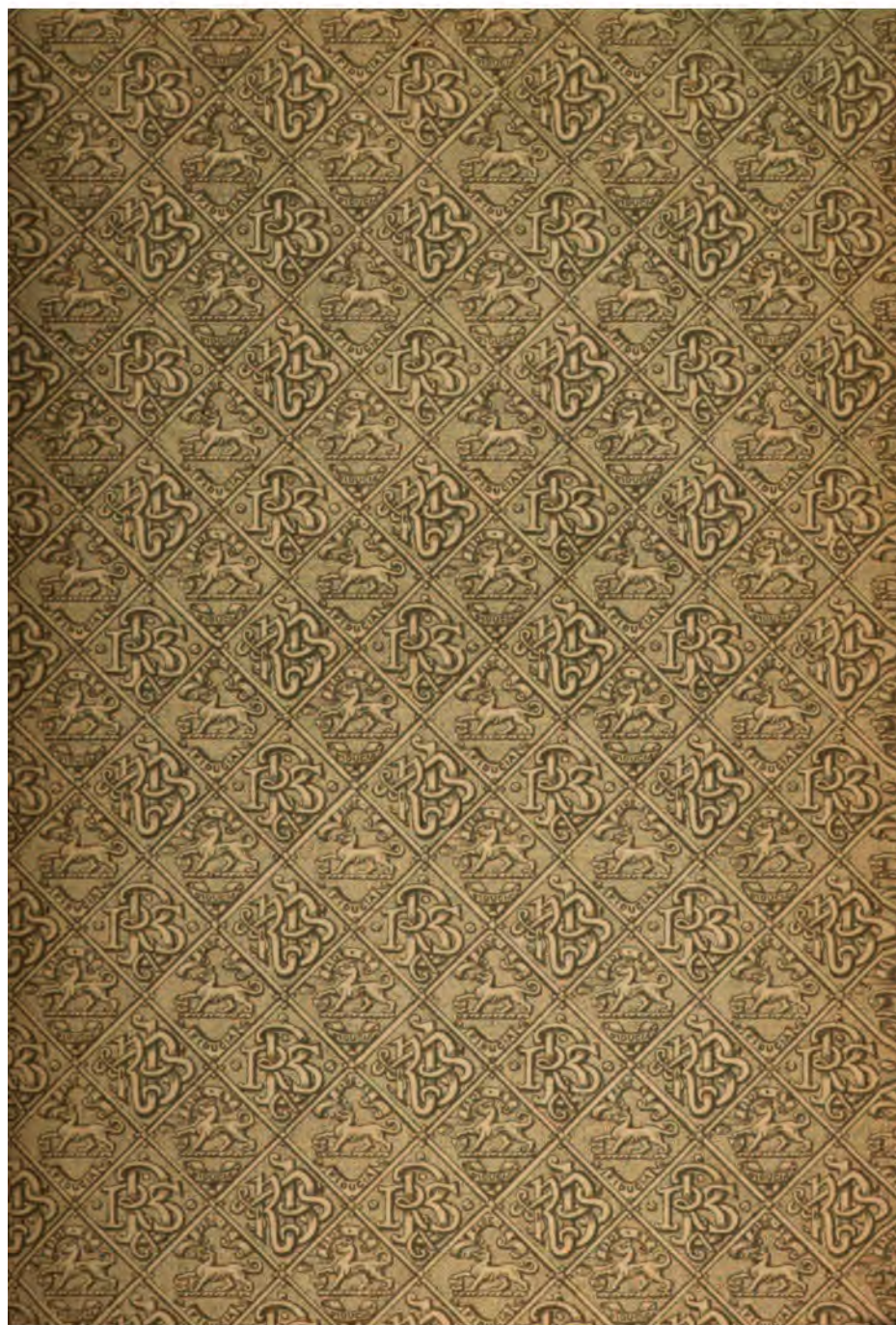
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MEMORIES OF FATHER HEALY



Father Healy.
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MEMORIES

OF

FATHER HEALY

OF LITTLE BRAY



WITH A PORTRAIT

LONDON

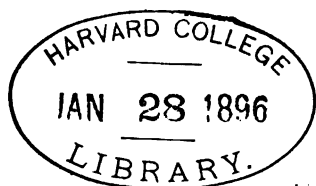
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MEMORIES OF FATHER JAMES HEALY

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Birth and Boyhood—Francis Street in the past—*Te Deum* for George III.—Dr. Kenrick—Cardinal MacCabe—‘Liberty Birds’—The White Quakers—Dr. Flanagan and his Art Galleries—Rev. Patrick Murray, D.D.—Father Smith and his Practical Jokes—Anecdotes—The Lazarites—Castleknock—Donnybrook Fair.

‘I was born on December the 15th, 1824,’ said Father James Healy, ‘being one of twenty-three children.’ Several of his brothers and sisters died young, and were buried at Blue Bell, a rural graveyard near Dublin, once the happy hunting-ground of those who, for anatomical purposes, effected premature resurrections. His mother, Mary Meyler, came of a respectable family in Wexford. His father was a humourist, and is described as wearing, under almost every phase of circumstance, a broad smile. Traces of this unfailing geniality are found in the features of the son.

Dr. Mahaffy, F.T.C.D., writes of Father James Healy: 'His outward presence expressed perfectly the soul within. It would have been a common face but for the uncommon qualities which marked it, for it was broadened with smiles, lit up with a twinkling eye, refined by the thin nostril and mobile lips, which told of his delicate perception and his ready utterance—an utterance rich with the flavour of his origin. He was never at a loss for a kindly word; to meet him in the street was like passing suddenly into sunshine.'

Old John Healy shone too, but merely as a rough diamond. He had close business relations with Patrick Kehoe, of Francis Street, in whose family are traditionally preserved *ana* of his humour; but these turn merely on local and personal traits. No one would have laughed more than John Healy if informed that he was descended from the ancient race of O'Hely, who are described by the Four Masters as 'princely brughaidhs' in 1809*; nevertheless, there is some truth in the

* Archdeacon O'Rorke, in his 'History of Sligo,' vol. ii., p. 807, says that the ancestral home of the O'Helys was Ballinafad; but it would appear that their adventurous sons soon spread north and south, and, in the words of the old song,

'From Ballinafad to Tanderagee,
Now, if you're for sport, come along with me!'

There are, alas! tragic incidents in their tree. Bishop O'Hely was hanged on August 22, 1578, according to

statement. Vicissitude came; and the old race received its finishing touch in the operation of the Penal Code, which, as Swift states, drove many a sept into the ranks of the coal-porters. Father Healy was once comparing notes with the Rev. Dr. O'Fay, P.P., Craughwell, on their respective travels in France, when the latter said, 'Of course you were *au fait* at the lingo?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'I was only O'Hely at it.'* About the same time a lady volunteered to him the information that she was of the 'Dalys of Castle Daly,' and asked what family did *he* belong to. His answer, which greatly amused the company, was, 'I belong to the Francis Street branch of the Halys, of Castle Haly.' When afterwards recounting this reply to an English friend, he substituted for Castle 'Healy' 'Castle Street'—a thoroughfare in Little Bray. 'One Who Knew Him,' with possibly a confused impression of the foregoing answer, writes in the *Westminster Gazette* that he replied to an inquiring lady: 'I'm one of the Healys of Healy's Court.' It does not appear that she followed up her query with

O'Renehan. At the trial O'Hely summoned his judge, Sir William Drury, to appear before the judgment-seat of God. Drury certainly died in October of that year.

* Dr. O'Fay died on July 6, 1867. The Catholic Directory of that day says: 'He was a Doctor in Divinity, received the Roman pension, an honour seldom conferred but on Italians, was made a Knight of the Golden Spur, and Count of the Holy Roman Empire.'

'What number?' which was said to a pretentious boaster who described his seat in the country as 'The Court.' The writer just quoted goes on to say that 'Father Healy, when further pressed as to the whereabouts of the natal spot, mentioned a lane in the slums of the city, proverbial for poverty and dirt.'* This must be taken *cum grano*, as will be shown.

The name of Father Healy's father does not appear in the Dublin Directory for 1824—the year James was born—but later on he is described as 'John Healy, Provision Merchant, 116, Francis Street.' The title 'Merchant' usually denotes a status superior to the ordinary shopkeeper. That Father Healy was born in Francis Street, we know on his own authority. The Duchess of Marlborough once asked him if he spoke French. 'I ought, your grace, for I was born in Francis Street,' was his reply. And perhaps there was more in it than superficially appeared, for in the last century a French *patois* was often heard near his natal spot, traceable to the Huguenot silk-weavers who had settled there. Francis Street—so called from a Franciscan abbey which has disappeared—is

* I have dwelt on this point because I once heard a monk of great asceticism say—one who also possesses a keen sense of humour—that in Father Healy's constant avowal of his origin, at the tables of the great, he showed a spirit of honest humility that did him more honour than even his wit.

described in old records as a rural suburb; but it was finally embraced by squalid surroundings.

John Healy held his lease from Swift's Hospital. It will be remembered that Dean Swift endowed a mad-house—

‘To show by one satiric touch
No nation needed it so much.’

A block of houses belonging to Swift extended from Garden Lane to Marks Alley. John Healy's house, which was one of them, is now absorbed into the larger premises of Patrick Kehoe, a well-known firm of bacon-curers.

Francis Street was no obscure parish when James Healy was born. It grasped Rathmines, Ranelagh, Miltown and Harold's Cross. In Frances Street lived at first John Keogh, the leader of the Catholics before O'Connell; and in its chapel meetings had been held in furtherance of emancipation when Curran and Grattan spoke, and students of Trinity College cheered them to the echo. Until 1796 it was the mensal or archiepiscopal parish of the Diocese of Dublin. A flaming account is found in the *Universal Magazine* for 1789 of a grand thanksgiving service here for the recovery of George III. Archbishop Troy and his suffragans officiated, while a splendid choir, in which many Protestants joined, sang the *Te Deum*. The traditions which James Healy imbibed fed and fostered his policy as a man.

Among incidents within his memory were the

periodic fights of which Francis Street was the arena. When one was about to come off, the inhabitants all put up their shutters, and the street seemed in a state of siege. He well remembered a man of proportions like Goliath with whom a smaller person declared that he would have it out. 'Take care!' exclaimed the latter; 'I'm an awkward sort of fellow. Maybe it's in the eye I'd hit you,' suiting the action to the word, and with a strength of effect that *Bell's Life* could alone find suitable slang to describe! A form of challenge that Healy chanced to hear greatly amused him: 'I never saw the broth that was too hot for me—or the mait that was too fat for me.'

There can be no doubt that Father Healy's song, 'The Nowlans an' Neals,' which in after-years he often sang for a chosen few, derived its inspiration from those days. It described, very much in the style and spirit of the more recent 'Killaloe,' a faction fight between two stocks. This continued to such a late hour that candles had to be lit in order 'to pick out the Nowlans from Neals.' Such strange scenes were clearly traceable to encounters of a graver sort, which not many years before disgraced Dublin, and owed their origin to a feud between the Huguenot weavers and the butchers, whose 'guild' was that 'of the B. V. Mary.' On November 4, 1821, the Rev. Michael Blake*

* Afterwards Bishop of Dromore. Dr. Blake died in 1861.

preached a sermon on the necessity of an early religious education, and took occasion to refer to his sainted predecessor, Dr. Beatagh, in words highly useful to the local historian. 'When he commenced his luminous career, many amongst you may remember the abject and shameful state of public morals. Ireland had then, as she has now, all the capabilities of greatness; but being neglected, the richer she was in natural qualities, the more vicious and profligate she became. Her children were frequently seen on each side of the quays of your city, drawn up in battle array, armed against each other with bludgeons, rusty swords, and missile weapons; and on almost every public occasion the exuberance of her nature wantoned in excesses of the most lawless and barbarous kind. Education has, under God, nearly remedied all these evils. Those factions, which formerly were wont to fill the community with alarm, have disappeared.'

Mrs. Healy died in middle age, and her sorrowing husband—if, indeed, a man whose features had acquired a pose of chronic enjoyment can have grieved long—paid the compliment to the happiness of first marriage by promptly entering on a second.

Among Healy's more respectable neighbours in Francis Street—all familiar figures to him—were John Sweetman, a member of the Rebel Directory

in '98; Joseph Denis Mullen,* the popular orator, and eventually Governor of the Four Courts, Marshalsea; the Rev. Dr. Kenrick, P.P.; Gervais Taylor, well known at home and abroad; Edward McCabe, afterwards Cardinal; and the Rev. Dr. Dawson, Dean of St. Patrick's, nephew of the author of 'Bumper Squire Jones.' But there were other 'Liberty birds,' all characters in their way, 'Zozimus,' 'Stoney Pockets,' 'Billy in the Bowl,' Kearney, the singer, 'Owney' and 'Hughy,' not to speak of Joshua Jacob and Abigail Bayle, both white Quakers, but who afterwards became Catholics, and are buried at Glasnevin. Of all these people Father Healy had something to say. The saintly Dr. Kenrick was uncle of the present Archbishop of St. Louis. One day he missed his hat, and having astutely peeped into Plunkett Street—a famous mart for old clothes—he found a woman in the act of selling it. 'I only wanted it as a relic of your reverence,' she said. 'You seem very anxious to get rid of it, then.' 'I was

* Few would expect to find in a London publication of 1814 allusion made to a denizen of Francis Street. 'Anacreon in Dublin' (Stockdale, Pall Mall) sings

'Haste thee now, ingenious Mullen;
Though the Liberty is dull in
Manufacture, trade or pay,
Thou must form a cup to-day.'

The writer was Edmond Lenthal Swift, Keeper of the Regalia at the Tower. Letters to Mullen will be found in the O'Connell and Wellesley correspondence.

merely asking the value of it,' rejoined the ready-witted crone.

Dr. Kenrick died soon after the recovery of his stolen hat, and a medal in commemoration of his worth was struck—one familiar to collectors of such things. A bust of him from the chisel of his friend and successor, Rev. Mathew Flanagan, is preserved at the presbytery, Francis Street. Flanagan, afterwards Chancellor of the Diocese, was a pompous, austere man, tall, and of imposing presence. He showed skill in moulding objects in clay and afterwards transferring the result to marble, and several of his works are still to be seen about the Church of St. Nicholas. At a time when John Hogan was comparatively unknown, Flanagan secured his study in clay of a dead Christ, which he placed over the high altar. Having heard that some of the curates had gone up on a ladder to examine the work, he said to them in his nasal twang, 'If you injured one finger of it, it is more than your miserable lives could ever atone for.'

Visitors came to see his art galleries. A small statue of Achilles wounded in the heel was made the subject of special contemporary notice. Canon Pope became his curate for a time, and imbibed the same tastes. One day Dr. Flanagan found a poor, ill-clad boy who, in an adjoining slum, gave such promise as a draughtsman that he took him up, and gave him pictures to paint; and this youth,

N. J. Crowley, became an Academician in the end. Dr. Flanagan's works, though striking, all things considered, bore traces of the amateur. Father Healy used to describe the visit of a doctor (who had the reputation of being 'a quiz') to Flanagan's art gallery. Pointing to a bust, 'By Canova, sir?' 'No—I,' and—feigning to be much struck by a picture—'Michael Angelo?' 'No—I.'

In 1834 James Healy is found a day-scholar, with Thomas Nedley, Edward Fottrell, J. C. Kelly, and others, at the Vincentian Seminary, 34, Usher's Quay, Dublin. The Directory of the day describes it, from the above date until 1840, as simply 'Day-school under the patronage of Most Rev. Dr. Murray, conducted by a number of clergymen.' These good fathers were technically known as 'Lazarites,' and will be found fully noticed when Healy becomes an alumnus of Castleknock. At the Usher's Quay school James was shorter than his schoolfellows, and as one of them, Mr. Kelly, remembers, he always contrived when the class remained in line that his feet should rest on a projecting part of the surbase. Though a smart boy, he was no infant prodigy, but he is described as quick in spirit, and one who could box to some purpose if aggressively approached.

After a few years the good Vincentians—the name by which its clerical managers are best known—gave up this school, when for a short time

it continued to be carried on by their late usher, Mr. Michael Hickey, A.B. This usher had been popular with the boys, and one of the 'archest' of them told a new-comer that the quay derived its name in compliment to the pedagogue.

The priests of Francis Street, including the Rev. Patrick Murray, subsequently highly distinguished as Professor of Theology at Maynooth, were constant guests at John Healy's table. 'Little James' was the incarnation of fun, and the source of infinite enjoyment to the curates. Amongst the latter was Father Smith, of whose love of a practical joke Canon Pope gave me many laughable anecdotes. James, besides being a regular attendant at Catechism, was constantly in and out of the presbytery and vestry, and it was hard to control the explosions of laughter which, except at times of solemn duty, his quaint sallies provoked. 'We must kill Healy, or, if we don't, Healy will kill us,' Father Smith was one day overheard to say.* Old Healy, addressing Gusty Grehan, asked, 'Do you know my

* Father Smith was an old man who, unpromoted, tottered into the tomb. The 'aorta,' doctors say, is easily ruptured at advanced life by much emotion. There is no knowing what risks he may have run. Zeuxis, the artist, was so amused at the sight of a hag he had painted that he died in a fit of laughter. The aged philosopher, Chrysippus, died from a 'side-splitter,' and Tertullian relates that Licinius Crassus laughed himself to death from witnessing an ass trying to swallow some thistles.

son James?' proudly adding, 'that's himself!' A story has it that the youngster once puzzled his father by describing the efforts of a fat pig to escape through a narrow door as 'Bacon's Essays,' but I cannot quite satisfy myself as to its authenticity. Anything about bacon had always piquancy for both.

John Healy was a plain, straightforward trader, who scorned all affectation in describing his craft. Father Meehan, in his 'History of the O'Tooles,' remarks that 'in Rome the man who sells bacon calls himself by a modest name,' but 'in Dublin the person who advertises gambs, jowls, pigs' faces and middles, styles himself an Italian warehouseman! O shades of Raphael and Angelo!' adds Meehan in words eminently characteristic. The connection that subsisted to the end between Charles Meehan and James Healy is not the least interesting of the episodes in this modest history.*

Father Smith continued to be a favourite figure in Healy's retrospects, and his example, in some respects, was not lost upon him. Smith was one of the most hospitable of men, and regularly every Tuesday gave a feast, at which the professors of Maynooth, Drs. Murray, Molloy and others, were

* The guide to an Italian priest who had wished to see Dublin was dryly told that he should have taken the stranger round to show him all the Italian warehouses.

bidden. Years rolled on, and the old curate, almost doubled in two, was a familiar and touching object. At last Dr., afterwards Cardinal, MacCabe, who, as a boy, had often served his Mass, dispensed Smith from duty. It may be added that he had property in his own right, and, furthermore, had been left £1,000 by Miss Sherlock, a near relation of the well-known Serjeant-at-Law. Some of her kinsfolk reported this bequest to Rome, and Smith's exclusion from promotion is said to have been due to that circumstance.

In 1839 James Healy became a pupil, and subsequently a novice, in St. Vincent's College, Castleknock, and it may be interesting to recall the circumstances in which 'the Congregation of the Missions' originated.

Early in the seventeenth century the Abbé Vincent, a tutor in the family of the Comtesse de Joigny, was hurriedly summoned to the deathbed of a man who, though he had often approached the Sacraments, now admitted, on inquiry, that several unconfessed crimes burthened his breast. Vincent was so successful with this sinner that the Countess urged him to preach near Amiens on the crime of making bad confessions. Vast numbers responded to his voice; his confessional was crowded, and the Countess conceived the good thought of founding an institute for conducting missions in rural districts. For this purpose the Archbishop of Paris

offered the Collège des Bons Enfants, which the Countess duly endowed, and pious secular priests came to help Vincent de Paul. Urban VIII. by Bull in 1632 gave the congregation a threefold object—the sanctification of its own sons, the special work at first proposed, and the training of a very ascetic priesthood. In 1632 the Fathers moved to the College of St. Lazare. Harvests of conversions year by year rewarded their labours, and in 1737 Vincent was canonized. There were now eighty-four houses of the institute, and among so many it is hardly surprising that some of the Fathers should have favoured Jansenism and refused to accept the Bull ‘Unigenitus’; but M. Bonnet, their prudent general, drew them from the gulf on which they stood. During the Reign of Terror St. Lazare was twice plundered, some of the Fathers were butchered, and the remainder driven from France. The Lazarites rose again like Lazarus from his tomb, but the Maison St. Lazare, from which women had been strictly excluded, became, as it remains to this day, a prison for women.

In 1835 the Rev. William Gwynne, D.D., who had long conducted a most respectable Protestant school at Castleknock, sold his establishment to the Vincentian Fathers. The now well-known college soon flourished on its site. The purchase included forty acres of land and a ruined castle of

much interest and antiquity, to which reference shall again be made.

Men of the present generation regard Castleknock as essentially a lay school ; but it does not seem to have been so at first. The following announcement caught the eye one day of old John Healy, and decided him as to what he would do :

ST. VINCENT'S ECCLESIASTICAL COLLEGE,
CASTLEKNOCK.

Principal—REVEREND P. DOWLEY.

This establishment was undertaken by the direction of the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, and in conformity with the expressed wishes of several of the clergy of the Diocese of Dublin. The study and exercises are directed to facilitate the entrance of students into ecclesiastical colleges, and to obviate the evils resulting from their presenting themselves as candidates for the sacred ministry without being acquainted with the nature of that holy state or the dispositions required for embracing it.

With all the higher branches of languages, Greek and Roman classics, modern and ancient history, geography, mathematics, etc., the study of the English language, the principles of composition, and the practice of public delivery, are particularly attended to.

Father and son were soon *en route* to Castleknock, passing through the undulating scenery of the Phoenix Park. Troops were being paraded on the fifteen acres, cannon roared, and a *feu de joie* was discharged while the popular Viceroy, Lord Mul-

grave, galloped along the red line. Some minutes later found father and son passing under Knockmaroon Hill and penetrating the tranquil enclosure of St. Vincent's College.

From the nursery of childhood James Healy passed to the nursery of bishops. Patrick Moran, afterwards Bishop of Dunedin, New Zealand, entered Castleknock at the same time. The Vincentian Fathers—including Dr. Dixon, brother of the Primate; Lynch, afterwards Archbishop of Toronto; Gillooly, afterwards Bishop of Elphin; MacCabe, Bishop of Ardagh; and Dr. James Lynch, now Bishop of Kildare—solemnly received the new boys. The latter acted as ghostly director to the school.

I don't know whether Healy made it a subject of confession, but it is certain that during a vacation ramble he visited Donnybrook Fair, with its deafening din of gong, trumpet and drum. Calvert's theatre was there to harrow up the soul with 'Varney the Vampire; or, The Feast of Blood.' Camped around were smaller stages, on which strode kings and clowns, queens and Columbines, and a peep-show, where, among other wonderful sights, Bonaparte was pointed out crossing the Alps in an open boat. Tents without end, in which people danced like mad, displayed outside all sorts of signs and legends, one of which Father Healy often quoted to amuse his friends :

'This is the sign of the Cock ;
Step in, my ould hen,
Empty your glass,
And fill it again.'

Many a man took the bait,

'Stept into a tent, and spent half a crown ;
Came out, met a friend, and for love knocked him down,
With his sprig of shillalagh and shamrock so green.'

But James Healy was content to study the scene as a laughing philosopher. By the exertions of local clerics the time-honoured observance of Donnybrook Fair was, later on, suppressed ; but the struggle was for life or death, and brought more than one priest to his grave. For centuries Donnybrook Fair opened in August with 'walking Sunday,' and its orgies went on, night and day, for a week.

James Healy's smartness was soon recognised at Castleknock, and gradually its lay-school assumed large proportions.

As I know nothing about them, I will not venture to describe the doubtless frequent forewarnings of grace which may have marked him, like the youthful Timothy, for the priesthood of Christ. 'Unfortunately we have not the records of the public examinations of these years,' writes the present President. Mr. John Gannon was in the Humanity class with Healy, but he is unable to say that the youth was remarkable in any way, unless as a good ball-player. Captain Keogh, R.M., states that Healy acted as monitor and instructed him in Virgil.

The Congregation of the Mission includes of late years many genial and pleasant men, whom to know is to love; but most of the earlier Fathers at Castleknock were 'Northerns,' with a demeanour which James regarded as austere and depressing. The sports that now attract so many visitors to the school on the hospitable call of its Rector were then wholly unknown. There were no running in sacks, no jumping, no marquees, no amateur bands. Solemnity was the order of the day.*

Father Healy has described a primitive and very ascetic Father who was much shocked by a reply he got when catechizing a sailor's son:

'What is cursing?'

'Wishing ill to one's neighbour.'

'Cannot you give me a more comprehensive definition, child?'

'—— your eyes, holy Father.'

The Fathers saw that James Healy had talent; they also saw that he had a vocation for the Church; and it was only natural that they should expect him to become a priest at Castleknock. He did not like to say 'No,' and at last entered the earlier stage of the noviciate preparatory to com-

* On the other hand, Francis O'Beirne, who was at Castleknock with James Healy, described it to me, in 1841, as 'the Happy Valley'; but his head was of a mould very different from that of James Healy.

pleting it at Paris. 'He is one whom I can never forget,' writes the venerable Bishop Lynch; 'I was so struck with his sterling virtue.'*

The time James Healy was now spending was one of enforced silence—what were his thoughts? When we remember the vivacity of his mind, they must have been kaleidoscopic. 'I loved to wander round the battlements of the old castle,' he said, 'and during part of the time I employed myself in throwing stones at the jackdaws which, with a great deal of talk, clustered at the top of the tower.' But gradually the ruined castle was found to convey 'sermons in stones.' There were few graves of dead Fathers† to stumble over then; and some of his thoughts, it may be concluded, were given to the past history of the towering ruin, with its double lines of fortifications, from which trees and fern shoot up and proclaim the empire of nature over that once almost impregnable citadel. It was at one time held by the Danes, afterwards by Nial, monarch of Ireland. Within its walls the patriot prelate St. Laurence O'Toole nerved King Roderick O'Connor by his voice and blessing: from

* The Bishop, the sole survivor of the founders of Castelknock, adds a date which will be interesting to his friends and useful for his future biographer: 'On Saturday, January 9 [1895], if God spares me, I will be in my eighty-ninth year.'

† On digging the grave of Father Plunkett, within the castle, a wonderful pagan cromlech was found, with human bones that fell to dust on exposure.

its pinnacle Owen Roe O'Neill denounced Oliver Cromwell.

O'Byrne, chieftain of Wicklow, was a name which never failed to interest James Healy, who will be found in after-years often entertaining the representative of that sept. Eibhleen—daughter of a former O'Toole—had been carried off by Roger Tyrrell, and locked up in the turret of Castleknock. Hearing footsteps at night on the stone stairs outside, she used a brooch to open a vein in her neck, and bled to death. Of this girl, who preferred death to dishonour, a Vincentian Father writes: 'It was long a popular belief that at the hour of midnight a female figure robed in white might be seen moving slowly round the castle.'

Lady de Lacy was of a different type. In the absence of her husband, who had gone forth in the van of the Catholic army, she is found defending the same castle with 50 men against Ormond's 4,000 foot and 500 horse, and by her prowess laying 400 of the besiegers low. Other memories recalled the march of Bruce to Castleknock, when the mingled music of pibroch and harp resounded through the peaceful valley. Holier thoughts succeeded the profane. St. Patrick, as St. Evin records, had made a special mission to Castleknock. The Apostle, describing his visions, tells us that he heard, in his mind, a voice cry, 'We pray thee, holy youth, to come and henceforth walk amongst

us.' These were thoughts no doubt highly suggestive, but James Healy, on reflection, felt that he could not 'go and do likewise.' A hurried line to his father announced this decision, and John Healy in a day or two proceeded to break the news to Dean Dowley. This ecclesiastic little James held in special awe. When the President came down, he found his visitor surveying, with seeming satisfaction, the furniture, pictures, and general surroundings. 'You have got a beautiful place here!' he said; 'and, so far as I am concerned, I could live here for ever; but as for James, he says he can't stay here at all.'

'We had his trousseau ready,' said good Bishop Lynch;* and it is not improbable that, had he remained, it would have given place at last to the rochet, cope, and pectoral cross, as in the case of his contemporaries, Kilduff and MacCabe. Possibly, too, he might have become a second Basil, who, in addition to his classical gifts and great skill in argument, is thus described by his bosom friend, St. Gregory Nazianzen: 'Who more amiable

* It does honour to this good man, who had the reputation of being one of the severest of the Fathers, that he felt far from annoyed with James Healy for breaking away from the Vincentian rule. Since the death of the latter, his lordship has addressed a letter to the committee of the Healy Memorial, proudly claiming him 'as his old pupil and very esteemed friend,' and enclosing £5 towards the object in view.

than he? who as pleasant as he in social intercourse? who could tell a story with more wit? who could jest more playfully?

A taste of this quality is found in a remark of James Healy's in 1886 on meeting, after a long absence, his new Diocesan, who had just then grasped the ecclesiastical reins of Dublin. 'My Lord, James O'Donnell's mother once said to me, "If you had only behaved yourself, you might have been a bishop yourself now."' '

CHAPTER II.

'The Repeal Year'—Maynooth College entered—Peel endows it with £30,000 a Year—Dr. O'Hanlon—Dr. Murray—Destructive and Constructive Theologians—Anecdotes—Rev. Nicholas Callan—The Dunboyne House—The Round-robin.

JAMES HEALY came home aglow with memories of auld lang syne. The West End of Dublin is the reverse in character to the West End of London, but to him the dingy street seemed all *couleur de rose*. Father Patrick Murray, the quondam curate in Francis Street, whom he had known and loved, was now winning golden opinions at Maynooth; and this thought was one of the attractions which beckoned Healy to Maynooth, the alma mater of the Irish priesthood, and the ancient home of the Geraldines.

Who should happen to be in Dublin during the then vacation at Maynooth but Dr. Patrick Murray! He revisited Francis Street, and promised John Healy to share his family dinner. It was casually mentioned that evening that James had decided

on entering Maynooth. Murray motioned him paternally to his side, and questioned him freely on ethics and logic. He was pleased with the replies, and after a further talk said: 'These are the points on which you will be examined.'

In the autumn of 1843, when the youth of Ireland were marching in thousands to Tara, Mullaghmast, and Clontarf, under the banner of 'Repeal,' James Healy is found wending his way to Maynooth. Here he matriculated on September 11, 1843. The first course at Maynooth is classics, but he had no need to study that science. The second course is natural philosophy, which embraces metaphysics, logic, and ethics. James Healy went up for examination in logic conjointly with several other students, including Martin Barlow, afterwards P.P., St. Kevins.* All failed

* Father Healy told some amusing stories of Barlow in after-life. Here is one. He was a man of much simplicity, and apt to attach credence to exaggerated statements. When returning to Dublin from Holyhead, he found a genial fellow-passenger in a gentleman with whom for some hours he paced the deck. In the course of conversation, Father Barlow alluded to one of the highest lights of the nobility who had filled the post of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. 'I understand,' he added, 'he is very hard up, and that all the family plate is pledged.' 'That is very bad news for me,' was the reply. 'I am coming to Ireland to attend the marriage of my sister, who is about to become the wife of his son.' The priest felt so stunned by the awkward blunder he had committed that he made no attempt at apology, but rushed down the stairs and sought refuge in his berth.

to pass with the exception of Healy. He entered for the class of natural philosophy, read that course one year, and theology—dogmatic and moral—for three years, and in the academic year 1847-48 became a Dunboyne student under the Very Rev. John O'Hanlon.

James Healy was at Maynooth in 1845, when Peel increased from £8,000 to £30,000 its annual grant.* Dr. Montague, the President, was in the habit of conveying from Dublin—in an old post-chaise by which he travelled—the entire amount of each quarterly instalment of the Government grant, and he never lost, nor was in dread of losing, one farthing, although his route lay through Lucan, passing close to a tablet on the roadside recording the murder of a priest in 1807 by highwaymen.

Peel's grant came opportunely, just before the Irish famine. Every student was entitled to £20 a year under this arrangement, and the £5 paid quarterly enabled not a few—who, unlike James Healy, came from a poor stock—to keep the spark of life in some aged parent, shivering by the mountain-side or bed-ridden on the earthen floor. The famine, which set in immediately after Peel's

* When the Irish Church was being disestablished, £372,831 was paid to Maynooth College in lieu of its grant. The bulk of this sum having been lent to an Irish peer as a first charge on his estates, it was lost during the crisis of the Land Agitation.

bounty, and continued in its desolating effects for several years, left the class of people from whose ranks the priesthood mostly came unable to pay for a college course. Father Healy held that, but for this timely endowment, the Church might have been reduced to a state bordering on ruin. There can be no doubt that the plague which desolated England in 1517, and again in 1528 and later, left candidates for the priesthood so few that numbers of ill-qualified men were accepted, and thus paved the way to the Reformation, or great schism, which rent Germany in 1517, and England in 1534.

No two men could be more unlike in characteristics than the great masters of theology under whom Healy read. Dr. O'Hanlon—the ablest canonist of his day—was a destructive, not a constructive, theologian. He loved to demolish orally the arguments of all his ecclesiastical contemporaries, and to scatter to the four winds of heaven the dust of some of the most treasured authorities in the past. He left not one line of writing behind him. It was his custom to trace on a slate his most carefully digested views, and, when the class was over for the day, to erase all with a sponge or the sleeve of his coat.

Different from the destructive theologian, Dr. O'Hanlon, Patrick Murray, Professor of Moral Theology, was essentially a constructive one. He produced a number of able books, especially one of

great exhaustiveness on the Church, in which the tenets of every sect are elaborately and fairly stated. The 'Tractatus de Ecclesia Christi' was issued in three tomes, and is admitted to be the highest authority in the French and Roman schools. At the Vatican Council no book was more frequently quoted.

In his addresses to the class he constantly utilized his experiences whilst on the mission in Francis Street, and it was strange that he had so much to tell respecting that short period of ten months. These experiences were so purely professional that they claim not insertion here; but Healy was amused by his mention of 'Fumbally's Lane,' from which Murray's first sick-call came. Dr. Murray was a fine elocutionist, and, when he read aloud a favourite author for the students, a pin might be heard to drop. Father Healy copied this accomplishment to such purpose that people used to go to Little Bray, attracted by the manner in which he read the Gospel of the day. Dr. Murray was the spiritual father of a long sacerdotal family, two thousand priests having passed through his classes. Carlyle is hard on him, but to be abused by Carlyle is in itself high praise.

Dr. Murray was a native of Clones. A professor of Trinity College, in sitting next him at dinner, opened conversation by remarking, 'Not a bad place is Clones.' 'Not a worse out of *Hull*' (hell),

was the reply. 'I once preached in Clones,' he told James Healy. 'The chapel was packed. Coming near the end, I said, "One more word and I have done!" "Oh, my darlint," exclaimed an old woman, throwing up her hands, "that you may never be done!"' This crone is said to have waxed indignant when afterwards told that he had gone to *Larn* (Larne) to preach.

Dr. Murray's reputation as a preacher grew apace. His seeming concentration of thought on such occasions did not prevent him from observing vigilantly the effect produced on each face by his fervid words. They seared their way into stubborn hearts, or fell like manna around. O'Hanlon, on the other hand—a man of probably even greater mark than Murray—could not preach one word, and at times was somewhat absent. Ordinarily shrewd, no man could put his finger in O'Hanlon's eye, but yet he has been known to do this to himself. 'Once when engaged on a problem,' observes Canon Pope, 'he put into his eye a pinch of snuff! This mistake caused him great suffering, which led the great preceptor to say that ere long he might be obliged to announce "a vacancy for a *pupil* here."' Again, intending to throw two letters into the fire, he consigned to the flames a valuable snuff-box and the key of his room.*

* Very Rev. John O'Hanlon, D.D., to Rev. Peter Molloy, P.P.

Dr. O'Hanlon was consulted on knotty points and cases of conscience by bishops all over the world. At Maynooth his fund of wit and drollery made his appearance welcome, when daily he joined the other professors at table. But for this reputation, he would probably have been raised by Rome to the Primacy. His name, which had been influentially recommended, was set aside, and the Rev. Paul Cullen, Rector of the Irish College at Rome, whose claims had not been urged, came to Armagh. The humour of which O'Hanlon had been full fed had matured that sense in his pupil.

The Professor under whom Healy read natural philosophy for one year was the Rev. Nicholas Callan, famous as the inventor of the Callan battery. Of general literature he was innocent, and on 'Dr. Paddy Murray' asking him if he had read 'Nicholas Nickleby,' Callan thinking that some subtle allusion to himself was meant, replied: 'No, nor "Paddledy Pabbleby" either.'

Dr. O'Hanlon, as I have said, had charge of the Dunboyne establishment at Maynooth. Though James Healy became a student in the Dunboyne—a school usually regarded as embracing the pick of the college—he was not a hard reader. All he gathered was the cream sedulously administered by his fast friend, Henry Neville, afterwards the distinguished Professor of Theology. The bonds which subsisted through life between Neville and

Healy were severed only by death. Canon Cahill, now parish priest of Tipperary; and James Kavanagh, afterwards the accomplished President of Carlow College, and vindicator of the Vatican decrees, were also with Healy in the Dunboyne.*

It was of Cahill Healy said that he preached in Latin every Sunday, Latin being the name of the parish of which Cahill was then pastor. Kavanagh shared Healy's sense of humour. At Carlow he once said to some ecclesiastical students, whose progress had not been rapid: 'Gentlemen, if you don't make better progress, you'll have the tonsure by nature before you're entitled to it in Orders.' Somebody called James Kavanagh and James Healy the *gems* (Jems) of the school.

Matthew Flanagan, the parish priest of Francis Street, was secretary to the Board of Maynooth College, and had steadily held that any complaints as regards grievances which the Dunboyne students cared to make should be addressed to him, and not to the President. Some few complaints had previously failed to meet attention, but James

* Dr. Butler, Bishop of Cork, having succeeded to the peerage of Dunboyne, petitioned Pius VI. for a dispensation to marry, but without success. He then conformed to the Protestant religion, and married his cousin; but on his death-bed, in 1802, he returned to the fold, and left his property to endow the higher school long famous as the Dunboyne. His widow, known in society as the Dowager Lady Dunboyne, married Mr. Hubert Moore and survived until the year 1867.

Healy gave his fellows a glimpse of the procrastinating ways of this child of genius. Any letter from the students, he said, would possibly be found by Flanagan's executor in place of book-marker in the *Art Journal*, or hidden away in a portfolio of Hogarth's plates. At Healy's suggestion they now formulated their demands in the form of a round-robin, on which it was impossible not to act. Flanagan was not a little puzzled and piqued by the round-robin which now perched on his desk. For some time he suspected James Healy as privy to it; but he finally relaxed and forgave him.

The Chapel House in Francis Street, which had long been regarded as an oasis in the Liberty, lost some prestige owing to the practical jokes of old Father Smith. Flanagan, however, still plied with unflagging zeal the chisel and the brush, and unctuously mingled with his daily orisons the old Latin verse in which the liberal arts had been whilom summed up. 'Lingua, Tropus, Ratio, Numerus, Tonus, Angulus, Astra.'

But the time now approached when this good man must go.* He lost relish for food, and would consult his housekeeper as to something which

* Dr. Flanagan's nerves had sustained a great shock by the death in his church, on a Christmas morning, of several persons who, on a false cry of 'Fire!' rushed in panic to the doors. When dying, he left his valuable library to the young Catholic University; but Cardinal Cullen laid an embargo on it, and removed the books to Clonliffe.

might possibly prove appetising. Wild fowl was suggested. 'Pshaw! I'm sick of birds.' 'Thereupon,' said Father Healy, 'he turned to my father for counsel. What would *he* recommend? "Bacon, of course." Dr. Flanagan, rather than hurt the feelings of his parishioner, consented to try what virtue might lie in a "mild cure."'

To the end Father James retained pleasant recollections of his sire's craft. Long after, when driving in a gig with a man of the world, their way was blocked by a drove of pigs, and this person so far forgot himself in the presence of a priest as to exclaim, 'D——n them!' The memory of early days came back, and the priest quietly said, 'I would rather see them *saved*.'

CHAPTER III.

Ordination and First Appointment—Dean Meyler's Dinners—Archbishop Murray—Tom Moore—P. V. Fitz-Patrick—Smock Alley Presbytery Fifty Years Ago—Rev. Andrew O'Connell—Father Meehan and the Fiery Chariot of Elias—An Iron-clamped Coffin—Canon Roche—Zozimus—McCarthy, the Poet—Saul's Court—Father Healy, Curate of Bray—Tinnahinch.

FATHER HEALY entered on his duties as a priest during a period of sectarian excitement. A storm swept through England, owing to the Papal Bull—which, to quote the words of its denunciators, parcelled out the country into episcopal sees, or, as Cardinal Wiseman said, merely restored to England its ancient hierarchy—and the hurricane of wrath soon reached Dublin. The young Levite, however, was only amused by the row, and enjoyed the joke of a brother priest,* that the English were very stupid, because when the Pope sent them a *bull* they thought it a *bore*.

His first appointment was to the Church of St.

* Rev. Thomas Pope.

Andrew, Westland Row, not as a curate, but as reader, entrusted with the duty of celebrating a daily Mass and attending the Sisters of Mercy, Baggot Street, as chaplain. At St. Andrew's the Very Rev. Walter Meyler, Vicar-General and Dean of Dublin, presided—the first and last parish priest of Westland Row. He took an active part in the administration of the diocese, and by his counsel and influence ruled it quite as much as the 'mild personage' in the mitre noticed by Moore.* Murray and Meyler had been fellow-curates in Liffey Street Chapel from 1807, and between them an affectionate friendship sprang up, which lasted through life. As a theologian and politician Meyler was essentially a moderate man, the reflex of his revered chief, Archbishop Murray, and, like him, too, he loved to dispense among friends, lay and cleric, a generous hospitality. He was the friend of Moore, whom he entertained more than once, and heard sing :

' Fill the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the 'brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

* Thomas Moore refers to Meyler (' Journals,' vii. 299), and speaks of him as likely to succeed to the mitre of Murray. A priest's dinner in Dublin is previously described (p. 106) : ' A good deal of singing by the reverends ; one gave an Irish melody not badly. The Archbishop a mild, quiet personage.' Moore and Murray both died in April, 1852. The registry of Moore's birth is preserved in St. Andrew's, Westland Row.

Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.'

But the bard for whom a knife and fork was regularly laid was Patrick Vincent Fitz-Patrick, Assistant Registrar of Deeds, one of whose 'squibs,' addressed to Meyler, will be found in the Appendix. His rôle, though somewhat that of a Court jester, was really much higher. As a story-teller and improvisator he held a high repute, and Healy was not unmindful of the secret of his success. One epigram by 'P. V.' he was fond of quoting :

'Dear reverend friends, whose taste pictorial
Preserves in windows, styled "memorial,"
Saints, soldiers, generous, jovial sinners,
Who win their glories by good dinners,
Oh ! spare for us of fading sight
Some crystal panes of Heav'n's pure light,
Else we must grope our beads, for Prayer-Books
Must soon to us be "closed," or rare books.
And spite of "Ordo" or the "Ritual,"
You'll make our "Tenebræ" perpetual.'

A host 'taking wine' with his guests, accompanied by courtly bows, was a time-honoured custom which died out in the fifties. A joke of the day had it that the man who did this should say, if a doctor, not 'your health,' but 'my service to you.'* Healy, describing Dean Meyler, said that

* Thackeray notices the advantages of this practice especially in the case of a silent host : 'Bob, my boy, what shall it be, 'ock or champagne ?'

his custom was to say frequently to the same guest, 'Mr. —, have I had wine with you?' or, 'Have you drunk to me?' If he replied, 'Yes, I had that honour,' he would never be asked again. One evening the question came, 'Mr. Healy, are you drinking?' 'Yes, sir, like a young Dean,' was his answer. Faces fell, and fears were felt by his friends that this reply would give offence; but nothing of the kind; henceforth the Dean's paternal attentions increased.

Meyler liked to have at his table young priests of promise, and no face was more familiar there than that of the Rev. Myles, now Canon, MacManus, whose lifelong relations with Healy began at this time. From Meyler Healy imbibed that love of hospitality as a host, and the tendency to Conservatism in politics, which characterized him ever after.

It should not be inferred that on such occasions as have been described much wine was drunk. I have often seen the Rev. John Kearney, when asked to take wine, pretend to fill his glass, holding the bowl of it as he did so in the belief that the feint would not be noticed. If any man made an overture to Father Meehan to take wine he would resent it.

A vacancy having occurred in the old city parish of SS. Michael and John's, Father Healy was appointed curate by Archbishop Murray. Its

pastor, the Very Rev. Andrew O'Connell, belonged to much the same type as Meyler, and eventually succeeded him as Dean. People knew him perhaps rather less as a host than as a visitor to the boudoir or conversazione; and after a day of toil he liked to move in cultured circles, where his genial presence and polished manners made him at all times welcome. His example lent, perhaps, a further influence in helping to shape the course and character of James Healy. Another circumstance claims record. Healy's appreciation of brain-power and of incisive retort was now daily fed by companionship with his fellow-curate, Charles Patrick Meehan, a man who, with great learning, acquired by a distinguished collegiate course in Italy, possessed a rare originality of character, blemished by eccentric traits, which the more courtly Healy viewed at this time with indulgence, and the intimacy thus begun continued to the end. Forty years after, as he stood by the death-bed of Meehan, in the same old house in Smock Alley, he brushed away a tear, the only thing, as he afterwards said, which seemed to have been brushed in that room for many a long day.

Healy had quaint memories of the old 'chapel-house' of SS. Michael and John's when he and Meehan were fellow-curates. Meehan, as 'a Young Irishman,' was opposed to the moderate

party to which the parish priest belonged. Nothing piqued the democratic priest more than when Dr. O'Connell would ask to dinner Lord Fingall and other Catholic Whigs; and he always chose the day on which his chief issued cards to give an opposition feast; but his hour would be five o'clock, while O'Connell's was much later.

Just as the distinguished guests would be arriving, festive sounds, with snatches of song and screams of laughter from Meehan's room, agonized the more formal host, especially when Meehan's shrill voice would be heard rowing the servants for neglecting to supply his guests with 'more boiling water.'

But Father Healy had other stories of these days which ought not to be lost. It was with a sense of relief that O'Connell at last received from Archbishop Murray a letter offering him the parish of St. Mary, Haddington Road; and Meehan was not sorry to get rid of him. This parish embraced Irishtown, Kingsend, Sandymount, Donnybrook, and Roebuck, and it was felt that the presentation of a brougham and horse would prove a useful tribute of affection. The hat, as usual, went round. A deputation, headed by Luke Dillon and Alderman Butler, both of Whig tendencies, waited on Meehan. It may be premised that chronic dyspepsia, from which, like Carlyle, he suffered all his life, sharpened his tongue. He affected not to

know either of the two leading parishioners, and when Butler grandiloquently announced 'the depū-tection,' Meehan asked him to be good enough to speak English. The choleric little priest then took a small coin from off his chimney-piece. This, he said, was a bad halfpenny which had come to him in the weekly collection—possibly given by one of the persons there before him; 'but yet,' he added, holding it up, 'if that little coin could purchase the reversion of the fiery chariot that conveyed Elias to heaven, I would not give it.'

Alderman Butler, the chief parishioner of SS. Michael and John's, posed as a vocalist. When Healy dined with him, the host always sang 'I saw from the *bich* when the morning was shining,' thus murdering the first line of Moore's beautiful melody, 'I saw from the beach.' And Healy, determined not to be outdone, would sing Mangan's 'Time of the Barmecides'*; or, when the Alderman relaxed the formal gravity of a chairman, 'The Nowlans and Neals.'

Soon after Father Healy's appointment to SS. Michael and John's he found himself much interested in a series of papers published by Mr. J. T. Gilbert, in which the older streets of Dublin were repeopled with men of the past, and long-hushed song and story heard once more within

* And Richard Dalton Williams sang a parody on it, 'The Days of the Barmaid's Eyes.'

their crumbling walls. His lot was cast, and his work largely performed, in the cluster of streets thus described. SS. Michael and John's, with its sparkling memories and chequered history, built on the site of old Smock Alley Theatre, is environed by Parliament Street, Castle Street, Hoey's Court, Fishamble Street, Copper Alley, Saul's Court, Christchurch Cathedral, the Royal Exchange, Crampton Court, Temple Bar, and 'Hell'*—or what remained of it—Wine Tavern Street and the ruins of the 'Black Dog' Prison on one side, and of the old Custom House on the other. Every recess in its vaults—once the pit of Smock Alley Theatre—was familiar to him. One small coffin contained the hallowed bones of Betagh; beside it lay Francis Magan, B.L., a then undiscovered informer, whose last instructions were that a yearly Mass was to be said by all priests of this church for the repose of his soul. Another coffin held the mortal part of Keogh, the famous preacher, whose powers of wit were second only to those of Healy himself. 'Alas! poor Yorick!' But whose is that coffin of wonderful size and strength of build, bound at every joint with great clamps of iron? It is that of an old curate who had preceded Healy, the Rev. Michael Doyle. For years previous to his death he had in readiness this impregnable sarcophagus,

* 'It's true as that the deil's in Hell or Dublin city.'

Burns.

which led to the remark that when the Day of Judgment came he would not be able to get out of it.

A brief epitaph enjoins his friends to pray for the repose of his soul, 'and thus, even in the coffin,' said Father Meehan, 'he is a preacher of one of the Church's most consoling dogmas.' Doyle, while curate in SS. Michael and John's, enjoyed the title of Archdeacon of Glendalough, just as Dr. Murray during fourteen years that he was Archbishop discharged the duties of a curate in Liffey Street Chapel.

In April, 1849, the cholera broke out in Dublin, and continued to rage with relentless violence till the close of the year. Mr. Sutcliffe, one of the senior officials of the Hibernian Bank in that parish, tells me that such was Father Healy's devotion to the dying that in one case he had to lie down beside a cholera patient in order to hear his last confession; and Mr. Hugh Kennedy says that he carried a sheaf of straw on his back for one who was suddenly stricken down.

Dr. O'Connell was succeeded by the Rev. Nicholas Roche, afterwards Canon, who, from a peculiar intonation which marked his homilies, was at once christened by Healy 'Zozimus,' in allusion to a well-known figure that stalked through Dublin lecturing on the life, conversion, and death of St. Mary of Egypt, and other sacred topics.

Roche was a little proud of the fact that Dublin Castle was under his ægis, and he regarded as parishioners the Viceroy and Secretary of State, who, recognising his claim, contributed to his schools. On the occasion of a loyal demonstration in Dublin, he got the gasfitter to erect at the entrance to the presbytery in Exchange Street certain elaborate designs, including 'V.R.'; but a conspiracy among some local youths who worshipped the name of Emmet succeeded in cutting the pipes and plunging the place into utter darkness.

The young curate often met D. Florence McCarthy, the poet, with Meehan. McCarthy had been at Maynooth studying for the Church, but was senior to Healy. The latter told as a happy *bon-mot* the reply of McCarthy to the query, 'Are you related to James McCarthy the architect?' 'Jem an' I [Gemini] are twins.'

The poet said that he was going to the ancient territory of Desmond to attend a grand celebration.

'All the McCarthys will attend, including the McCarthy More,' he said.

'If all the McCarthys are to be there, there cannot be a McCarthy More,' replied Healy.

SS. Michael and John's was the first Catholic church of any pretension that, since the Reformation, had dared to lift its head in Dublin. Here, within a hundred yards of the spot where Handel

first performed the 'Messiah,' Healy said his daily Mass amid the peals of a noble organ which proclaimed the monarchy of Mozart. The music of this *maestro* was soon after dethroned by Church authority in favour of the Cecilian, and Father James always regretted the change.

His Mass was at eleven o'clock. The senior curate, Father John Smyth, remarked that the punctuality with which Healy came out vested made him quite a model. Father Meehan replied that had the Mass been at seven perhaps less punctuality would have been observed. It being necessary to celebrate the holy sacrifice fasting, Healy of course was not a man to defer needlessly the morning meal, which was always his main support.*

His attic in the big brick chapel-house—dark and depressing, shut into a narrow lane by high houses in front—was yet a starry region, and the more enjoyable because it adjoined Meehan's room. Father Smyth, his fellow-curate, was manager of a Catholic book-store opposite, and when Meehan sought to convince him from his window that better books might be chosen, it was pleasantly said that they argued from different premises.

For the next six years James Healy lived in

* He never broke his fast between breakfast and dinner, which, when he dined out, rarely took place before eight o'clock p.m.

Smock Alley, the life and soul of his fellow-labourers in parochial work, traversing rickety staircases where it was easier to break one's neck than one's fast, attending sick-calls in attic and cellar, and by his cheerful smile and consoling word bringing consolation and sunshine to many a darkened room. An old crone usually waited on him at the presbytery, and evinced a kindly interest in his welfare. He came in one day very jaded, and threw himself in a chair, uttering a sepulchral groan. The old woman was polishing a grate—or as much as they ever do polish grates in priests' houses—and, looking round, she said, 'What's the matter with you?' 'I believe I am in love,' he replied, with that touch of hyperbole with which he sometimes made matter-of-fact people stare. Her reply was, 'Troth, an' I wouldn't put it apast ye,' and she resumed her toil.*

The injunction

'Lightly tread, 'tis hallowed ground,'

was literally followed by some persons light-fingered as well, who stealthily visited the chapels of Dublin. One day a man complained to the parish priest that while attending to his sermon a new hat, which he had placed behind him on the seat, had

* It was in this spirit he said to a lady of rank who asked him on a visit to her palatial house, 'When I come in after dining out, ma'am, you must allow me to go up by the back-stairs.'

vanished. The curate interposed, 'If you had given more attention to what you heard—"to *watch* as well as pray"—such a thing might not have happened.'

Between the years 1855 and 1857 five curates of St. Catharine's, Meath Street, died—Fathers Fay, Ennis, Doyle, Murphy, and O'Neil. The pastor, Dr. Laphen, and his curate, Father McCabe, followed soon. A transfer of curates to fill two other vacancies in the same parish became necessary. 'I am thinking of sending Gorman and Rorke to Meath Street,' Archbishop Cullen said. 'Better send Gerty and Rorke there, my lord,' said Healy, alluding to the well-known firm of undertakers.*

The Rev. C. P. Meehan wrote at this time his 'History of the O'Tooles,' to which was prefixed a sort of autobiographic preface considerably longer than the history it introduced. An apparent allusion to Healy touches off his bright point neatly:

'Have you seen Father H——?' 'Not yet, for I determined to visit the dead before calling on him. I know he is well, and living in a back

* A newspaper was published in the parish of SS. Michael and John's which probably lost nothing in wit by Healy's proximity. The above firm having been appointed job-masters to the Lord-Lieutenant, the announcement was headed, 'Bad news for the ——,' naming a family who had already received several lucrative posts.

street in Dublin. He's like a glow-worm, shining all the brighter for the obscurity of his atmosphere.'

One of his first sick-calls was to Saul's Court.* Its two or three houses were then let in tenements, and presented a miserable relic of a more memorable occupancy. The street where the church stood was little better. The Corporation dubbed it Essex Street West, but Father Healy preferred to call it by the historic name of Smock Alley. Notwithstanding its proximity to Dublin Castle, its atmosphere remained democratic, but Healy, almost from the first, was in touch with squalor as well as wealth.

One day a letter came from Archbishop Cullen, transferring James Healy from Dublin to a curacy in the County Wicklow.

Dr. Johnson and the Rev. Sydney Smith have

* About 1759, Laurence Saul, of Saul's Court, Fishamble Street, a wealthy Catholic distiller, was prosecuted for having harboured a young lady who had sought refuge in his house to avoid being compelled by friends to conform to the Established Church. The Lord Chancellor, in the course of this trial, declared that the law did not presume an Irish Papist existed in the kingdom! Saul, writing to Charles O'Connor, says: 'Since there is not the least prospect of such a relaxation of the penal laws as would induce one Roman Catholic to tarry in this place of bondage, who can purchase a settlement in some other land where freedom and security of property can be obtained, will you condemn me for saying that if I cannot be one of the first, I will not be one of the last to take flight?'

sought to show that no picturesque scenery, however beautiful, could equal in attraction lines of civic streets. But who would not exchange 'Cork Hill' for the 'Sugar-loaf,' or 'Copper Alley,' or even the 'Jeweller's Quay,' for the 'Valley of Diamonds'? Nevertheless, he found the change somewhat of a wrench at first, especially when friends with moistened eyes called to say 'Good-bye,' others to say 'God speed.' Bray was then a very different place from what it has since become. 'When I first came to the parish, as Pastor of Bray,' said the late Rev. Alexander Roache, 'there was not a house between the main street and the sea-shore.' But

'Nothing is lost on him who sees
With the eye that feeling gave;
For him there's a story in every breeze
And a picture in every wave.'

This county, while abounding in scenes picturesque and memorable, was suggestive of pleasant thoughts. The misery—which for ages pressed to the earth the Irish race—was little known in Wicklow, and its people showed it. From many a cabin as he passed by, the merry movement of feet to the air of 'The Kilruddery Hunt' might be heard. Enniskerry and Cuttlestown were then in Bray parish, and sick-calls had to be attended at great distances. One of the curates had often to ride to Glancree, a wild mountain region.

Apropos of this, a cleric from a still more inaccessible country told Healy that when going to say Mass on Sunday, his route lay across a steep mountain, which was sometimes covered with snow, and so slippery that he would be compelled to dismount from his horse and hold on to the tail. 'Non tali auxilio!'^{*} exclaimed Healy on the moment, showing that he well remembered his Virgil.

A more active working priest had not been at Bray for many a day. The ozone of the sea was refreshing after the odours of the Liffey, and, braced and buoyant, he seemed everywhere at once. The ground he daily traversed was once Church property, but in the general suppression of religious houses it passed by grant to the ancestor of Lord Meath, the present owner. When the young priest passed Hollybrook, *en route* to say his morning Mass, visions of its former occupant, Robin Adair, so famed in song, would rise. Nor could Tinnahinch, the home of Grattan, be viewed unmoved.[†]

^{*} 'We do not want such aid as that.'

[†] Dr. Doyle, describing a visit to Tinnahinch in 1814, writes: 'I can assure you that for some minutes the feelings excited within me were too strong for expression. I was enraptured with the situation of the man's dwelling, but still more with the recollection of himself and our dear country, which, as he has said, "he had watched in her cradle and conducted to her tomb."' Having gone on to see Powerscourt, Doyle adds, 'We returned by Tinnahinch. I stopped, leaned

And there, in front of Loretto, where Father Healy often said Mass, was the sand-bank in which were found, shortly before, gigantic skeletons of men mingled with Roman coins of the Emperor Adrian. Were they the bones of the recreant Celts who sought to betray Ireland to Agricola?

One day Father Healy met two young ladies—one of them now Countess of Wicklow—ascending the hill on foot, and making fruitless efforts to urge on a reluctant ass harnessed to a miniature phaeton. They accosted the Padre in their distress, saying, ‘Oh, Father Healy, we’re so glad to meet you. *What shall* we do to make this beast proceed?’ ‘Go before him,’ said the Padre; ‘and he is a greater donkey than I take him to be if he do not follow you.’

over the wall, sighed, and said, “Farewell!”’ (*Life of Bishop Doyle*, i. 62, 63.)

Father Healy was not as emotional as Dr. Doyle, but he showed his deep interest in Tinnahinch by preserving a beautiful painting of it by Sautelle Roberts, R.H.A. This picture is now in the possession of Lord Powerscourt.

CHAPTER IV.

Archbishop Cullen—Rev. Alexander Roache—Forty-three
Chapels burnt in the Troubles—Kilmacanogue—Rev. Dr.
Miley—Father Trevor's Blunder—Anecdote—Father
Lavelle—Dean Lee, P.P., Bray—Anecdote—The Brothers
Fry—Loretto—Father Healy as a Confessor.

DR. MURRAY was succeeded in the archiepiscopal see by the Most Rev. Paul Cullen, who from his youth had lived in Rome, and imbibed from Pope Pio Nono a strong admiration for Ultramontane views, with a proportionate dislike to those Gallican tendencies which Murray and Meyler held in common with nearly all the Irish priests of the time. After Murray's death, Meyler, as Vicar Capitular, had made two appointments of parish priests, which Dr. Cullen lost no time in annulling; and Meyler ceased to be Vicar-General under the new régime, and would also have ceased to be 'P.P.' of Westland Row if Dr. Cullen had succeeded in deposing him. It may be well to explain that that parish had been, as it again became on Meyler's death, a mensal parish, the emoluments

of which go to the support of the archiepiscopal household ; but Archbishop Murray, by a special arrangement with Rome, had got Meyler appointed 'P.P.' of Westland Row. Dr. Cullen tried to get the appointment broken, but it is a ticklish thing to repudiate a document in which Rome has had a hand. Meyler resisted, and in the end Dr. Cullen dropped the attempt.

A diplomatic priest would probably have thrown himself into the fresher atmosphere of Ultramontane policy ; but Healy never swerved from the principles he had imbibed at the feet of Gamaliel.

Healy found in the Rev. Alexander Roache, parish priest of Bray, a fine specimen of the traditional Soggarth Aroon.* He received his new curate with a grasp like the pressure of a vice. A father to the poor and the orphan, he was the hospitable host and the vigilant *parochus*† as well. He remembered the horrors of 1798 ; he would tell of the thirty-three chapels burnt in his native diocese of Ferns, and of the ten burnt in the county of Wicklow, including one in the parish of Bray. He would describe how Archbishop Murray, when curate of Arklow, was pursued by the Orange yeomanry and fired at as he swam across the river at Shelton Abbey. Roache now lived in happier

* Anglice, Darling Priest.

† 'Parochus' is the word used by the Council of Trent to describe a parish priest.

times, but the scar and the brand remained long after the shackles had been unlocked.

The new curate was informed that among his duties would be that of saying the eight o'clock Mass at Kilmacanogue, and afterwards the twelve o'clock or last Mass at Bray. It was at this time that Archbishop Cullen wrote a pastoral address in aid of a collection for the Catholic University then recently started, and Father Roache was anxious that Bray should not be backward in donations. Healy, on returning from the early Mass at Kilmacanogue, handed £1 5s. 6½d. to Roache, the amount of the collection. 'Oh, my dear sir!' he exclaimed, quite scared at the poor result; 'pray, did you tell them all about it?'

'If I did, they would have given me nothing at all,' replied the new curate.

Father Healy knew his sheep, and his sheep knew him. His weekly visit to this quaint village on the road to Wexford—situated between the great and smaller Sugar-loaf mountains—was full of interest to him. The small chapel in which he said Mass was a relic of penal times, and might be regarded as the successor of the ivy-mantled ruin, fringed by the graves of rude forefathers, which formed a picturesque object adjacent. The steadfast faith and piety of its primitive people edified him; he entered into their little joys and sorrows; his cheerful smile and pleasant greeting

won their hearts ; and he soon knew the inside of every cabin as well as the gilded salons, in which he was equally welcome. The Meaths, the Moncks, the Powerscourts, and the Putlands, were from the first his best friends.

There was a cordial frankness about the Rev. Alexander Roache which contrasted with the severe reserve that another Wicklow pastor notoriously maintained towards his curate. His ordinary form of salutation to his new curate, no matter how often he met him in the day, was: 'Father Healy, I use you gaily. How do you do, my dear sir?'

James Healy had not been many months with Father Roache when the good old man died, full of years and honours. For some little time Healy and his fellow-curate, Father Trevor, managed things ecclesiastical in the parish. At last Dr. Miley arrived, and, having been delicately coached by Healy, proceeded to enter on his pastoral work.

The name of Miley was specially dear to Ireland as that of an eminent pulpit orator and the priest in whose arms her 'Liberator' died at Genoa. Archbishop Murray had the highest respect and love for him. In 1849 he accepted the presidential chair of the Irish College of Paris, but ten years later, driven from it by the rude cabal of Father Lavelle, he undertook the duties of a missionary

priest at Bray. Here Dr. Miley preached after the first Gospel of the last Mass. The latter, on this occasion, was celebrated by Father Trevor, who, oblivious of the fact that while he was reading the Gospel Dr. Miley had emerged from the sacristy and took up a kneeling position at the altar steps previous to delivering the divine message of which he was bearer, at once began *Credo in Unum Deum*. It may be mentioned parenthetically that at the conclusion of the Gospel Trevor should have retired to the right of the altar and there occupied a seat while Dr. Miley preached. With an imposing flourish of his arms, however, he proceeded to recite in Latin the Nicene Creed.

Miley waited until the conclusion of the *Credo*, clinging to the hope that Trevor, when turning round to say the *Dominus Vobiscum*, might become alive to and correct his blunder. When saying the *Dominus*, however, he had a habit of keeping his eyes shut fast rather than cast down, as prescribed by the rubric; and thus he failed to notice the fully-robed figure who now stood directly in front of him.

Dr. Miley rose and returned to the vestry. Father Healy was in the choir, saw the awkwardness, and hurried down. 'I found him,' he said, 'white as a sheet, and sinking back in a chair as though about to swoon. I might have chafed his bloodless hand, but thought it better to make

excuses for Trevor's egregious blunder.' Miley at length said, 'You have relieved me beyond measure by the assurance that a mistake has been made. I thought it was designed; and after my recent experience with Father Lavelle, you can hardly wonder.' Dr. Miley had indeed become hypersensitive. He was as guileless as a child, and a burnt child dreads the fire.

Miley's mind was so full of his own books dealing with the Eternal City,* that often when he preached it would be on the Catacombs of Rome, or some equally interesting archæologic or historic fact, and he never failed to point out the powerful light which the monument of the Catacombs supplied in illustration of the life, and in evidence of the faith, of Christians in primitive ages. He also gave a course of 'learned lectures to a rural audience,' and Father Healy did his best to make the people appreciate the advantage of the novel and instructive treat thus offered to them.

A rustic labourer looked after his garden, and one day suggested that it would be well to get a watch-dog for its protection. 'What!' exclaimed Dr. Miley, 'are the youth of this district so devoid of all sense of moral rectitude that it needs to provide a watch-dog to guard their pastor's

* Among the best known of Dr. Miley's works are 'Rome under Paganism and the Popes' (1848); 'History of the Papal States' (1850); and 'Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes.'

fruit from plunder?' 'Faix, I dun know, yer riverence; but I know in Father Roache's time they wouldn't leave him the skin of an apple.' Dr. Miley said nothing, but thought much.

He found in James Healy a curate whose exuberance and vivacity refused to be subdued by his awe-inspiring mien. Miley no doubt was not impervious to his humorous sallies; but being accustomed to the enforcement of ecclesiastical discipline, he rarely betrayed a disposition to relax what Healy called his 'centre of gravity.' The rock on which his church towered was a bleak spot, and Miley, with lively recollections of the Jardin des Plantes and the Champs Élysées, sought to make things something brighter. One day, whilst engaged in putting down evergreens, the talk turned on local antiquities, especially a pyramidal block of granite at Old Court, near Bray, on which were traces of ancient sculpture representing the sacrifice of a ram. 'But,' exclaimed Dr. Miley suddenly, as he found some young trees that he had overlooked, 'what am I to do with these yews?' Healy, affecting to think that Dr. Miley said *ewes*, replied, 'Ram them down.*' The Gorgon-like look that Dr. Miley assumed would have frozen into stone any other man, but Healy's jokes continued to flow. One day that his curate brought him to visit Mrs.

* The little plantation has since been cleared away. Not even a cypress remains in mournful memory of Miley.

O'Reilly Dease at Ravenswell, a splendid vista of picturesque scenery having been suddenly opened to their view, Dr. Miley burst into a semi-audible soliloquy expressive of intense admiration, adding: 'But, of course, Healy, you know nothing of these things.' Healy survived the rub, and Miley, as will be seen, came at last to think better of his curate.

Meanwhile, Dr. Miley's sermons, delivered morning or at eventide, drew some men who understood them, but far more who did not. The congregation was largely composed of hill folk, whose horny hands upraised in prayer were quite an evidence of their earnestness. The women clenched each objugation by successive strokes of their tongues rapidly applied to the palate. One of the men, as he left the church, said: 'Oh, sir, it was a grand sermon entirely, the finest that I ever heard in the whole coorse of my life; but,' he added, with becoming humility, 'it wasn't for the likes of me to understand it.'

One who did understand Dr. Miley, and profited by his sermons, was the Rev. H. B. O'Neil—already alluded to—who thus describes the Irish Bourdaloue:

'In stature he is tall and slight, with a clerical and commanding look; his countenance is of a pale, delicate, and melancholy cast, with a meek and unruffled placidity which tells a mind at peace

with all below, "holding sweet converse with spirits of a brighter world," and with such fervency do his thoughts sail from earth to heaven, that at times he looks like a robed statue, his very countenance wearing the calm, cold immobility of death ; but you have only to place him in the pulpit, and his frigid look evaporates 'neath the burning rays of his soul's devotion. Go, listen to him when he stands forth a suppliant, asking your alms for the widowed mother, or forsaken orphan, and you will call him the man of a thousand characters—when you see his seemingly frozen nature dissolving 'neath the warm lava of his compassionate heart and sensitive feelings, while the burning tear trickles down his pale cheek. Or give him controversy for his theme, and go listen to him as he stands forth the champion of his faith : for the first few minutes you are disappointed ; but suddenly he seizes your understanding, and you willingly look on the scenes he portrays, while he grasps his subject with the firmness of a dying warrior grasping the standard of his country's honour. Like lightning darting through the heavens, he bears you through the dark and dangerous ages of idolatry and paganism ; then, like a mighty vessel dashing headlong down the maddening whirl of the deadly Maelstrom, he rushes into the bottomless abyss, tearing up the hidden stores corrupted by the defiled breath of heresy and apostasy—not, like the ill-fated bark,

to be engulfed in the boiling stream; for, with the next eddy, he rises triumphantly before your view, bearing back the secret inventions of the corrupt hearts of men, and with a giant hand he dashes them to pieces before the hallowed sanctuary of God's unerring Church. Then he leads you on to the bloody days of persecution and martyrdom, to the hidden rocky cell and lonely mountain-cave; to the rude altar of stone, and the roofless temple, despoiled of its glory, and he gives you for your model the noble constancy of your forefathers, who clung to that Catholic Church, though she stood in the midst of persecution and desolation: "He leads you on and on, until he leaves you enjoying the blessings of our present age of peace and religion." He is not an orator whose early departure you mourn. No; and you should thank God that he still lives; he moves, dispensing the blessings of his sacred calling; you can both see and hear him daily. Go, and may you profit by what you hear.* Wonderful as Dr. Miley is here represented, his gifts were not more wonderful than Father O'Neil's description.

Alas! the preacher's days were numbered.

To this ascetic priest Lavelle was the affliction which Heaven sends to purify the elect. Shortly before the death of Dr. Miley, he was served with a

* 'Catholic Register' for 1844, p. 859 *et seq.*

subpœna compelling his attendance as a witness at Galway in the case 'Lavelle *versus* Lord Oranmore.' Dr. Miley took Healy with him as companion and comforter; and the curate on his return was not without stories of their journey. It having been observed that a priest was preparing to smoke in the train, Miley's pale face became still more pallid. 'If any priest,' he said, 'had smoked at Marlborough Street* in my time, we should have expected him to join the Priests' Protection Society in the morning.'

Dr. Miley's health had been breaking for some months previous to his death. He brought away from France a wounded heart; but, like the Spartan, he did not let those about him know how deeply it was gnawed. One day, just as Father Healy had finished the first Gospel of the last Mass, he observed, to his surprise, that Dr. Miley was not in the pulpit, about to preach, as was his wont. Father Healy had already said the eight o'clock Mass at Kilmacanogue, and of course remained fasting until the twelve o'clock Mass should have been concluded; but instead of being glad of the opportunity of relieving exhaustion by breaking his fast, he at once took Dr. Miley's place in the pulpit, and surprised all by the power and brilliancy of his discourse. 'Did you preach on the Gospel of the

* The presbytery of the Pro-Cathedral.

day?' somebody once asked. 'No; I preached on the spur of the moment,' was the reply: "'Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel'" (1 Cor. ix. 16). Dr. Miley advanced to the pulpit on some subsequent occasions; he finally all but tottered to it. Thinkers came to see the evangelist contend with the empire of death. On April 18, 1861, he breathed his last. Father Healy had the good fortune to serve this great priest for sixteen months, and to pick up grains of gold among the stones of the fallen temple. He greatly admired Dr. Miley's culture and mien, though both in an earlier day had been marred by occasional pomp of manner; and on a rather rough priest afterwards saying, 'I never could understand Dr. Miley,' Healy dryly answered, 'Only a gentleman could.' Dr. Miley had a few oddities, slightly inconsistent with his ascetic nature; but the sun itself is not without spot. 'He had four or five wigs of gray hair,' Healy said, 'all of varying length, which he changed at calculated intervals, taking care that each would accurately represent the length to which the natural hair could have grown under ordinary circumstances.' It was even whispered that he had one with a tonsure, and that all were sent to Paris twice a year to be dressed.

Dr. Miley was succeeded as parish priest of Bray by the Rev. Walter Lee, D.D., grand-nephew of Archbishop Troy. Dr. Lee had made a distin-

guished course at Maynooth College, of which he finally became Dean and Secretary to the Board. He possessed a fund of most interesting anecdote respecting his grand-uncle and the many eminent men who had been connected with Maynooth or prominent in the Church, and he took peculiar pleasure in confiding it to those who, like the present writer, thought it a pity it should die with him. Fifty-nine years a priest, and eighty-four in this world, he was the link which united the past with the present generation. Just as in medical science there are some constitutions with whom alteratives do not agree, or even certain tonics, which in others promote the *mens sana in corpore sano*, Dr. Lee and Father Healy rather failed to assimilate. Dr. Miley, although he had no taste for wit or humour, was greatly liked by Healy. Dr. Lee, who would sometimes make a funny remark, never got on well with his witty curate. Healy, while still curate, was the last to arrive at a dinner given by Dr. Lee. Previous to his coming, somebody said, 'Father Healy is making his toilet.' 'Oh!' said Dr. Lee, 'when Father Healy's hands are washed, his toilet is made.' This was no sooner said than the lively curate entered the room, and, on the chaffing remark being reported to him, Dr. Lee sought to disclaim its paternity. 'Oh, don't deny it; 'tis the best thing you ever said,' remarked Father Healy.

Attending sick-calls is not an enjoyable mission ; but Healy was always cheerful when the summons came. A messenger announced that a man near Bray had been shot. 'When fiddling with a gun,' he added, 'it went off, grazin' his toes and carryin' away his shoe.' 'Why, this is a case of shoe-aside' (suicide), said Healy, mimicking the voice of the envoy. That these trifles should have been treasured shows, at least, the high estimation in which the young curate was held even then as a wit.

I have alluded to the cheerful alacrity with which he attended sick-calls ; there was a summons of another sort that severely tried him. Tom Byrne was a drunken fellow, given to beating his wife. One tempestuous winter's evening, just as Healy had sat down, as he hoped until bedtime, with a cheerful fire blazing before him and a pleasant book open, his servant entered, imploring him to come out at once, for 'Byrne was massacreeing his wife.'

The young priest's temper was easily roused at this early period of life—especially when the law of God seemed outraged—and he promptly reached Byrne's cottage. Ere he arrived, however, the neighbours had succeeded in quieting the fellow, who was now stretched on the bed in a state of maudlin exhaustion. 'You low ruffian ! you unmitigated rascal !' the priest said, with other

phrases too strong for record. Byrne turned his face to the wall, and in meek and contrite tones muttered, 'Go away, your reverence; I'm not in a fit state to listen to your holy voice.'

Among his early friends were two brothers, named Fry, Protestants, who lived in two houses outlying and isolated at Shankhill. Both brothers married on the same day; and it was remarked as a coincidence, by Professor Cameron, that their wives bore children on the same day. Healy was a constant guest at these Siamese-twin houses, and the owners were repeatedly entertained by him.

There was one of the pupils at Loretto, named Wade, for whom he showed much regard, and having missed her from the playground, he asked her, when next they met, the reason. She had been very ill, she said, and he tendered grim consolation by assuring her that if any casualty occurred he would go to her funeral. 'If I should outlive you, I'll certainly go to yours,' she replied. 'But meanwhile,' said Healy, 'you must allow me to write your epitaph.' She expected to hear something very laudatory and solemn, and was rather taken aback when she heard :

' Here lies poor Anastacia Wade,
The fattest girl that e'er was made.'

This pupil was known to be sensitive if allusion

were made to her *embonpoint*. The conversation occurred in 1861; thirty-three years after a gray-haired matron—the quondam pupil—attended his obsequies.

A tall young lady named Lynch was introduced to him. 'Give you an inch, and you'll take an *L*' (ell), was his first comment.

On a beautiful child being proudly shown by its mother, he said: 'My dear child, you'll have a blue look-out as long as you live.' The parent's face fell, but brightened when reminded that the child had fine blue eyes.

The lips of a priest are sealed as regards the confessional; a penitent is free to tell what passes. When chaplain to a convent school at Bray, it was his duty to hear the confessions of the children. A little penitent, but now a matured matron, states that, having mimicked Father Healy, she felt bound to confess the action, but she writhed with agony in making the effort. At last some words were dropped that might seem to imply that she had applied a disrespectful nickname to one of God's anointed. 'If you mean me, my child, you are at full liberty to call me any name you like, from a donkey to an elephant,' said the ghostly adviser.

Questioning a young lady who had been at a remote convent-school, he asked how many nuns and how many pupils it possessed. In reply

to her statistics, he merely said: 'You ought to be well schooled. That gives a nun and a half to each girl.'

The poor curate of these days, in his modest lodging over a confectioner's shop, showed to all friends he met

'The honest welcome, frank and free,
That marks the liberal hand.'

Amongst others whom he always brought home, when he chanced to find him painting from Nature—perched on a lonely crag, or embosomed in the warm woods of Fassaroe—was Vincent Duffy, then a young and struggling youth, now a well-known Academician. Every day dinner was served for those who dropped in, and one guest whom Duffy recalls as never absent was Father Charles Meehan.

CHAPTER V.

Administrator of St. Peter's, Little Bray—Alzog on Father Healy's Chapel—Visit of Cardinal Cullen—'Enter; its Grandeur overwhelms you not'—Anecdote—The Duke of Connaught—General Sir George Cockburn—Anecdotes—Sir W. Wilde—An Episcopal Vacancy—Mrs. O'Reilly Dease—'Tristram Shandy'—Lord Fingall—Dame Dease's Recollections—The Gallows at Trim—Matthew O'Reilly Dease—Father Healy gets him elected M.P. for Louth—Rev. Samuel Cotton and his Umbrella.

THE parish of Kingstown known as Dunleary, when, early in the century, Father 'Bat' Sheridan had been appointed to it, embraced a large number of hamlets which have since got separate pastors. In 1867 Father Healy became administrator of one of them, namely, Little Bray. 'A previous P.P. of Dunleary,' said Canon Pope to the present writer, 'chose to reside near Little Bray, rather than the more important place of which he was "P.P.," and henceforth he regarded Dunleary as an outlying district of his extensive parish. In consequence of some of its people exhibiting false lights, with the dastardly object of causing wreck-

age, he declared that never again would he enter Dunleary Chapel.' Canon Pope does not add—which, unhappily, is true—that, this priest dying intestate, a fine presbytery that he built not far from Little Bray passed into lay hands, and was lost to his successors.

Little Bray is separated from Bray proper by the Dargle River, and while the larger town is in Wicklow, the first is in the County Dublin. Healy's old friends near the city were disposed to persuade themselves that the change was a step towards promotion, and brought him geographically within easier reach. Lewis, describing Little Bray, notices its '230 houses, with 1,168 inhabitants. The houses are, in general, neatly built, and the town has a cheerful and interesting appearance.' This feature of attraction was not lessened when our administrator buoyantly entered on his work.

He found in the old chapel at Little Bray a small and unpretending structure hidden away from the public road, and built on the lines followed in penal days. The pillars, altar, oak carvings, and Communion-rails are a legacy from the old chapel on Lazor Hill, Dublin, afterwards known as Townsend Street. The latter is noticed by Thomas Moore in his memoirs, and that it went by the name of the 'Irish Gentleman's Chapel.'*

* He wrote 'Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion,' a polemic book of much learning.

Alzog, a German, wrote a history of the church; and as a proof of the advance of Catholicism in Ireland, he cited the increase of its religious edifices, and, to the astonishment of those who knew anything about it, 'the Church of St. Peter's at Little Bray'! The mistake arose from following a 'puff' in 'Battersby's Directory,' and was not unnatural in a foreigner who had not seen the structures he professed to enumerate. Alzog having been translated into English, Healy was subjected to some chaffing by his brother priests. One day Cardinal Cullen, in cope and mitre, attended at Little Bray to administer Confirmation. 'I read that you have got a grand cathedral here,' he said, when Father Healy hurried to receive him at the gate. "'Enter; its grandeur overwhelms you not,'" was Healy's happy reply, quoting from Byron's description of St. Peter's at Rome. 'Oh, that's not the meaning the poet had at all,' replied the Cardinal, failing to see the point.

He dined at Bray that day, and Healy was asked with others to meet him. Before dinner, when taking a rural walk, his Eminence stopped a boy to question him on his Catechism, but the fellow could hardly answer a word. The Cardinal, while he very accurately described him, looked with a reproachful glance in the direction of Father Healy. 'I know that boy, your Eminence; he's from Marlborough Street,' was the reply. This

was the parish in which the Cardinal himself resided.

Some time after a young priest from the diocese of Kilmore called at St. Peter's, Little Bray, and Father Healy took advantage of this circumstance by asking him to take a part in some Church function that he and another priest were about to celebrate in the chapel. The following dialogue ensued: 'Oh, I am not well up in the ceremonies.' 'And do you imagine that *we* know anything about them?' 'Oh, I would be sure to go astray.' 'My dear boy, it would be impossible to go astray in my chapel.'

Outside Little Bray is a wheelwright's yard filled with disabled postchaises and other obsolete modes of conveyance. The skeleton of an old yellow wheel—its spokes dislocated—caught the eye of a visitor to Father Healy as both happened to pass it. 'What a story those old wheels could tell of their wanderings,' remarked the visitor. 'They would say they are *untired*,' replied Healy. 'It's because they are untired they would be outspoken,' was the concluding remark.

Little Bray of that day was not suggestive of many new ideas. On the same evening Father Arthur Doran and Father Molony, of Barndarrig, dined with him, and the host, probably thinking of his conversation that morning, said: 'I give you the toast of two spokes in the ecclesiastical wheel,

and if they are not good spokes they are at least good fellows.' 'May they show good metal at every round,' chimed in Molony. 'And never *tire*,' retorted Healy. 'But I hope never *box*,' mildly interposed a lay guest.

These and other trifles are given merely as a curiosity that they should have been preserved when so much that is good has vanished in the mist of the past.

It was a pleasant surprise to receive a card of invitation to meet the Duke of Connaught at Charleville, Bray, the seat of Lord Monck, and Father Healy kept his Royal Highness so amused by quaint sallies that an intimation of willingness to call upon him was at last vouchsafed. 'Where shall I find you?' the Prince asked. 'At Little Bray, your Royal Highness, where I am as well known as the pump,'* was the reply.

Its pump was, indeed, better known than its ancient stone cross and rudely-sculptured Crucifixion, which is hidden away on the road to Old Connaught. The archæologist will also find in the parish of Little Bray several ruined castles, and the sculptured sacrifice of a ram already alluded to. A respected Protestant parishioner, General Sir George Cockburn, had presented a handsome altar-

* The pump some years after ceased to possess the conspicuous importance of an earlier day, owing to the introduction of water by pipes from the river Vartry.

piece to the chapel at Bray; and the place, on the whole, had many bright memories to recommend it.

On another day, when a few friends had assembled for dinner, served in homely fashion at a pleasant villa residence, suddenly,

‘With looks that quite petrified, entered the maid,’ and informed her mistress that, by an untoward accident, a pot of bright turtle soup had been spilled on the kitchen floor. ‘Oh, God be with the time,’ exclaimed Father Healy, ‘when, in the old-fashioned earthen floor, with plenty of ruts in it, if such a thing occurred, the soup could be ladled up again; but with the smooth tiles of modern use, one can only say, though reluctantly, “Flow on, thou shining river.”’

The late Sir William Wilde was rather slovenly in his person. When he offered his hand to a distinguished actress still living, he received for reply, ‘Go and wash it first.’ Judge Barry, dining with Lord O’Hagan shortly after Wilde had been knighted, observed, ‘I left Holyhead in a gale and came across the dirtiest night.’ ‘It *must* have been Wilde,’ said Father Healy.

One memorable Saturday dinner at Healy’s hospitable house is recalled. An eminent Judge still living, who was present, detailed some of the wild freaks of his earlier days in Limerick, and

amongst the anecdotes was one in which he described the capture of a watchman in his sentry-box by some military officers; and how he was flung with his box into the river Shannon, where the unfortunate watchman was drowned.

'Then,' said Father Healy, 'he must have died with the *rattles* in his throat.'

They were speaking of electrocution. 'I only know of one thing more terrible,' said Father Healy—'elocation.'

A popular physician came on a visit to him, and Healy lent him a rod to fish in the Dargle River. At the end of the day he returned, saying, 'I've killed nothing, unless time.' 'That is more than you could say if you were at home,' was the reply. Meeting Mr. Cummins, a well-known accountant and amateur operatic singer, in the train, he learned from him that he was about to give some vocal recitals that evening. When parting, he said, 'Don't commit forgery to-night.*' This speech puzzled Mr. Cummins; but it was subsequently explained that he meant 'not to utter any false notes.'

Father Healy met at dinner one evening a

* A kindred joke stated that Sir Samuel Ferguson, the gifted Irish poet, began his literary career with a forgery. Explanation having been indignantly demanded, it appeared that the title of his best poem is 'The Forging of the Anchor.'

famous song-writer to whom, on their introduction on a previous occasion, he had taken an instant liking. 'Good-evening, Mr. ——,' began Father Healy, cordially extending his hand, but the name of his English acquaintance deserted him for the moment. There was scarcely a perceptible hesitation on his part, however, for instantly he began softly to hum the tune of one of the composer's best-known works. The face of the composer lighted up with a smile of gratification, and Father Healy's failure to remember his name was never known.

Mrs. M——, the genial wife of a popular Judge who lived in the neighbourhood, remarked to the present writer that Father Healy had so often failed to accept her invitations to dine on Saturday—a convenient day on which they usually entertained members of the Bar and others—that she had almost ceased to ask him. The lady was interested by my explanation that on Saturday evenings Father Healy was usually to be found in his confessional, zealously engaged in bringing sinners to repentance.

On every Sunday he preached a sermon somewhat above the average, but what charmed his auditory was the finished elocution with which he gave out the Gospel of the day that formed its text. Nothing could be more impressively delivered, and among those who went to Little Bray on Sundays

solely to hear it was Mr. James Murphy, the author of many clever Irish novels.

In conversing with a priest from another diocese, he found that some strong differences of opinion prevailed amongst its clergy as regarded the claims of a certain candidate for an episcopal vacancy then existing. Healy had heard that the friend whom he greeted had an eye on the mitre himself, and, for the humour of the thing, Healy urged the claims of a priest for whom the other was not likely to have much sympathy. 'Sir,' was the reply—and here he struck the table warmly—'we have no vacancy for a fool in our diocese!' 'Are you, then, so full?' replied Healy. 'We have had a meeting, and I took care to give them my views,' continued the rather choleric priest. 'And possibly divided the board on it,' replied Healy, alluding to his habit of striking the table.

It was the fate of this genial man, who loved Protestants as warmly as his own flock, to meet occasional cases of blind bigotry which surprised, and might have shocked him, but for their fantastic humour. One day a woman came to complain to Father Healy that her husband beat her daily, drank like a fish, and cursed like a trooper. 'Is he a Catholic at all?' he asked. 'It's too good a Catholic he is, your reverence: he'd knock the head off every Protestant in the town if he only got the chance!'

During this period it was his good fortune to have for a parishioner a clever and original woman, Mrs. Dease, of Ravenswell, who as Miss O'Reilly of Thomastown had been the heiress to great wealth. She claimed to have Spanish blood in her veins, and evinced at times the vivacity of Andalusia.*

In 1814 she married Dr. Dease, son of William Dease, described by Stokes as the father of Irish surgery; but the great operator having lanced a swelling, which at once sent forth a torrent of bright arterial blood, ending in the prompt death of the patient, he retired to his study and died by his own hand! His daughter-in-law became the mother of Matthew O'Reilly Dease, D.L., afterwards M.P. for Louth. For many years she lived in her yacht, and claimed to have gained length of days by 'a life on the ocean wave.' She had now settled down at Ravenswell, Bray, attended Father Healy's church, and admired the tone in which he expounded the Gospel of the day. She

* Alexander (Count) O'Reilly, of Baltrasna, General in the Spanish services, Captain-General of Andalusia, Governor of Cadiz, and Grandee, married Donna Rosa les Casas, and died in 1794.

'Was it for this that General Count O'Reilly,
Who took Algiers, declared I used him vilely?'

is asked in 'Don Juan.'

'General Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers,' writes Byron, 'but Algiers very nearly took him.'

had been previously a familiar figure at the Black Rock Church, attended by her son, whose filial homage was very conspicuous. When Mass was over he always left the church by a retrograde movement, bowing before his mother, who meanwhile would sweep down the aisle in rustling bombazine.

Her former chaplain had been the once famous Father Keogh, styled by the *London Magazine* in 1827 'the Irish Massillon.' She had many anecdotes of his great power, and also of his innocence, and would tell that, on entering his room, children were to be found in paroxysms of laughter at the rich performances of him whose humour ranged from the wit of Rabelais to the grimaces of a zany.* And this was the man of whom the late parish priest of Bray, Father Roache, declared he had heard Mr. Plunkett say, 'If I had Keogh's powers I could shake the Constitution.' In Father Healy she found a chaplain after her own heart, and of him it may be said that he greatly enjoyed the society of Mrs. Dease. She finally became very infirm, and could not travel to St. Peter's,

* 'How is your father?' a friend asked Father Keogh. 'Oh,' he replied, putting on a rueful face, 'I left him working for death!' He was a coffin-maker by trade. Father Healy was interested to hear from Mrs. Dease many new stories of Keogh, over whose coffin, when at SS. Michael and John's, he had mused in the spirit of Hamlet's soliloquy.

Little Bray. One of his duties as chaplain was to read for Mrs. Dease; sometimes it would be a pious book, at other times a volume of current literature or an old English classic. On the particular occasion now in question it was 'Tristram Shandy.' He did full justice to the wonderful pathos of Sterne, and made it quite a sermon by the feeling with which he gave out such passages as, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' At last Father Healy came to an oath, at which he looked grave, but as he read further all was forgiven:

'The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever!'

Again he stopped short, this time more abruptly. 'What's the hitch about?' said Mrs. Dease, peering over her spectacles. 'It was getting a little broad, ma'am,' replied the priest. To this remark she merely muttered: 'We're not so narrow ourselves.'

Mrs. Dease at this time was between eighty and ninety years of age, and had grown a grizzly beard. The Rev. Ralph R. Merydith, M.A., Protestant curate of Bray, was almost as intimate at Ravenswell as Father Healy himself. These priests of rival Churches, instead of pulling at both ends of the rope, pulled together, and Mrs. Dease greatly

enjoyed their efforts to make all around her bright. She would sometimes playfully call Merydith her Protestant chaplain, and, to the air of 'One Bumper at Parting,' would even sing for him, with *méchant* humour, a rhyme which the nonogenarian remembered to have heard in her childhood :

“Where was your Church before Luther
Or Cranmer, that ungodly man ?
With lively Queen Bess and King Harry
Your great Reformation began.”

Of late years the old lady's voice, when engaged in lyrical effort, was like the sound of a cracked fiddle. 'I'm no musician,' she would say, 'but, as you see, I am *beating* time.' Mother Dease and Father Healy, though glad of the promotion which at last came to Mr. Merydith, were sorry to lose him, when in 1870 he entered on new duties as Rector of Red Cross and afterwards of Carrowdore.

One day Father Healy came into Ravenswell saying, 'There is an old woman at the door, ma'am, wants some alms.' 'What do you call an old woman?' replied Mrs. Dease, thinking he would say one of sixty or seventy summers. 'One about 150, ma'am.' The old lady, charmed at the prospect of increased longevity, exclaimed, 'Leave it there,' extending her skinny hand and cordially grasping the priest's.

On another occasion it was mentioned, by way of encouragement, that old Parr had lived to 152

years ; but Dame Dease replied that she was very much below *par*. The widow of an eminent surgeon, she was glib at some of the jargon of the craft. Surgeon Richard Dease died so long previously as February 21, 1819. When demonstrating to his pupils on the body of a dead woman, he imbibed through a slight scratch some fatal virus, to the effects of which he succumbed. His son O'Reilly Dease was a posthumous child.

For years wonderfully bright letters passed between Mrs. Dease and her sparkling chaplain. These letters are described as like electrical discharges.

Mrs. Dease was now almost bedridden, but would be carried down to dinner, which, thanks to the fusillade between the chaplain and herself, always proved an interesting meal. It must be confessed, however, that her conversation was often spiced with censorious gossip which Father Healy found it no easy task to keep in check. At an earlier day she would have admirably filled the character of Mrs. Candour in the 'School for Scandal.' Hanging near her chair was a rope with a large ring at the end of it, by which the old lady was able to shift her position or bring the artillery of her eyes more into range. One day Lord Fingall, accompanied by his little son, Lord Killeen, then aged nine years, came from Meath to see her, and they were easily persuaded to remain for dinner. The

child's eyes became fixed on the rope and ring, and he asked Father Healy what the latter was meant for. 'Oh, that's for old Mrs. Dease to jump through,' was the reply *sotto voce*. The boy's eyes sparkled at the thought of such glorious fun, and he eagerly asked, 'Could you get her to do it now?' Her vivacity was so great all the evening that little Lord Killeen thought she might at any moment perform the feat; and when the hour for retiring came it was sad to see his disappointment.

Whether Mrs. Dease's rope suggested one of a more solemn sort, I now forget, but certain it is the conversation drifted in a 'capital' direction. Father Healy told a story of Jemmy O'Brien, the merciless informer of '98, who, having at last murdered one John Hoey, was sentenced to death, to the great joy of the people, but remained so long on his knees before coming out to the scaffold that Galvin, the hangman, exclaimed, 'Long life to you, Mr. O'Brien. Hurry up with your prayers.* The people are getting very impatient outside.'

'Oh, my dear, I remember those days well,' said Mrs. Dease. 'So many of my name used to be hung on the gallows at Trim that it went by the name of the Widow Reilly.'

* This speech was as absurd as the act of the Hon. Richard Power, Baron of the Exchequer, who, in walking to Ringsend to drown himself, carried an umbrella because the day was wet. His suicide took place in 1794.

Father Healy was not only chaplain to Mrs. Dease and her son, but their 'guide, philosopher and friend' as well. Louth had long been represented by two Protestants, Chichester Fortescue and Tristram Kennedy, and no men worked with more energy in their cause than the Catholic priests of that county. At the General Election of 1868 Kennedy decided upon retiring, and Healy suggested to Dease, who had a considerable stake in Louth, that he could not do better than seek its suffrages. Dease did not share the tact of his mother, and the old lady, having been consulted, urged that he should place himself absolutely in Healy's hands.

The genial priest is now found in the new *rôle* of a diplomat. He had to try his hand as the puller of wires which would set important agencies in motion. He had been intimate from their college days with the Rev. Archdeacon Tierney, P.P., V.G., Drogheda. They were both clever men and had tastes in common, especially in a keen appreciation of the subtleties of humour. Tierney was a man of weight in the archdiocese of Armagh, and had received eleven votes at the election for Primate. As Vicar-General he could influence, and, indeed, control, a large number of priests, who in turn could bring to the hustings the flower of their respective flocks.

O'Reilly Dease possessed land in Tierney's parish.

Though a leading Catholic, he was so far peculiar that he failed to recognise as a precept of his Church the obligation to contribute to the support of its pastors. A large arrear of dues remained unpaid to the Archdeacon, and Tierney had long come to regard the debt as a bad one, especially as such claims were not recoverable at civil law. Healy sought to interest his old friend in Dease's candidature by undertaking that all arrears should be paid. He sought successfully to convince the Archdeacon that Dease would prove an honest representative. Tierney's influence was at once exerted in his favour, and the Master of Ravenswell became the Member for Louth.

Dease's declarations of gratitude to Healy were profuse. 'My dear Father,' he lisped, 'if I lived to the age of Methuselah I never could repay you.' Both travelled together from Dundalk to Dublin, and the new M.P., when taking leave of Healy at Bray Station, pressed into his hand two shillings, with a request that he would remember him in his Mass. How he left all his large property for the reduction of the National Debt will appear on a subsequent page.*

A friendship even stronger than that with the

* The Earl of Meath having avowed his intention of buying a piece of strand adjoining Ravenswell, Mrs. Dease bid against him, and secured for £7,000 what eventually brought not quite £2,000.

Rev. Ralph Merydith was formed at this time between Father Healy and another Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Edward William Burton, A.B., Canon of Christchurch Cathedral, and Incumbent of Rathmichael, near Little Bray. He was a broad-minded man, the first cousin and brother-in-law of Frank Fitzgerald, Baron of the Exchequer. Burton became so much attached to Healy and his curate that when one of them fell ill the good parson had him prayed for in his church.

But it was now Healy's lot to meet a cleric whose bitterness sadly contrasted with the cordial natures of other fellow-labourers in the vineyard.

It has been said that there is nothing outside religion and politics which causes such frequent friction as the umbrella. But it becomes specially ticklish when dripping with polemics like the one about to be described. The Rev. Samuel Cotton—famous for his orphanage at Carogh, and familiarly known as 'Gun-cotton,' from the explosives he loved to fulminate against Popery—was staying at Bray in the sixties. He wrote to Father Healy, saying that he had lost a green silk umbrella, that it was not the first one he had lost, and he would recommend the pastor to impress on his flock, from the altar, the commandment, '*Thou shalt not steal.*'*

* Mr. Cotton must have had in his mind an old story of Transatlantic origin, descriptive of a gentleman who, having attended chapel, suddenly discovered, when preparing to go

Father Healy's temper was naturally quick, but all who knew him can testify that, frequent provocation notwithstanding, he had disciplined it into admirable subjection. This was one of the very few occasions on which he made a cutting retort; but it occurred at a time when his blood was hotter than in the old man which most of his surviving friends remember him. To Mr. Cotton's note he replied :

‘Buy a *cotton* umbrella, and if the quality is no better than the Cotton of Carogh, you need not fear that anyone will touch it.’

A somewhat different version of this reply has been sometimes told—also that he used a postcard; but the Rev. James Conolly, to whom he handed the letter for perusal, tells me that the words were as above. Healy, in his estimate of the man, showed his usual perception. This was twenty years before Primate Knox's public denunciation of Mr. Cotton, and his conviction by a Belfast jury of malpractices, which two severe terms of imprisonment have surely expiated.

About the time of the last-named incidents, which

home, that his umbrella had been taken. He reported it to the clergyman, who on the following Sunday morning addressed the congregation. He told them an umbrella had been stolen, and that the thief was known. He suggested that the person who took the umbrella should drop it over his garden wall the same evening. Next morning he was astonished at finding fifteen umbrellas in his garden.

are reluctantly referred to, Father Healy was surprised to find his curt letter of twenty years before returned by Mr. Cotton. Probably when arranging old papers it came to the front.

Mr. Cotton at the time of his missive to Father Healy kept his horse in the stable of John Bruce, a Methodist car-driver of Bray. 'It's the master's eye which feeds the horse,' is an old saying in Ireland. One day, when Mr. Cotton was giving oats to the animal, Bruce's horse made a bite at Cotton, and the latter brought an action against Bruce. In vain some *méchant* friend sought to console Cotton by reminding him, in the words of David, that 'all flesh is grass.' Able counsel were retained, but under a threat, and, no doubt, an unworthy threat, to charge Mr. Cotton with tampering with Bruce's oats, the prosecution was abandoned.

It was about this time that Father Healy's curate received a letter from Mr. Cotton complaining of dishonesty on the part of a Catholic servant, and asking if that was the doctrine taught in Little Bray. The curate prepared an answer, which he personally delivered. The door was opened by Mr. Cotton, who asked him to kneel with him there and then and adore their common Creator. He went on to refer to a certain page and tome of Schleiermacher, which brought home to Rome, he said, the practice of idolatry. Its alleged spiritual intolerance

was then dealt with, until the clergyman's wife, with great common-sense, interposed, saying that it would be better if Mr. Cotton gave attention solely to his own flock.

But enough of polemics. During the great snow of 1865, when local employment was suspended, Mrs. Dease asked Father Healy to be the almoner of her bounty. Two hundred pounds, which he dispensed with much common-sense, had been placed in his hands. Men, who otherwise might have turned their course in the direction of the Fenian camp, were hired in gangs; and for two shillings a day cleared the roads, and hurled vast blocks of snow into the river. He was a vigilant overseer, who at once scented the drone and sent him adrift.

CHAPTER VI.

Anecdotes—'The Heart that has truly loved never forgets'
 —'The Devil's Glen'—Lord Mayor Durdin—'A Jackass in
 a Basket of Greens'—The Dargle—Mr. Justice Crampton
 —A Dinner at St. Valerie—Canon Forde, V.G.—Death
 of Father Healy's Sister, a Nun—A Dame in Bearded
 Majesty—Parish Priest of Little Bray—A Death at the
 Altar—A Bishop *in Partibus*—Anecdotes—Father Healy's
 Theological Knowledge—Amusing Incident at Trinity
 College.

MEANWHILE Healy's brother priests in hours of
 relaxation snatched from toil were cheered by his
 quaint sallies. At a clerical gathering at Bally-
 brack two or three happened to be discussing
 verse 14 in Psalm cxiii.:

'Aures habent, et non audient;
 Nares habent, et non odorabunt.'

['They have ears, and they do not hear; they have noses,
 and they will not smell.']

Two priests with largely-developed nasal organs
 advanced from the end of the room inquiring what
 their confrères had been saying.

'That you have noses, and you do not hear,'

replied Healy, at once raising a hearty laugh, especially at the expense of one—now a Canon—whose hooked nose was being protruded into the coterie.

The host on that occasion was Father John Harold, a man of colossal frame, who, having sung the song 'Oh, would I were a boy again!' was greeted with the remark, 'In other words, you'd like to be "*Childe* Harold."' This sobriquet was afterwards applied to a smaller brother of the gigantic priest, also in orders, so as to guard against confusion in alluding to them. The smaller brother, having declined, as was said, a colonial see, was urged to accept the burden as 'Harold's Cross.'*

The Rev. P. Fagan, C.C., Blackrock, who early in his missionary career had broken his leg and wore a cork one, happening to meet Fathers Healy and Meehan at a time when an important parish was vacant, was asked by the latter if he were in the running for it. 'What a strange question to put to a man with one leg!' interposed Healy.

Mrs. V——, a lady of good social status, whose first husband was a military officer, married secondly a retired postman. It was said that she sometimes made him put on the uniform of her deceased

* Harold's Cross is a well-known suburb of Dublin, where the former Archbishop of that see kept a holy court for the trial of ecclesiastical offences.

lord, which led Healy to quote, as applicable, Moore's lines :

‘ The heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close ’ (clothes).*

Canon Pope replied that it was only natural that she should regard the *vested* interests of her late husband, which so amused Healy that he declared it was better than the joke it capped. He was most tolerant of Pope's jokes, which encouraged the good Canon to prepare more whenever he expected to meet Healy. The smell of the mid-night oil, of which they were redolent, mingled not always well with the aroma of dinner. Healy, on entering an anteroom where several priests had assembled, was grasped by both hands by Pope, who asked, ‘ Why is *my* hand like the Land Act?—Because it embraces Healy's *clause*.’

One midsummer Canon Pope and other priests, who had got some holidays to spend, called on Healy by appointment, and took him to visit ‘ The Devil's Glen.’ In going through its proverbially picturesque scenery, his spirits rose to a pitch of

* The two succeeding lines are :

‘ As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.’

The adulatory circle in which Healy revolved got the sobriquet of ‘ Heliotropes.’ This flower, according to an eminent writer, Dioscorides, and popular belief, manifested the peculiarity noticed by Moore.

ecstasy; but in mounting to a spot from which a specially fine vista was obtainable, he slipped into a bog-hole, and he returned to his friends daubed with mud. 'What has caused this?' asked Pope. 'The devil, envying my happy state,' he said, quoting the well-known reply in the fifth lesson of the Catechism, when describing Adam's fall in the Garden of Eden.

It was his tone and twinkle rather than the actual words of his replies which proved irresistibly provocative of amusement to persons who possessed a true sense of humour. One evening a Clonfert priest met Father Healy at a remote watering-place, and entered on the then vexed question of Tenant Right, putting a number of questions to Healy, who with the gravest face made absurdly stupid answers. 'What are your politics?' he at last asked. 'I'm of my Bishop's politics,' pensively replied Healy, puffing away at a cigar. 'And what *are* your Bishop's politics?' 'I don't know.*' Archbishop Cullen was the reigning Ordinary at this time.

A Jesuit was telling an incident in the life of the founder of his Order, St. Ignatius, who, when travelling to Rome, fell in with a party of tourists,

* Sir Gavan Duffy remarks, 'as a psychological fact worthy of note, that whenever a Bishop adopted a policy he was sure to be supported by the opinion of the general body of his clergy' ('Four Years of Irish History,' p. 828).

by whom he was nicknamed Romulus. Subsequently, at finding him saying Mass in St. Agatha's, one of the party in surprise exclaimed, 'O Romulus!' 'And did he reply O Remus?' was the ready comment. 'Oremus,' or, 'Let us pray,' is a phrase familiar in the Mass.

One evening, when wit had flashed with unusual blaze and continuance, Father Trevor, senior curate of Bray, who so far had contented himself with being a listener, exclaimed, when a lull at last came: 'I have a joke worth the whole of them: "Why is a chimney like a swallow?—Because it has a crooked *flew*,"'—a joke which for its utter barbarity has been honoured by remembrance when so much that was really brilliant has faded from memory. Lamb once said that the most outrageous pun often made people laugh more than at a good one, and possibly this was Trevor's aim.

Healy was the valued guest of all circles and spheres. It was about this time that Mr. Durdin, a respectable Protestant solicitor of Conservative views, became Lord Mayor of Dublin. His appointment was not popular with the bulk of the Corporation, who had different politics, and one bitterly remarked, 'His very horses and harness look hungry.' A well-known corn-factor stood up for the Lord Mayor and sought to deny the innuendo. Alderman Redmond said, 'Durdin would eat a jackass in a basket of greens.' 'I saw him dining

at the Imperial Hotel yesterday,' he proceeded, 'but he didn't seem to notice me.' 'I dare say that all his attention was directed to the greens,' was Healy's happy retort.*

Near the Dargle, and close to the Castle of Fassaro, which once guarded this peep into the mountain region beyond, is a charming spot, St. Valerie, formerly the home of Cooper Walker,† who in his 'Historical Memoirs on Italian Tragedy' gives a glimpse of his sequestered retreat. But Walker, who died in 1810, is long since forgotten, and the man whose name is mostly associated with St. Valerie is Mr. Justice Crampton,‡ one of the judges who tried and sentenced O'Connell in 1844, and Father Petcherine in 1858. Crampton became a prominent leader of the Temperance society, and

* Bandmasters were not without humour in those days. When the toast of Durdin's health was proposed, the band struck up the air of 'Dame Durden,' and when that of Sir John Barrington, who held the tenets of Fox and Penn, was drunk, 'Merrily Kiss the Quaker's Wife.'

† Some fine lines were addressed to W. Cooper Walker, at St. Valerie, by Thomas Dermody, whose life and works appeared in 1807.

‡ See Burke's 'Anecdotes of the Connaught Circuit,' pp. 300, 301, where Crampton is described as giving orders that his richly-stored cellar was to be destroyed. His butler said: 'There's the plugs drawn out of the hogshead, and the blessed dhrink running all about the country. Sure, if he was a Judge twenty times over he must have a hog's head on his shoulders that would do the like of that.'

after his death in 1863 St. Valerie, having been let furnished, became the scene of many hospitable entertainments. One dinner is specially recalled. Dr., now Sir John, Banks, observing a portrait of the deceased Judge as it hung in the dining-room, said, 'If he could look down on us now, how shocked he would be!' 'Take care it's not up he'd have to look,' responded Healy.*

There were few spots about Bray of which James Healy was fonder than the picturesque scenery round St. Valerie, and under the Ægis of St. Valerius the good Padre would wend his way. It was pleasingly said of it by its former occupant, Walker: 'In a verdant valley, watered by a winding river, at the foot of a range of lofty mountains, I summoned round me the swans of the Po and of the Arno, and whilst I listened to their mellifluous strains, Time passed with an inaudible step; but though I no longer sighed after the society which I had abandoned, I felt an ardent desire to increase its stock of harmless pleasures.'

It was not Healy's lot to become Padre then, or Walker would have found his 'harmless pleasures' much enhanced by that personality.

* I have heard one person claim this *mot* for Judge Keogh; but on again referring to my original informant, Sir John Banks (February, 1895), he assures me that he was present when Healy said it.

Corresponding to the navicular or scaphoid bone of the wrist is a small bone in the fetlock of the horse prone to a disease known as 'the navicular.' One day, while travelling by train, a magistrate for the borough of Bray told Father Healy and another friend that his horse had got the vernacular. 'Then yours is the first beast that succeeded since Balaam's ass,' was the reply.

It was an *on-dit* at this time that Mr., afterwards Chief-Justice, Whiteside, having heard Father Healy say grace at the table of a Protestant Lord Chancellor, remarked, not inaudibly—'If William the Third could hear a Roman Catholic priest repeat that prayer in the house of the Keeper of the Great Seal, it would almost make our glorious deliverer turn in his grave.'

Healy met Whiteside on some festive occasions afterwards, especially at the table of Judge Lawson, at Crinkle, near Bray, and the Chief Justice came to regard with more toleration the Padre's presence and prayers.

Father Healy was said to resemble in appearance the Protestant Dean of Dromore. On the occasion of a banquet in Trinity College, the Provost, catching Father Healy's eye, asked him to give grace. This he did, whereupon one of the dons whispered, 'He mistakes you for the Dean of Dromore.' Next day, the Padre having met an Anglican divine, the subject of the Provost's dinner

came on the *tapis*. 'I never met so ignorant a lot,' said Healy. 'Would you believe it, not one of them knew how to bless himself!'

A large number of cards had been issued for a grand ceremonial at Loretto Convent. This included the distribution of prizes to successful students of its higher school. But the proceedings did not begin until long after the appointed hour, owing to the tardy arrival of the Vicar-General, Canon Forde, a man of large frame and imposing presence, then in the zenith of his importance. Healy remarked that the distinguished visitor found on arrival 'yawning as well as awning,' and exclaimed to a friend, 'The greater the Canon the greater the bore.' At last the distribution of premiums began. A young lady named Phibbs was called. 'Do you give a premium for *fib*s here?' asked Father Healy.

He had a fondness for conventual institutions, because as a chaplain to two of them he knew their value and charm, and partly because he had himself a loved sister who had taken the veil. She visited the sick and consoled the dying, but the cruel malady of phthisis struck down the Sister of Mercy. Her Superioress at the convent, Athy, Mrs. Mary Tereasa Maher, urged change of air to the branch convent at Rathdrum, which was embosomed in exquisite scenery. When *en route* to this place, she broke the journey by

visiting her brother James at Bray. After a touching interview, he and Father Patterson accompanied her back to the railway-station. The nun was herself sanguine of recovery, but Father James had a presentiment that never in this world was he destined to see her again. Clad in black crape, she, who had once been like sunshine, entered the carriage which at any moment might be her hearse, while her brother, torn by grief, gazed through blinding tears as the train disappeared.

It was about this time that Miss Saurin, the nun who brought a sensational action in England against Mrs. Star, her Superioress, for alleged severity, was mentioned. Father Healy said, 'I won't go so far as to say "Beautiful Star in Heaven so bright!"* but there is something to be said in her defence;' and he then proceeded to offer it with the gravity which no man could more becomingly assume when the occasion demanded it.

The rôle discharged by Father Healy as administrator of Little Bray gave him no more security against disturbance than would be possessed by any ordinary curate. He was a man of irreproachable private life, and everybody knew it. Owing, however, to certain caprices and influences, his tenure could not be regarded as quite certain. Mrs. Dease was anxious that Cardinal Cullen should give him the status of a 'P.P.,' but the

* A well-known lyric introduced by the Christy Minstrels.

witty cleric and favoured child of society was not quite the type which the ascetic Paul Cullen regarded as the pink of priestly perfection. His Grace figured in many amusing but harmless stories told by Healy, and no doubt some of them had reached his ears. Moreover, the diocese was ruled to a large extent by Canon Forde, a solemn Churchman of strongly Ultramontane views, who, like Dr. Cullen, had made his studies in Rome. In Dublin he did what heretofore had never been attempted by any priest under full episcopal rank—he moved about curates like pieces of chess. Indeed, one man of high attainments and of stainless fame, a close friend of Healy's, was dislodged by Dr. Forde from a comfortable berth and sent to drudge for years as chaplain in a graveyard.

Forde knew James Healy very slightly, and what little he knew of him was not wholly to his taste, though eventually his opinion became much more favourable. We have seen the boldness with which Healy joked about him, and fears were felt that this persiflage might come round. One fussy friend thought it possible that the feasted priest of Bray might find himself suddenly sent to the desolation of Black Ditches,* and—like Father Green, a man of mark, who died prematurely—driven to seek consolation in the thought, 'The farther from Jove, the farther from his lightning.'

* Generally regarded as the Siberia of the diocese.

Another incident — reluctantly noticed here — occurred at this time. A Catholic Alderman, afterwards knighted, lived near Bray, and, as one of Father Healy's flock, attended St. Peter's. The priest was not easily disconcerted; but he certainly did not like to see, whenever he preached, this Alderman reading a book instead of listening to the sermon. On a repetition of the disconcerting act, Healy suddenly paused in his discourse, and allowed himself to be betrayed into a hasty expression of disapproval. The Alderman at once drew up a formal complaint to Archbishop Cullen, who seemingly was not sorry to have an opportunity of visiting the administrator with a snub. Father Healy, though at first much annoyed by the business, soon thought no more of it; but his friends did, and on the knight becoming a candidate for a well-known Dublin club, his exclusion is said to have been largely due to this incident.

His known intimacy with Judge Keogh, too, who, though nominally a Catholic, would allude to Catholic questions with startling freedom, no doubt operated against Healy's prospects. It was not easy to overcome so many adverse influences, but woman's wit is proverbial, and Mrs. Dease one day tried her power on 'Paul.' Possessing wealth and important connections, she posed as a Catholic dame of influence; and though the Cardinal is said to have told another differently situated that

she unsexed herself by meddling in ecclesiastical affairs, he listened with patience to Mrs. Dease. She was a woman of few words, came to the point at once, and in her letters never used a postscript. Shortly before her death she sent for Cardinal Cullen, who duly presented himself. He had never previously seen the lady, and when her face, 'in bearded majesty,' opened full on the visitor, he seems to have been impressed to an extent not very usual with him. 'My lord Cardinal,' said Mrs. Dease, 'I was born and baptized in a parish where there was a parish priest; I was married in a place where there was a parish priest, and I don't wish to be prepared for death by a journeyman priest.' Cardinal Cullen rubbed his chin and promised to consider her suggestion. Meanwhile the Rev. Edward MacCabe, afterwards Cardinal, but who at this time was parish priest of Kingstown and a Vicar-General of the diocese, said, when visiting Little Bray, that he was half tempted to exchange parishes with Healy. 'With all my heart,' was the reply; 'but it must be on condition that I succeed to your vicarial powers.' Dr. MacCabe rarely smiled, but he did so on this occasion, and it is not likely to have proved an obstacle to Mrs. Dease's efforts.

The appointment having been announced in due time, an old friend congratulated him on his promotion as 'P.P.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'two very small p's.' 'One really large P, and one very small one,'

said the friend. To another effusive congratulator he remarked that 'P.P. of *Tinahely* would perhaps have been a more appropriate appointment. The name, too, would have a ring in it suggestively ancestral.' In point of fact, the emoluments of Little Bray were in proportion to its name, and, quoting from a well-known phrase in poor law jargon, Healy said, 'Were it not for the out-door relief I receive, I'd find it hard to live.'

Some friends, wishing to make a presentation to him, having heard of a valuable watch that had been made for Hudson, the Railway King, before his fall, secured the article ere it left the maker's hands, and formally invested with it the new P.P. An inscription records, 'Presented to the Rev. James Healy by a few friends, April, 1869.' He told Mrs. Charles Martin that he meant to leave her this watch, but she hardly thought he was quite serious until after his death an official letter came to notify the fact.

Dan Griott, a barrister in goggles, a great friend of Healy's, expressed himself as very anxious that the P.P. of Little Bray should have a curate, and when at last this appointment was made, he went out to Bray to satisfy himself of its truth.

'Father James, have you really got a curate?' he asked.

'Yes.'

'And where do you keep him?'

‘I keep him where all curates ought to be kept—at a distance.’*

In taking this view and following this course, Father Healy had high ecclesiastical authority. Curates usually do live with the parish priest, but the system does not always work well. There are ‘incompatibilities of disposition’ in sacerdotal as well as in other walks of life. An architect having brought Cardinal Cullen to see a new presbytery he was building for a priest and his curates, Paul said, ‘By dividing them you will unite them.’

Healy’s first curate was Patrick Kirwan, D.D., son of the City Coroner, and this priest’s sudden death gave Healy a shock of which he was not the better for some time. On the last day of May, 1868, Kirwan had just preached in connection with the usual devotions for that month, and was about to give Benediction, when he sank at the altar and breathed his last. Kirwan was a young man, and had made a distinguished ecclesiastical course. His last whisper is said to have been a prayer offering to God the sacrifice of his life.

During the contest between Father O’Keefe and

* The portrait of the barrister in Father Meehan’s book, ‘The O’Tooles,’ is probably from sittings by Dan Griott. Father Healy is also introduced in this book. Dan was famed for his mellifluous brogue, his bitter comments, and his classic lore. Hexameters—mouthed with the broadest Munster accent—rolled from his voluptuously-formed lips.

his ordinary, the Bishop of Ossory, Cardinal Cullen, as Apostolic Delegate, was obliged to interfere. Father Healy at a dinner-party spoke in appreciative terms of the Cardinal. 'It's the first time I ever heard you praise Paul,' a friend said. 'You are now a P.P. and cannot go higher.' 'I could be *suspended*,' was the reply.

There was a curve round Bray Head, on the Dublin and Wicklow Railway, which went by the name of Brunel's folly.* One day about the time that I have now reached, the train partially ran off the line at this point, but happily without serious results. The wildest reports of disaster, however, promptly spread, and horror was excited, especially when it transpired that Bishop Whelan, Vicar Apostolic of Bombay, was in one of the carriages. The late Rev. Michael Barry,† afterwards P.P. of Saggard, from whom I heard the details, was spending the day with Father Healy, when news of the accident reached Little Bray. Both hurried off to the railway-station, where the train after much delay at last arrived. No one seemed to have been hurt, and joy shone on every face. Father Healy, in helping the Bishop to alight, said, 'Your lordship was very near being a Bishop *in partibus*.'

* Brunel's mistake was to hug the coast-line too closely, which a subsequent engineer, Mr. Challoner Smith, sought to correct by tunnelling through parts of the Head.

† Barry died September 9, 1884.

The Bishop replied : ' I have escaped without even a rib broken in my umbrella.'

The phrase a ' Bishop *in partibus*' is familiar to priests, but is not necessarily so to laics, though Thomas Ingoldsby knew something of it when he wrote :

' Masters in artibus,
Bishops in partibus.'

Perhaps it may be well to explain that a Bishop *in partibus* is one consecrated to a see which formerly existed, but which, mainly by the devastations of Mohammedanism, has been lost to Christendom. Thus, the title Bishop of Canea is held by the present accomplished Pastor of Bray. The title Bishop of Emmaus is held by Dr. Patterson, now Coadjutor Bishop in London. The latter got into an omnibus one day, and a gentleman leaned forward and said : ' My lord, I perceive you are a Bishop ; may I ask of what diocese ?' At once, with a ready smile, the Bishop of Emmaus replied : ' At present I am a bishop *in omnibus*.'

Father Healy's joke about the Bishop *in partibus* recalled to the mind of one of his friends the upset of Wilson, the vocalist, from his trap, when a newspaper, after recording the accident, added that he appeared the following evening in three *pieces*. One story led to another, until the late Mr. D——, his parishioner, describing the breakdown of his own carriage, and how his wife had been ' spilled

about' the road, said: 'My position was most distressing—what was I to do?' 'Lick her up and compliment her on her neat turn-out,' replied Father Healy.

There was scant fear of such an accident happening to the Pastor of Little Bray, for he trusted for locomotion to what he styled 'Shanks' mare.' When one day calling on Lady Hodson at Hollybrook—the former seat of Robin Adair—she said, as the noise of wheels led her to glance from the window:

'Do you keep a phaeton, Father Healy?'

'No, but my curate does,' was the reply. Father Burke, who for twenty-three years was his attached coadjutor, often kindly gave him a lift.

The pomposity which somewhat marred Dr. Forde's mien on arrival from Rome, and during his earlier assumption of the vicariate, gradually gave place to much more natural manners. He had come to know Healy better, and—*mirabile dictu*—invited him to preach a charity sermon for him in the Church of St. John, Black Rock. Father Healy usually preached well, but on this occasion, from some cause or another, he lost the thread of his discourse, and was obliged to read some portion of the MS. he had prepared. Perhaps Dr. Forde's magnetic eye had been focussed upon the preacher, who was easily disconcerted in the pulpit.

About this time an Englishman of free opinions,

visiting Ireland previous to bringing out a book, waited on Cardinal Cullen with an introduction from Cardinal Manning. Dr. Cullen saw that his visitor, though seemingly anxious to acquire information, bore about him some marks of 'the know nothing' school, and felt that the best service he could render was to ask a few smart priests to meet him at dinner. Dr. Conroy, afterwards Bishop of Ardagh, Canon Murphy, Canon O'Neill, and Father James Healy, were there. More than one *séance* was held; philosophy as well as theology was talked. Lively arguments arose on various points, especially as to what was *malum per se* and what was *malum prohibita* (the visitor could see no difference), and Canon O'Neill, who had known Healy as a wit only, was much struck by the acumen he showed, and his knowledge of theological books.

Dr. Cullen from the day he made Healy a parish priest was much more friendly with him. He could not see the subtlety of his wit, but he liked his good-humoured manner and face broadened with smiles. The Cardinal, though an ascetic, could laugh too. One day when travelling by train he met Healy. A late opulent carpenter and builder had just been gazetted a J.P. 'He has done much for Catholic charities,' said his Eminence, 'and I'm glad his merits have been recognised.'

‘But a touch of the jack-plane would do him no harm,’ said Healy.

‘Or a lick of a mallet,’ said the Cardinal, not catching the point, but laughing heartily.

An old parish priest in Wicklow was much of the same type. Father Healy mentioned to his friends that this pastor, when conducting the Cardinal over his farm, said, pointing to a heifer, ‘This is what we call a yearling, but it’s two years old.’ ‘That’s a bull,’ said the Cardinal. ‘Oh no, your Eminence,’ replied the matter-of-fact priest; ‘the bull is in the paddock.’

Father Healy maintained intimate relations, both as chaplain and friend, with a gentleman of wealth who lived at Kilcroney, in the parish of Little Bray, and had collected a handsome library, but who, from the activity of his life or other causes, was understood to be more familiar with the backs of the books than with their contents. While showing to Father Healy and other guests some improvements which he had effected in his house, he at last led them to the library, and, pointing to his books, said, ‘Here, when surrounded by these best friends, I am truly happy.’ ‘And, like a true friend,’ replied Healy, ‘you never *cut* them.’

The owner of the library may not have known that in praising it he borrowed a phrase from Dr. Dodd’s ‘Prison Thoughts’: ‘Books, dear books, are my comfort; by morn and night, in adversity or pros-

perity, at home or abroad, in health and sickness, through good or ill report, the same *firm friends*, the same rich refreshment and source of consolation.'

When partaking of the hospitality of Canon Rooney, P.P., Clontarf, at this time, Healy's musical talents came as a revelation to the company. Surprise was generally expressed.

'That is nothing to what I could do,' replied Healy, with his usual dash of humour.

'Oh, that is an empty boast,' exclaimed Canon Murphy sententiously.

'Fill me and try,' was the reply.

Father Healy's tact enabled him to harmonize his conversation with the tone of the society by which he was surrounded; but in no one instance was he led to compromise an iota of principle. An eminent English educationist was entertained at dinner in Trinity College, Dublin, by Provost Lloyd and the Fellows at a time when a good deal of controversy waged on the subject of the Queen's Colleges. In the course of the dinner the great English educationist, who had been placed *malice prepense* by Dr. Houghton between Father Healy and his rival wit, Dr. Nedley, remarked that, although it was hardly his place to criticise the action of the Catholic Bishops in condemning the Queen's Colleges, yet he could not help thinking that if they had not actually overstepped their authority, they had at least strained it.

'My dear sir,' said Dr. Nedley, 'what you say is too true. Why, it's only the other day Cardinal Cullen put out an edict against fast dancing. I sought his Eminence, and I went down on my knees to him, and said, "For Heaven's sake, your Eminence, revoke the edict against fast dancing"; but he said he'd see me d——d first.'

'Can it be possible,' exclaimed the traveller, now addressing himself to Father Healy, 'that a Bishop of your Church would be capable of using such language?'

'I've known Paul Cullen these forty years,' replied Father Healy, with affected solemnity. 'Over and over I have listened to the fullest exposition of his views, but, drunk or sober, I never heard him use an epithet like that.'

All who knew the grandly ascetic character of Cardinal Cullen were much amused by this little episode.

The inseparable companionship of Healy and Nedley—and both were often asked out together—negatived the result pictured by Smollett, that one wit in a company, like a knuckle of ham in soup, gives flavour, but two are too many.

Damon and Pythias were not more closely linked. Father James in January, 1898, describes Nedley as his 'oldest friend. It's now sixty years since he and I met as boys at school, and we've never been separated since.' Traces of

this intimacy will appear in succeeding chapters. The Doctor, to be near Healy, rented a cottage adjacent to the parochial house, and called it Barchester Towers.*

Shortly after the successful visit of Moody and Sankey to Dublin, it was suggested, at one of Father Healy's dinners, that Nedley and Bentham ought to take up the same rôle as a 'spec.' 'Which will you be—Moody or Sankey?' said a guest, addressing Nedley. 'He'll not be *Moody*, at all events,' chimed in the Padre.

* Dr. Nedley succeeded Dr. Ireland as surgeon to the Dublin Metropolitan Police. This force had been compared to Howth Harbour, which it was impossible to enter without going under 'Ireland's eye.'

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Justice Keogh—Lecture on Milton—A Great Row—
 Jessie Keogh—Her Betrothal and Premature Death—
 The Galway Judgment—Sensation produced—A Meeting
 of Protest by the Parish Priests, headed by Cardinal Cullen
 —Father Healy absent—A Movement to buy for him the
 House in which he lived—Judge Keogh finds a Picture of
 a Coffin under his Dinner-plate—His Death.

THERE lived at Bushy Park, Bray, all this time, the
 Right Honourable William Keogh, D.C.L., a powerful
 orator, a polished *littérateur*, and a noted Judge.
 But it was not all at once that Healy came to know
 him. Judge Keogh did not fancy priests as a rule;
 and friends hardly liked to allude to the young
 Levite, lest the reply should come, ‘O breathe not
 his name.’ Keogh knew him by appearance, and
 was not entirely prepossessed by it. His registrar,
 David Ferguson, and also Captain Keogh, R.M.,
 said that they remembered Healy at Castleknock,
 but even this fact had no attraction. At last,
 however, Keogh and Healy were brought together
 under circumstances that allowed of no evasion.

The mysterious law of animal magnetism triumphed, and both became fast friends. During the years that I have lightly touched on their intercourse was frequent. Some sympathetic tastes, including a love of 'wit's electric flame' and of social enjoyment, were discovered. 'He [Keogh] told a story admirably,' writes Judge O'Connor Morris, 'and had real humour; he shone in the society of men of the world.'

Closer and closer Keogh and Healy drew their chairs. Their days were bright, their *noctes* memorable and starry. But while Keogh was a *bon-vivant* first and a wit afterwards, Healy at all times attached paramount importance to the feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Keogh's previous record was not uninteresting. At the University of Dublin he took classical honours, and acquired fame by his eloquent speeches in the Historical Society. When a member of the Connaught circuit his social qualities made him a favourite guest with the military mess; and, desiring to return the compliment, he gave notice in February, 1846, that he would move at the next meeting of the Bar that officers of the army and navy on duty be eligible for invitation to the Bar room; but the feeling of the mentals was against the regimentals, as he said, and the motion was not pressed. Judge O'Connor Morris states that he was not a great lawyer; but it is at least certain,

as his old colleague, Lord Fitzgerald, testifies, that 'his powers of advocacy were deemed so formidable that at Galway special counsel were brought down to oppose him. In *Handcock versus Delacour* his reply for the plaintiff was so touching as to draw tears from the Chancellor.' Sullivan, in 'New Ireland,' deals severely with Keogh's Parliamentary career, but party feeling ran high in those days, and Sullivan had been in the thick of it. Keogh became Attorney-General under Lord Palmerston's régime, and prosecuted Father Petcherine, a Russian missionary who burnt a Protestant Bible.

Men now living remember him as the stern judge, his clean-shaved, rubicund face and puffed cheeks recalling memories of Lord Norbury. The world said he wanted heart, but it knew not the man. Patrick Vincent Fitzpatrick, the famous anecdotist, had been his constant guest previous to Healy's reign. Writing to him on November 25, 1862, in acknowledgment of a picture which contained portraits of O'Connell, Conway, and Fitzpatrick, the Judge observes: 'Amongst the reminiscences which it suggests, there is none more dear to me than the portrait of one whose conversation has brightened and charmed some of my happiest hours. Indeed, my dear Fitzpatrick, I have never left your society without feeling myself not only a happier, but—rare reward of triumphant wit—a better man, for no one that I have ever met can hope to

surpass you in the abundance and copiousness of that genial flow of soul which is life's sweetest food. So I have always marked that blended subordination of the intellect to the heart which exorcises all uncharitableness, and leaves you not only the most admired, but the most beloved, of men.' The Judge concludes with a prayer that his friend may be long spared, not only to those relatives who revere him, but to those associates, old and young, who would find life less endurable were he taken from amongst them. Fitzpatrick disappeared soon afterwards, and Healy came opportunely to wear the vacant mantle which Keogh had gloomily flung over the urn of his lost friend.

As we have seen, he did not immediately take to James Healy. They had often met in the train, and passed each other on the road. The priest proved, on closer acquaintance, a revelation to him. While P. V. Fitzpatrick trusted to his memory for his wit, Healy was all spontaneity. The first had once been caught reading up before dining out; the priest read little beyond his Office at such times. Pearls fell from his mouth in such profusion that they rolled away and were forgotten as new and sparkling things danced to the surface. Keogh's companionship with Fitzpatrick had taught him to love wit unbarbed by malice or unstained by *double entendre*; and Healy found in Keogh a listener after his own heart. His judicial

rôle had taught him how to put on gravity. If some senile offender sprang a joke from 'Roderick Random' which Healy failed to see, Keogh at once took the hint and capped it, not by the black cap, but by something which everyone enjoyed.

Healy dined at Bushy Park four times a week, and almost always slept there. If Keogh visited a foreign land, he 'dragged at each remove a lengthening chain.' Long before Fitzpatrick died, his wit had passed into 'the sere and yellow leaf,' which failed to harmonize with the foliage of Bushy Park. Wherever Keogh wandered, his thoughts irresistibly recurred to that charming retreat by the Dargle—its sylvan scenes not the less attractive from the fact of the rising sun of Healy's almost daily presence.

It is notorious that Justice Keogh, though a Catholic, was not a specially practical one. His wife and daughter often asked Father Healy to use his influence with him in the interests of religion, but, as they thought, he declined. There can be no doubt, however, that he did take an opportunity, more than once, to drop a plain hint, which no man but himself dare do. 'Once,' writes Lord Ashbourne, 'a busybody asked him whether the Judge was a good Catholic, and he got the answer, "No better man; but a child would beat him at fasting."' His creed was Milton's:

'Earth is the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each to the other like, more than on earth is thought.'

Successful afternoon lectures had been delivered in Dublin by Ruskin, Butt, O'Hagan, and others. Keogh consented to give one on Milton. In Milton's time no book could be printed which had not received a license, and his '*Areopagitica*' was devoted to a denunciation of the crime of smothering thought. This work Keogh mainly took as his text. It was a spirited and energetic defence of a free press; but Keogh, with his usual impulsiveness, followed up the subject with a vigorous assault on the Index Expurgatorius at Rome. All the priests present at once stood up and stalked out, leaving behind, as the sole representative of their cloth, the Rev. James Healy. Cardinal Cullen, as Apostolic Delegate, was not the man to observe unmoved the denunciation by a professing Catholic of any Roman institution. Keogh dealt his blows and distributed his praise right and left. He pronounced a panegyric on William III., though, as he added, 'his name had been made the shibboleth of a faction,' which in the reprint of his lecture was toned down into a 'party.' A hurricane of wrath was promptly raised by the leading organs of Catholic opinion.

'My dear Healy,' said Keogh, with a very solemn face, 'I'll do anything you wish—only name it. I'd turn Turk or Mohammedan if it serves you.'

'Turn Catholic,' replied Healy.* Keogh told

* Most people think, but incorrectly, that this was said after the Galway Judgment in 1872.

this story to Chief Justice Monahan, who had joined him in the train at Killiney, and Monahan repeated it to Archbishop Cullen.

Next day Dr. Cullen, when dining at Carlow College, said, 'That was not a bad answer which little Father Healy of Bray gave to Judge Keogh,' and told the story. Dr. Kavanagh, the president of the College, and formerly the class-fellow of Healy at Maynooth, was so delighted that he at once wired the whole thing to Bray, greatly to the relief of Healy, who was in hourly dread of receiving a somewhat different missive.

At a time when a grand Masonic festival was about to be held in Dublin, a report prevailed that Judge Keogh would take the chair. At a dinner-party he encouraged this impression, especially when his pious wife evinced a decided anxiety on the point; and on Miss Dillon, whom he sat next, making a gentle remonstrance, adding that her uncle, Dr. Brown, Bishop of Elphin, would feel the matter very much, Keogh replied, 'Set your mind at rest; I promised Healy not to go.'*

Archbishop Cullen had shortly before issued a pastoral in which, after citing the Bulls of Clement XII. and Benedict XIV., he forbade his flock to attend the Freemasons' ball—an object of great attraction with many ladies. About the

* Keogh had represented Athlone, in Dr. Brown's diocese of Elphin.

same time there had been held in the Rotunda a Masonic bazaar, and on the following day another for a Catholic charity. The Viceroy had admired Masonic flags which hung round the room on the first occasion, but missing them at the second visit, he asked why they had been removed. A lady was said to have replied, 'In consequence of Paul's Epistle to the Romans,' but the *mot* is more likely to have come from Healy.

Healy at this period went in for dramatic mimicry, which was eventually relinquished as undignified, and he soon resigned the *rôle* to Father Tom Burke, who remained to the end a master of it. Healy never appeared at Keogh's table without a graphic story of some rural incident of the day; he could rivet attention by his account of a man trundling a wheelbarrow, or of another who tried, with a wooden leg, to overtake a train.

Father Healy's arrival at Bushy Park was always joyously hailed by old and young. One evening he described a well-known local musician who usually lived in another world—in short, he was constantly drunk—and this man, in a paroxysm of grief which the priest imitated, had accosted him at Kilmacanogue.

"What's up?" I said; "is your wife dead?"

"Oh, worse nor that, your riverence. My old fiddle's in pawn for seven and sixpence, and I see it in the window every time I pass; and if I had

the manes to get it out [here the sobs were renewed] I'd be the happiest man alive." "If I give you the money, will you promise to forswear drink?" He fervently vowed to do so, and, with shouts of joy, ran off, exclaiming: "You'll hear music to-night!"

'And did you hear music?' eagerly cried several young Keoghs, and even grandchildren, who had gathered round Father Healy.

'Not a note!'

The fiddler, in fact, spent the money otherwise.

The foregoing is a glimpse of Healy among the children at Bushy Park, and the Judge, himself the most hilarious of all, was often the greatest child amongst them. 'Mr. Brewster, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and others, met Healy at Bushy Park,' observes Mr. Justice Murphy, 'and were charmed with him. All who met him felt an affection for him. It was not as a mere wit or a humourist he was esteemed. There was an indescribable charm in his conversation, manifesting a pure and gentle character, that attracted all who met him . . . and Judge Keogh declared to all his friends that "the most charming man in Ireland was a curate in Bray."'

A gentleman of social rank, but of anti-Catholic proclivities, who lived at Bray, had long regarded the priest superciliously. One day happening to

meet Healy arm-in-arm with Keogh, he deigned to accost the Judge, but avoided all converse with the priest. It was casually mentioned that the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, having rented for a term the elegant seat of Judge Dobbs at Ballybrack, the Catholic pastor, Canon Harold, had left his card upon them. 'Healy,' said the Judge, 'you ought to do the same.' Healy replied: 'I should be most happy, but the fact is, the Duchess and my mother had a coolness!' The astonishment depicted on the previously supercilious face served Healy and the Judge with food for laughter that night.

Apropos of Dobbs, Healy used to say that this Judge, on being called upon by Keogh at Ballybrack, proceeded to show him through his picturesque retreat, and at last said: 'This is the library. I read in it all day, and no one is the wiser.' 'I believe you, my boy,' responded Keogh.

Father Healy told other things that he heard from Keogh. He often met in London Bethell, Lord Westbury, who called him 'Ko.' The latter once expressed surprise to see this Lord Chancellor drink stout. 'I wished to bring myself down to the level of the Queen's Bench,' was the reply. Whiteside, when Chief Justice, went to London to confer with Westbury on some legal points, including the Law of Bankruptcy. On Whiteside

happening to say, 'I confess I don't understand,' Bethell replied, 'I never expected that you should.'*

Priest and Judge continued their intercourse, hob-nobbing and hard-hitting by turns. One day they met on the road.

Keogh : 'I have a crow to pluck with you.'

Healy : 'Let it be a turkey, and I'll be with you at half-past six.'

Keogh : 'All right ; but we must have the crow, too.'

Healy : 'Then I hope it will be a crow without caws.'

In persiflage of this kind the Judge, who had often hard work during the day, relieved his mind. The prolonged Fenian trials in themselves severely taxed his strength, and—when we remember the excitable character of the man—his patience. More than that, his nerve was subjected to a trying test—his life had been threatened. O'Donovan Rossa in withering words denounced him from the dock, while Lubè bore testimony to the fairness of his trial.

One day Father James accompanied the Judge to Dublin, and walked with him from the railway terminus to his robing-room at the Four Courts. The river Liffey, unlike the Lake near the Caspian which gives off a sweet-smelling perfume, sometimes

* In the recently published 'Reminiscences of Judge O'Connor Morris,' something similar seems to have been said to Lord Cranworth.

exhales the reverse, and reminds one rather of the Rhine at Cologne as described by Coleridge :

‘Ye nymphs who reign o’er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine.’

When crossing Essex Bridge, the effluvia of the Liffey roused the Judge’s gorge.

‘I wish half a dozen of the Corporation were dipped in it,’ he exclaimed.

‘And do you think *that* would purify it?’ asked Healy, well knowing Keogh’s estimate of the Corporate Body.

Healy told Keogh how a zealot had felt privileged to express to him a fear that constant association with Protestants might impair the keen edge of his Catholicity. Keogh, apropos of this criticism, mentioned that he had engaged a servant of the Anglican Church. ‘Her friends need not fear,’ he added, ‘that domestication with me will injure the edge of *her* Protestantism.’

Sir John Banks, who often met Keogh at Healy’s table, tells me that the Judge would sleep at the priest’s house on such occasions. But not always. There is a story of the two spending many hours of a fine moonlight night each going a short way back with the other when the point of parting came.

Dr. Maunsell, of the *Mail*, who lived at Delgany,

often met Healy in the train, and heard him say many good things, of which the following is one: He expressed surprise to Healy that Keogh had betrayed the superstition of not liking to be one of thirteen guests at table. 'Keogh would believe anything except an article of faith,' was the answer.

As the twig is bent the tree will incline. The Rev. Dr. Huddart, who kept a famous Protestant school in Mountjoy Square, and inculcated the right of private judgment, had been Keogh's instructor in boyhood. Healy continued to give the Judge an occasional rub, hoping by that friction to brighten into orthodoxy his neglected sense of duty, and the Judge became all the fonder of the hand that playfully smote him. A bad attack of pneumonia—during which for many days the priest's life was in the balance—prostrated him at this time; no one was allowed upstairs, and it is well known in Bray that the Judge, 'waiting for the turn of the crisis,' spent one night weeping under the Padre's window.

Judge Keogh had a favourite daughter, Jessie. One day, when Healy was going to dine with Keogh, he met on the avenue this young lady riding a donkey, which was led by her cousin.

'Why is he led?' asked Healy.

'Lest he should run away with me.'

'He'd be no ass to run away with you, Jessie.'

This fair girl had been betrothed to a gifted son

of Sir Robert Kane. When leaving a heated ball-room she caught cold, and speedily succumbed to the disease from which Healy rallied. Those who attended her funeral at Prospect Cemetery on August 20, 1871, will remember the paroxysm of grief which shook Judge Keogh in the vault, and the good priest by his side had a hard task to discharge in trying to bring him away. After this blow he subsided into a state of inertia, but having been appointed to try the Galway election petition, he pulled himself together and more than astonished the world. 'No utterance in our generation produced such a sensation as this,' writes Oliver Burke in his 'History of the Connaught Circuit.'

We have seen how strong was Keogh's admiration of Milton's style. He would call the adjacent realm of the Dargle

'A verdurous wall of paradise upraised,'

When denouncing the interference of priests in contested elections, he described them as Milton described devils, 'thick as leaves in Vallambrosa.' The delivery of this judgment was at first characterized by a fulness of march and cadence almost Miltonic; it soon came to resemble Grattan's diatribe on Flood, and ended in a torrent of overwhelming invective which spared not Bishop or priest.*

* Grattan's style, like Keogh's, showed the influence of Milton's mind. Addressing the citizens of Dublin, in 1797,

Keogh, himself a Galway man, felt strongly, and every sentence rolled like a wave of the Atlantic. The delivery took nine hours. The final result was that three Bishops and thirty-one priests were reported to Parliament as guilty of undue influence and intimidation. The seated member was Captain Nolan; but he was not identical, as some of the English journalists thought, with the Captain Nolan who carried the verbal order for the disastrous cavalry charge at Balaklava. Be this as it may, Nolan was unhorsed, and Mr. Trench, the defeated Tory candidate, declared 'the man for Galway.' Meanwhile Mr. Gladstone announced that Prelates and priests would be proceeded against by law. As a protest, a meeting of the clergy of the archdiocese of Dublin was at once summoned by Cardinal Cullen. Healy was the only P.P. who failed to attend. Keogh urged him to go, but he declined to be a party to the denunciation of his friend. He always held that Keogh was the ablest, as well as the best, friend he knew. Father O'Reilly, S.J., a good elocutionist, was deputed to read aloud the address written by Dr. McCabe, Bishop of Gadara. After the first sentence, 'A

he describes the Minister going 'back and back, while the democratic principle in Europe was getting on and on like a mist at the heels of the countryman,' etc.

'As evening mist

Gathers round fast at the labourer's heel.'—MILTON.

great scandal has come upon us,' he made a long pause, which Cardinal Cullen broke by audibly muttering, as he pulled his pectoral cross, 'There can be no doubt about that.' His Eminence, finding that some thought it too strong and others not strong enough, deputed a committee of experienced priests to decide on the point. Dr. McCabe's draft was accepted, and his subsequent election as successor to Dr. Cullen is said to have been due to it. The manifesto went on to say:

'A Judge—a professing Catholic—clothed in the ermine of calm reason and matured wisdom, is reported to have uttered from the judgment-seat words of fiercest insult—which have roused up the sleeping monster of bigotry through the empire—which have been echoed back to us from England in menaces of renewed persecution—which have brought disgrace on the cause of justice, and filled with joy the friends of discord and disloyalty.'

Everybody knew from the fidelity of Healy's friendship that he was not the man to drop Judge Keogh's acquaintance because every Bishop and priest in Ireland united in denouncing him, and fears were entertained that Cardinal Cullen might notice and resent Healy's intimacy with the object of popular wrath. The awkwardness and peculiarity of his position were complicated by a sensational announcement from Mr. A. M. Sullivan that Father

Conway, whom Judge Keogh had marked for prosecution, and who was personally known to Father Healy, had just died of fever, 'repeating in his delirium the sentences of contumely that had broken his heart and sent him murdered to his grave.' He added that 'Father Conway had gone to appeal from Judge Keogh's judgment to the judgment of One who would not deny him justice, and before whose throne that judgment would yet be reversed.'

It was at this juncture that the Judge was burnt in effigy near Father Healy's door.

'Only fancy what they say of me now!' said the Judge one day, quite flushed, as he hurriedly called on the priest of Little Bray.

'What?'

'Nothing less than that I am about to change my religion.'

'Then I hope you'll become a Catholic first.'

The Galway judgment was severely impugned in Parliament by Mr. Butt; however, only twenty-three joined him in the vote of censure.

The Prelate whom Keogh smote with the heaviest hand was Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert, several of whose priests had signalized themselves as partisans at the polling-booths. From the Bishop's description of himself, as I find it in an anecdote unconnected with the case, it might be gathered that Keogh did not fly at such high game, after

all. About this time Healy happened to meet Dr. Duggan at a clerical dinner-party in Dublin. The Bishop whispered to a friend that he was quite electrified by the brilliancy of the talk, in which Father Healy took the lead.

‘I’m a poor countryman,’ he added, ‘from the bogs of Connaught, who has come among you with his brogue.’

‘You may have brought the brogue,* my lord,’ replied Healy; ‘but you left the nails behind.’

In February, 1873, Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert, and two priests, were acquitted, and the remaining prosecutions were abandoned. This Bishop had been previously pastor of the parish in which the popular candidate, Captain Nolan, lived, and when reminded of auld lang syne, took him paternally by the hand.

Keogh had been regarded as a man of iron nerve, and a small incident had occurred revealing an opposite weakness, which amused Healy not a little. One of the car-drivers at Bray was known as Bariniskey, the name of the townland in Wexford from which he had migrated. On their arrival by train one evening, his car was engaged by the Judge, Father Healy, and one of Lord Spencer’s aides-de-camp, who shortly before had made a hazardous aërial voyage in a balloon.

‘This is a very slow horse of yours,’ said the

* A ‘brogue’ is a shoe with hobnails.

A.D.C., when they had got within a mile of Bushy Park.

'Begorra he's not, sir. He ran away with me the other day.'

'Could you get him to do it now?' said the A.D.C., seizing the reins.

The Judge's rubicund face became as white as a sheet. In a paroxysm of terror he grasped the arms of the adventurous A.D.C., and eagerly besought him to forbear.

In Chapter IX. will be noticed an action taken by Philip Callan against O'Reilly Dease. Healy was served with a summons to appear as a witness in this case. He had been subpoenaed on a will case twelve years before, and was put through a rough cross-examination by John Edward Walsh, afterwards Master of the Rolls, and known as the author of 'Ireland Sixty Years Ago.' Healy felt very sore after it, though no reflection was made upon him by the Court, and, pending a repetition of the threatened ordeal in Callan *versus* Dease, he seemed not quite at ease. Rumour had it that Mr. Justice Keogh might be one of the Judges before whom the case would be heard.

Butt, it will be remembered, had brought forward in Parliament an abortive motion for Keogh's dismissal. The Judge, observing that Healy was not quite himself on some social occasion previous to the hearing of the Callan case, sought to rally

him, and at last said, 'That ruffian Butt is sure to ask you if you know me. What reply are you prepared to give?' The ready answer came, 'I will appeal to the Bench, saying, "My lords, am I bound to criminate myself?"' Keogh enjoyed this reply, and repeated it to Monahan.

One evening Keogh, when arguing with Healy on the power of the Pope, asked, 'Could he make me a Bishop?' 'No doubt he could,' replied Healy, 'both in orders and jurisdiction; but there would be a great outcry in the country.'

It was diamond cut diamond between them. Healy was intimate with Sir Joseph Napier, who had been Lord Chancellor under Lord Derby, and at the funeral of his son the priest took a prominent place. Keogh was told by Healy that, although deaf, it was in contemplation to make Napier Judge of Appeal. 'What!' replied Keogh, 'a man who cannot hear the sound of his own bell, to make him judge of a peal!' He was the brother-in-law of Whiteside, but in his slow and measured sentences presented a contrast to the impetuous Rupert of debate.

Healy's society of late had been in much increased requisition, and there was a gradual diminution in the number of his attendances at Bushy Park. This place was a considerable detour from the main road to Dublin, and could not be at all times conveniently reached. Keogh had now more leisure

for reading. In Rogers' 'Recollections,' which appeared at this time, the Judge read, with mingled feelings, the following words of Grattan. Tinnahinch closely adjoined Bushy Park :

'Solitude is bad. I have tried Tinnahinch for twenty years. It leads to melancholy, to a sort of madness. You think of your vexations, your age. Society should always be in your power. An old man cannot enjoy solitude. He has learnt the secret. He has found out the rogueries of Fortune. Nor will reading supply the want. I would live in a house full of society, to which I might escape from myself. I was called the Spirit of the Dargle. I found out that a man's worst companion is himself.'

The Judge thereupon decided to change the venue from Wicklow to Dublin. He took a house in Elgin Road, and loved to bring old friends around him. One of them was Professor Michael Barry, a good story-teller, whom men sometimes confounded with Michael Joseph Barry, another barrister and cultured wag, which led the latter to say, 'He is feed for my law and fed for my wit.' Michael Joseph Barry had long previously given large help to Keogh in compiling a volume of equity reports.

Ere Keogh left Bray he did a good turn for Father Healy. The latter, from having become security for a man who proved a defaulter, had incurred heavy liabilities. It was rumoured that the terrace in which he lived was about to be sold, and Judge Keogh and Dr. Nedley agreed that it

would be a nice thing to purchase and present him with the house in which he had long dispensed good cheer. The matter was kept secret, save from a few, including Lord Monck, Lord O'Hagan, and Lord Fitz-Gerald, who gave cheques respectively for £50; and in a fortnight £1,175 was made up by subscriptions, which averaged £20 each. Difficulties, however, retarded the accomplishment of the original design, and all would have been lost in 'Wicklow coppers,' which Healy gave instructions to buy, but that it afterwards transpired the broker had neglected to complete the purchase, and thus his loss did not exceed £500.*

One winter's evening when Healy was going to dine with Judge Keogh, shortly after the latter had removed from Bray to Elgin Road, he was conscious of footsteps behind, evidently 'dogging' him. This continued the whole length of Leeson Street, and Healy, on turning down by the canal so as to reach

* At a meeting of Healy's friends a discussion arose as to the form the presentation should take, and it was suggested by Sir Edward Sullivan that it needed some delicacy in doing so. The fund was made over by cheque payable to Thomas Nedney and William Bentham, and one night both repaired with it to Little Bray. The Padre was out, but just as the clock struck eleven he returned, and had begun pulling off his stock ere he became alive to the presence of visitors. On being handed the cheque inscribed '*For unpaid Aisthur [Easter] Dues,*' one tear of emotion was seen to glisten in his eye.

Elgin Road, suddenly stopped and pointed out to a policeman the fellow who shadowed him. He afterwards heard through a member of the force that he had been mistaken for Judge Keogh, and had had a narrow escape of immersion in the canal, or worse.

After this one is not surprised to read that the train by which the Judge travelled to open the assizes in Longford contained a detachment of military, and was preceded by a pilot engine. At nearly every station, we further learn, the constabulary were drawn up, and on his arrival in Longford cavalry saw to his protection.

After a hard day's work he would sit up all night playing whist. Next morning he would throw himself into the river, and, braced and buoyant, go straight to the Bench.

It is well known in Bray that the incident in Leeson Street was not the only occasion on which the Padre had been mistaken for Judge Keogh. At twilight, as one or the other walked up from the station at Bray, it was not easy to decide which was which. They were of equal height, both were stout, with clean-shaven cheeks, and the Judge was in error made the recipient of many a faithful salutation meant only for a priest. As regards his personal appearance, an old Peninsular hero, General Robinson, declared that Keogh's face reminded him much of the first Napoleon.

Keogh had been a *bon vivant* as well as a *bon raconteur*, and at one of his last dinners compared his stomach to a spoiled child, which, over-indulged in youth, turned against him in old age.

The priest, on the contrary, brought up on Vincentian diet and the frugal fare of Maynooth, bore about him no such penalties, and was never brighter and happier than when partaking of the plainest food. He constantly entertained distinguished guests, who well knew that they had nothing more *recherché* to expect than a plain joint, but they brought to it ample *goût*, and brought away from it little gout.

Keogh was now beginning to break up, but with iron will he preserved his brilliancy to the last. At his own table he never appeared to greater advantage than at this time. One who knew him well thus writes :

‘He had splendid oratorical powers ; his voice was strong, his vocabulary abundant, his self-confidence gigantic. Then he had a knack of working himself up into temporary passion which made him highly eloquent and extremely unreasonable. I have seen him shed tears, gnash his teeth, grow purple with rage, but nothing of that on the judicial Bench. The courage of the man was extraordinary. For several years assassination stalked close behind him. During the days of Fenianism there was scarcely an hour when his life was really safe. His

vehement attack on the priests in the Galway judgment also exposed him to terrible threats. You will judge of the extent to which this went when I tell you that one evening at a large dinner-party he found the picture of a coffin under his own plate. His enemies had actually suborned one of the waiters at his table.'

Shocks like these, though he affected not to mind them, too fatally told. Popular orators day by day subjected to a relentless scrutiny all his acts and words. Every phrase in early speeches and every phase of his earlier career was raked up. A whole chapter was devoted by A. M. Sullivan to stigmatizing and abusing him in 'New Ireland,' a work which for its picturesque style deserved to become, as it did, the book of the season.

The following is one of the last letters penned by the Judge, and shows how sensitive he was to shafts:

'8, Merrion Square East,

'April 8, 1878.

'Your letter reached me here last night, where I have been staying since I came from circuit, not allowed out by the doctors yet. The fact is, I did too much there against advice. I was so anxious not to give in to the harpies of the newspapers who were watching me. I had a sharp attack, and escaped narrowly. I am now on the mend, and may soon see you. Your well-known writing served to cheer me. I read, too, with no small interest,

the letter you enclosed from Michael Joseph Barry. I don't quite realize the subject of his book, but suppose it is in the nature of reminiscences of his time. No man living can do it better, and all I can say is I shall be delighted to do all in my power for book or man. I never read Sullivan's book, though I heard he spoke of me. But, ye gods! that I "tricked Brewster!"* I offered to resign, and was only prevented by his earnest and passionate request, and he lived and died my devoted friend, and, as a proof, all his papers were handed to me by his grandson and executors to see if I could find out anything worth publishing, and they may before long see the light, when they will astonish some people, though certainly not prove that I had tricked my earliest, fastest and truest friend. Another thing those unconvicted or, rather, released gaol-birds have found out is that I was returned by the priests to a seat in Parliament. I was returned against an Archbishop (John Tuam), two Bishops (Brown and Higgins), and a host of priests. I never had anything to do with the lot, except when I saved them from themselves on the Titles Bill, and my dear friend Bishop Brown backed me and supported me against all comers. Hoping soon to see you,

'Believe me to be, etc.,

'WILLIAM KEOGH.'

* Lord Chancellor Brewster (see p. 144, *infra*).

In London he consulted Dr. (now Sir Richard) Quain, who found him extremely ill. 'His heart dilated, weak, and irritable; his liver large and hard; his nervous system greatly disturbed; he is agitated and sleepless.'

Keogh was unwilling to relinquish his work, and deferred until autumn a trip to the German spa which Dr. Quain had prescribed. The Judge's relations with Healy had been as close as those which once united Cowley and Harvey. And as the priest saw him off at Kingstown a tear was dropped, while Keogh quoted Cowley's well-known lines on their social intercourse in the past, concluding :

' Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.'

On one occasion during a passage to Holyhead he seemed very restless on board, constantly adding to some document he was writing, then replacing it in his pocket, and ever and anon drawing it out again and continuing his notes. He sojourned for some time in North Wales, his nervous system much disturbed. At Bingen in July his mind wandered, but having lost a good deal of blood from the effects of an accident, he recovered full consciousness.

The *Cork Examiner* of the day gives prominence to the following letter from its London correspondent: 'I am able to inform you that Judge Keogh, a week before his death, when he had recovered

full possession of his mental faculties, had Father Healy, P.P., Bray, instantly telegraphed for. The dying man expressed intense anxiety lest Father Healy should arrive too late, and was only calmed by the receipt of telegrams at every stage of the rev. gentleman's journey. Father Healy is the celebrated wit, and was Judge Keogh's most intimate friend before the judicial utterances were made which estranged him from all Catholics. The priest arrived in good time, administered the last offices, and remained with Judge Keogh to the last.'

The above was copied into the *Freeman's Journal* and other papers, but I cannot quite satisfy myself of its authenticity, though the paragraph was never denied. This I know of a certainty, that when the Judge was sojourning at Bangor, *en route* to Germany, finding himself very ill, he wired to Father Healy to come to him in all haste, which he did; and I have it on high authority that, previous to his death at Bingen, namely, on September 30, 1878, he received with much devotion the last rites of the Catholic Church.

During Father Healy's sojourn at Carlsbad, the year he died, when sitting in front of his hotel with a friend, they amused themselves by scanning the motley throng that passed. One who bore a resemblance to Keogh went by. 'Ah, poor Billy Keogh,' mused Father Healy. 'That man was more sinned against than sinning. What did he

do, after all, but indulge in what Macaulay calls one of those bursts of virtuous indignation which periodically move England ?'

'A History of Ireland since the Union,' from Keogh's pen, had been announced by Hurst and Blackett, but never appeared. His first publication was 'Ireland under Lord Grey,' and he also wrote 'Ireland Imperialised.' 'The Voice of the Bar ; or, Age of Mediocrity,' a savage attack on Pigot, Monahan, and other barristers who got high promotion, though commonly attributed to Keogh, was really written by Daniel Owen Maddyn.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Narrow Escape—Anecdotes—The Plymouth Brethren—Lord Chancellor Brewster—Sir Robert Stewart—Handel's Organ—Isaac Butt—Monckton Milnes—Dublin Castle—Anecdotes—Lord Ashbourne—Sir Redvers Buller—Sir H. Campbell Bannerman—'Sparks.'

A LIFELONG friendship, still simpler, closer, and even stronger, in its ties, was that which subsisted between Father Healy and Canon Keon. It originated in the circumstance that both well-nigh lost their lives together. One day they went out to sea in a yacht belonging to Mr., now Lord Justice, Barry, anchored it, and then proceeded to bathe. They were a considerable distance out, and 'the Kish Light' had been a long time passed. The yachtsman lost his head and was unable to control the ship, and as it scudded away Keon and Healy gave themselves up for lost; prayers fast and fervent were said. At last, as if by miracle, they saw the derelict yacht tack and return towards the place from which it escaped. Thirty years after-

wards Healy, in making his will, left a generous souvenir to Canon Keon.

It was not very long after that Father Healy conceived that he was near another 'close shave.' One night, after having dined at Dublin Castle, he took his seat in a fast train for Bray, and observed with some concern, as it whirled past two or three stations, that it rocked from one side to the other owing to an unusually rapid rate of speed. The Padre put his head out of the window in hopes of discovering the cause. I give the story as Father Healy told it, *minus*, of course, his inimitable gestures, the main secret of his success as a *raconteur*: 'Make your mind asy, yer reverence,' said an old woman, who sat on the opposite side, 'it's *my* son Jim who is driving the engine to-night, and when he has a drop in he would as soon dash on to Wicklow as not.'* Persons connected with the railway are suffered to travel first-class, which explains how it was that the old woman chanced to be Healy's *vis-à-vis*. 'But,' said the priest, still ill at ease, 'are you sure he can drive?' 'Af coorse; wasn't he postilion at Quinn's Hotel for five years?'

It was his fate to meet in the train, but not at

* In Michigan it is the law that only total abstainers shall be employed as engine-drivers, train-despatchers, and brakemen. Any railway employing any but total abstainers is liable to a fine of 500 dollars for each offence.

night, a woman of another type. Miss H——, a famous 'Plym,' or member of the sect which take their name from the maritime town in Devon, lived at Blackrock, and when travelling by train was constantly on the look-out for a priest to tackle. Her nose, a very long one, seemed always ready to scent mischief. Father Healy tried for some time, with pleasant persiflage, to parry what she considered good home-thrusts, and just as he alighted from the train she delivered a Parthian shot by exclaiming: 'Hitherto you have failed to quote a single Scriptural passage in reply to me. Can you not think of one?'

Turning to a friend, he said: 'I felt sorely tempted to retort, "Thy nose is as the tower of Libanus that looketh towards Damascus."'*

He travelled to Dublin often twice a day, having been regularly presented with a season-ticket by an esteemed friend.

An Evangelical gentleman, when conversing with Healy in the train, just as it left Bray, said: 'How sad are the privations of the poor! I am sure you feel acutely for those of your own flock. See that little girl with the attenuated leg picking cockles yonder.'

'Oh, sir, you couldn't expect that so small a heifer could have a big calf,' was the reply.

Two ladies entered the carriage, placing in the

* Canticles vii. 4.

network above Healy's head some novels which they were about to change at a library. They observed, ere long, that the network was broken, and that the books might fall through. They called his attention to the danger, but the volumes, he said, were merely *light* literature.

'What house is that?' somebody asked, pointing to a pretentious one on Old Connaught Hill known as the Castle. 'That is the Palais Riall,' he replied, meaning that it was the handsome residence of Phineas Riall, near Little Bray.

A smart young lady, pointing to some cows which were grazing in a field bristling with thistles, facetiously called them 'widows.'

'Is it because they are *black* cattle?' he asked.

'No, because they are in *weeds*.'

'You mean that they are *grass*widows.'

'That's a very cross-looking little dog of yours,' he was overheard to say.

'Oh, his bark is worse than his bite.'

'I shouldn't like to have him for a curate.'

Those who remember the late Right Hon. Abraham Brewster and how anti-Catholic he was, will be surprised to find Father Healy an habitué of his house in Merrion Square. Their intimacy is shown by an anecdote. The Rev. Chancellor Tisdall, a well-known divine of the then Established Church, also cultivated friendly relations with the priest, and, happening to meet him near Brewster's

house, found that both were asked to dine there that evening. In one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, Antonio, meeting Bartolo, asks, 'Where do you sup to-night?' and adds, 'Let us plan a confederacy of jokes.' In this spirit it was arranged by Dr. Tisdall that both should 'take a rise' out of Brewster, who was about the shrewdest as well as the least sensitive man at the Irish Bar. When Dr. Tisdall entered the room, Brewster in a whisper said, 'There is a priest present, and don't touch on controversy.' He then presented them in due form. Healy made the very slightest inclination of his head, while the parson superciliously surveyed his rival from top to toe. The host was much relieved when, on the announcement of dinner, Dr. Tisdall took Father Healy's arm, saying, 'This is a millennium of parsons, and there shall be no precedence.' Amid much laughter they proceeded to the dining-room, followed by Sir Robert Peel,* Bernal Osborne, and a dozen others.

A hypochondriac priest from the country, who was staying at Bray in the hope of obtaining relief from chronic dyspepsia, took a walk along the beach with Father Healy. 'I have derived relief

* Strained relations subsisted between Sir R. Peel, when Irish Secretary of State, and Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin. Peel attacked him in public speeches, and Brewster is said to have been his prompter.

from drinking a tumbler of salt water fresh from the tide,' he said. 'Do you think I might venture to take a second?' Father Healy put on the solemn expression known as 'his considering cap,' and at last said, 'Well, I don't think a second would be missed.'

A spinster of many summers and of some *esprit* was intimate in a family who also claimed Healy as a frequent guest. This lady was subjected to pleasant badinage. One day in 1870 the talk turned on the Vatican Council, then sitting. 'I hear they are going to allow the priests to marry,' said the host. 'If so, Bridget may have a chance yet,' replied Healy *sotto voce*.

Dr. Cumming, the great Scotch Presbyterian, asked leave to speak at the Vatican Council. 'He should first abjure his *Knox*-ious heresy,' said the Padre.

Father Healy saw a good deal of Sir Robert Stewart, who lived at Hollywood, Bray, a man of wide culture and great personal charm.

One evening Sir Robert said, 'There are three great lies told and believed in Dublin.'

'What are they?'

'First, that an officer was devoured by rats in Christ Church vaults; secondly, that there is a subterranean passage under the Liffey between Mary's Abbey and Christ Church Cathedral; and thirdly, that the organ on which Handel played

the "Messiah" is now in St. Michan's, Church Street.'

'And where might the real organ be?' asked Father Healy.

'In Isaac Butt's back parlour.'

'Bless me! what a wonderful *fixture* that must be.'*

A tinge of unkindness was rarely, if ever, traceable in the prismatic sparkle of his jests. The allusion to Mr. Butt affords a slight exception. The debts of this remarkable man, and the seizures which resulted, were a matter of public notoriety. Healy had imbibed from Judge Keogh a prejudice against Butt, who had angrily arraigned his judicial conduct before the House, and even called for a division.

Father Healy had a younger sister who nearly equalled her brother in powers of wit. Monica Healy was a woman of great natural gifts, whose auburn hair curtained features which revealed traces of Celtic beauty. She could throw off without effort gems of poetry, and in ordinary con-

* Sir Robert Stewart, in his sixth lecture on Handel, acknowledges his obligations to the Rev. Richard Johnson, of Kilmore Rectory, Armagh, who 'placed at his disposal Handel's organ, a precious relic, his property, now standing in 64, Eccles Street.' This had been the residence of Francis Johnson, the great Dublin architect, and founder of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts. It was subsequently occupied by Isaac Butt, Q.C., M.P.

versation answer in antithesis. Her 'Legends of the Saints,' which appeared anonymously, did not convey by its title the sort of book it was, beyond the fact that its poetry had a strongly devotional tone. Works of this sort rarely sell, but such was the charm of Monica's Muse that in a short time the whole edition was exhausted. I am informed by her publisher that in announcing this fact to Miss Healy he sent her a cheque by his clerk. For this she seemed so wholly unprepared that her fingers trembled as she read the record of her success. But she was destined not to enjoy its fruit long. A hectic tinge heightened the comeliness of her face. One day during the tedious illness which preceded her death, Father Healy, after hearing a more satisfactory report of her symptoms, said, 'It's well you are better.' She answered, 'It would be better if I were well.'

On October 3, 1876, Monica fell with the leaves, aged forty-six. Besides devotional poetry, she had produced anonymously some songs redolent of Irish wit, notably 'The Devil among the Soupers.' A handsome massive cross of white marble marks the site of her grave at Glasnevin. Father Healy made constant pilgrimages to this spot, and would pray and weep by turns. In October, 1894, he was himself laid to rest beneath the same cross.

When Father Healy first went on the mission, Archbishop Murray regularly attended the Vice-

regal Court, in common with nearly all the Catholic Prelates of that day. It was at Dublin Castle that an A.D.C., directing attention to the venerable figure of Dr. Murray with his pectoral cross, asked Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop, the difference between a Roman Prelate and a jackass? 'One wears the cross upon his back, and the other upon his breast,' explained the A.D.C. 'Do *you* know the difference between an aide-de-camp and a donkey?' asked Dr. Whately. 'No,' said the other. 'Nor I either,' was the reply.

Archbishop Cullen, on succeeding to Dr. Murray, kept clear of the levée, and was followed in this course by his brother Bishops. Four priests, however, continued to attend; Canon Pope, Rev. John Murtagh, Rev. Christopher Burke, and the Rev. J. Healy, who, when the others died off, found himself alone.

He was very intimate at the Viceregal Court of Earl Spencer. One evening an A.D.C. of an inquiring turn of mind, said: 'As you are well up in Biblical points, will you tell us the difference between the cherubim and the seraphim?'

'Well, I believe there *was* a difference between them a long time ago, but they have since made it up.'^{*}

* Had Healy been seriously consulted, he would probably have replied that the cherubim and seraphim are two distinct orders of angels. The former are described in Gen. iii. 24;

'I cannot conceive how Jonah could live in the stomach of a whale,' someone said.

'Oh, that's nothing. I saw Dr. Meldon this day coming out of a fly.'

He saw a good deal of Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, at this time, and recognized the originality of his wit. It was Houghton who cynically muttered 'Chiropodists' when a vain woman boasted of all the men she had at her feet. His stories were comical, and his criticisms incisive. But there was one point on which Healy failed to agree with him, namely, that social happiness consists in being asked everywhere and going nowhere.

Healy rarely played cards, but one evening did so to make himself agreeable. Taking out a handful of coin, from which a threepenny-piece dropped on the cloth, a pleasant peer felt privileged to exclaim, 'You got that at the Sunday collection.'

'Your lordship recognizes your own contribution,' was the ready reply.

Exod. xxv. 18; 1 Kings vi. 28-30; Ezek. i., v., ix., x.; Heb. ix. 5; and their office has been revealed as that of keeping watchful guard of the Divine glory. The seraphim, another order of celestial beings, are described by the prophet Isaiah (vi. 2-4) as of human form, but each one provided with three pairs of wings; with one pair they covered their faces in token of reverence, and with another they covered their feet, as a mark of humility; while the third pair they used for swift flight, a significant symbol for prompt obedience.

Colonel Turner, R.M., in meeting Father Healy after many years, at the table of a mutual friend, said: 'I once heard you give a smart rebuke. It was at the opening of the exhibition in Dublin; Lord and Lady Spencer recognized you in the crowd, and indicated by their manner that they wished you to join their party. A seeming gentleman, but who probably held Fenian views, stepped forward and said to you, "It's easy to see you were bred in the *Royal* College of Maynooth."

"It is easy to see that you have never been to any college," was the reply. "You are dressed in the garb of a gentleman, and if you had held your tongue you might have been mistaken for one."

'Honestly simple himself,' writes Healy's late curate, 'he was the lifelong foe of cant and pretension; but he never crushed the trampled reed. He loved to help the helpless, and he was ever ready to break a lance in defence of the worsted.'

One forenoon that Mr. Brooks, who had just been made a D.L., meant to attend the levée, Father Healy chanced to drop into his stores on some matter of business; within an hour they again met at the Castle. 'Where's your sword?' asked the D.L. 'We wore them once, but since St. Peter misbehaved himself we are not allowed to carry them.'

Mr. Brooks knew that the allusion was to the disciple who with his sword cut off the ear of the

servant of the High-Priest,* and Healy, rapidly passing from so serious a subject, proceeded to observe upon his friend's red coat and cocked hat, adding, 'Is this your martial or your commercial uniform?'

At a dinner in Dublin Castle the Keeper of the Great Seal asked :

'Father Healy, as you know everything, will you explain the origin of kissing under the mistletoe?'

'What should we know about it?' was the answer. 'Perhaps when you and I were young it was not under the mistletoe, but under the rose.'

A stage-struck A.D.C. confessed to having fairly adored Tree.

'Why, you are a perfect Druid,' was the reply; 'but I admit he is a pop'lar Tree.'

When entertained by a peer, and asked to take precedence to the dining-room, he replied: 'A pious Christian is never outdone in politeness.'

The day had now come when he was a lord among wits and a wit among lords. 'Father James,' as his intimates called him, writes Lord Ashbourne, 'was one of the most charming of men—racy of the soil, a true Irishman, a true friend, kind, witty, genial, sociable. We shall not soon

* Matt. xxvi. 51, 52. Healy told his curate that two parsons who overheard the allusion seemed quite surprised at a Romish priest knowing anything of Scripture.

look upon him like again. I knew him for over a quarter of a century; I have dined with him on several occasions in his house at Little Bray, and I can never forget those wonderful and hospitable entertainments. The numbers varied—sometimes eight, ten, twelve, even fourteen. The most varied guests met at his table. I have sat there at the same time with Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lord Powerscourt, Monsignor Persico, Archbishop Walsh, Lord Morris, Chief Baron Palles, and others. His guests were always delighted to be there, and he was delighted to have them. One servant cooked the dinner and brought it to the table, and no one could tell how the attendance was arranged. Once, I remember, when some officer of the Guards was dining with the Padre, he looked round for a servant to take his coat and hat when he entered the house, and the host came forward smiling, saying: "You know those footmen of mine all gave me notice and left on the spot when they heard that you were coming." He was brilliant, quick like lightning in conversation, and never hesitated for a second to come out with a sparkling, genial *mot*.

'Sir Redvers Buller dined with him on one occasion when the other guests were Archbishop Walsh and eleven priests. Sir Redvers made a slight start when he saw he was the only layman. "Never mind," said Father Healy; "the soutane is

not worse than the Soudan." . . . I said to him, when living during a summer in his parish, "I think I met your curate just now—rather stout." He replied, "That's him. I send him out as a sample, and keep the thin one at home."

'His friends comprised all classes, rich and poor, old and young, Protestant and Catholic. He was a priest devoted to his Church and to his flock, but his heart was big enough to include kind and loving feelings for all, and it will be long before Father James passes from the memory of those who had the delight of knowing him.'

'Our Annual Retreat begins on Thursday,' writes a distinguished personage, asking him to meet Lord Randolph Churchill and others. 'Collation at seven, and be sure you come in time to say grace.' In saying grace, even when only Protestants were present, he never failed to bless himself; but not so demonstratively as Bellew, who, whenever he performed that act, gave his arm such a flourish that the man who sat next him ran some risk of receiving a black eye.

One day at Dublin Castle the conversation turned on nationalities, and Mr. Browning, the private secretary to the then Chief Secretary for Ireland, asked Father Healy how he would describe a Scotsman. The Padre, assuming the accent of Auld Reekie, answered: 'A Scot is a mon who keeps the Sawbeth and everything else that he can

get.' As the Chief Secretary for Ireland happened to be a Scotsman, much mirth was the result. It was Mr., now Sir H., Campbell Bannerman, who had been Financial Secretary and Secretary to the Admiralty, and was afterwards twice Secretary for War.

When Lady —, who had dispensed with special charm the festivities at Dublin Castle, was leaving Ireland, she offered to some valued friends as a souvenir the choice of two photographs, one a profile, the other a front face. The profile was handsomer than the latter, but Father Healy chose the front face. 'Why do you take it, when the profile is declared to be so much nicer?' she asked. 'Because I'll have more of you.'

Lord Ashbourne jotted down many other anecdotes elsewhere embodied. The following, however, is in dispute, as I am assured by the Rev. J. Kennedy, formerly curate at Dalkey to Dr. Leet, that it was said by Pat Costello to Leet. 'All Dubliners know Dalkey Protestant Church,' writes Ashbourne, 'built on an eminence, the greater part of which, immediately joining the church, is quarried away. Some people were chatting over the neighbourhood and its beauties one day, and the site of the church was praised. A Protestant gentleman turned, smiling, to the priest, and said, "Our church is founded on a rock." Like lightning came the genial assent, "Yes; a blasted rock."'

He met in the train an old priest from a remote Irish diocese, remarkable for a strong brogue and a rough irony. He was accompanied by several other country priests who were taking a holiday. The sage with a brogue said to Healy, by way of giving him a rub and raising a laugh at his expense, 'Where did you get your courtly manners?' 'It must have been from mamma,' was the reply, 'for my father was as common as any of yourselves.'

He looked in to see a Protestant woman who had arranged to go to America with her daughter. 'But,' she said, in mincing accents, 'I fear I'll never reach the other side.'

'Do not fear, ma'am,' interposed the Padre, with his irrepressible swiftness to seize on the ridiculous element in every situation; 'you'll *retch* plenty before you arrive at the other side.'

He was much amused by the reply of a local bookseller who, when asked by a lady, 'Have you got "Blasted Hopes"?' said, 'No, ma'am, but I've a blasted toothache!'

All ranks received the Padre's greeting. When passing a well-known hotel, he would say to the man in the gold cap at the entrance, 'This is a good gap you're on'—meaning that his 'tips' were ample. Sometimes he'd say, 'You get more dues than a parish priest,' or, 'You'll be retiring into private life some day as a millionaire.'

Patrick Kehoe, the well-known bacon-curer in Francis Street, whose private residence was 28, Herbert Place, entertained the man who, like St. Paul, was all things to all. The Padre was in high spirits, and quoted Moore's lines :

“ “ When I see thus around me my youth's early friends.” ”

A good deal of champagne flowed, and when dinner was over, Kehoe, pushing a bottle of it towards Healy, asked him to finish it. He at once put on a most comically affected accent and expression, exclaiming, well aware that all present knew the humble position which his father occupied, ‘ Sir, if my papa saw me drink champagne after dinner, he would cut me off with a shilling !’

CHAPTER IX.

An Irish Election—An Action at Law and Father Healy's Evidence—Major O'Reilly, of Knock Abbey—A Rough Reply—The Breakfast at the Royal St. George's Yacht Club—Sensational Incident—Exit O'Reilly Dease—His Strange Will.

As the General Election of 1874 approached, it became evident that the members for Louth, Chichester Fortescue, afterwards Lord Carlingford, and Matthew O'Reilly Dease, would have something to do to hold their seats. Just as both sides were girding their loins for battle, Father Healy went down to Dunleer, the residence of Dease, in Louth. The priest's seeming interference in even the political affairs of another diocese was viewed with rather a jealous eye, and the popular candidate, Philip Callan, threatened him that if he did not leave Louth forthwith he would bring up a formidable contingent with iron sinews to show him the road, aided by a brass band to drum him out of the town. Healy only smiled at the threat, as one

which, in the excitement of an Irish election, might be condoned, and, in point of fact, had previously decided on withdrawing from a scene but little to his taste, and where, later, the clangour of conflict grew awkwardly warm. Popularity in Ireland is a transitory possession. Dease polled only 265 votes, while 1,082 were registered for Callan. Fortescue, with great territorial influence, mustered only 607 votes, and Alexander M. Sullivan, the popular author of 'New Ireland,' headed the poll with 1,172. How popular Callan was at this time—who in later contests would not be listened to—is shown in the fact that at the same election he was also returned for Dundalk, and, having chosen to sit for that place, a new writ was issued, and George Harley Kirk became Member for Louth.

In June, 1874, an action was brought by Philip Callan against Matthew O'Reilly Dease for defamatory words.

Some reference had been made by Callan to a dinner at Dease's, when mulled claret was said to have been produced at his suggestion, and, in order to weaken Callan's case, Father Healy was subpoenaed as a witness, to prove that on the particular occasion in question Callan was not present; and it afterwards appeared that Callan had mixed up the incidents of two evenings.

The Bar expected that Healy's evidence and examination would have supplied the library in

which they congregate with a large stock of Healyana. Priests and laics shared this expectation, and the court was packed like prunes in a box. But the priest, without dealing in monosyllables, as O'Connell once advised his daughter to do on such occasions, was more than ordinarily guarded. However, he at last raised a laugh by expressing a remark to the effect that to mull Château Margeaux as Mr. Callan boasted to have done was an act of vandalism enough to make Gilbey pale or Grattan turn in his grave.* Callan claimed £1,000 damages, but one farthing was all he succeeded in getting.

Dease was in Parliament at the same time as Major Myles William O'Reilly, of Knock Abbey, County Louth, who, with Colonel, afterwards Lord, Greville, had been returned for Longford in three successive elections. He was a cousin of O'Reilly Dease, through his mother, but had not maintained social intercourse, and on meeting Dease in the lobby of the House introduced himself, with much gravity, as his kinsman and colleague. 'Sir,' said Dease, turning abruptly away, 'the world is wide enough for both of us.' This speech—that of Uncle Toby when liberating the fly—he had remembered Healy reading aloud with unction to his mother.

Major O'Reilly had qualified for popularity by

* For an illustration of Grattan's love for claret, see 'Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers,' p. 175.

commanding a brigade of volunteers who repaired to Italy to fight for the Pope in defence of his temporal power. Their war service did not extend much beyond a slight action at Spoleto. Father Healy used to say that Major O'Reilly one day asked Vincent Scully, M.P. for Cork County, how much it would cost to contest that county. 'You will have to bleed more freely than at Spoleto,' was the reply.

The Major's kinsman, O'Reilly Dease, though usually all bows and scrapes, could be stiff-necked enough. He had a variable temper, and at times was as ticklish to touch as a hair-triggered pistol on full cock. At the head of his table no Chesterfield could be more suave; but his talk—usually beginning, 'Have I ever told you'—had little in it beyond a lisp. His dinners at the Reform Club were *recherché*; he dined well and talked much; he had a new wine and an old story for every course, with specially old samples of both for the finish—a claret of 1812, and an anecdote of the Prince Regent, who, having heard someone describe empty bottles as 'marines,' in presence of an officer of that corps, said, 'Yes, they have done their duty, and are prepared to do it again.'

The Padre was an early man, and always made his breakfast a meal of enjoyment, which Rogers, Montaigne or Holmes might have envied. Its

heartiness in spirit and reality arose partly from the fact that he made it a point to avoid supper, and never to eat between breakfast and dinner. Dease sought to discharge part of his obligation to Healy by bringing him to breakfast at the Royal St. George's Yacht Club, Kingstown, although informed that by the rules of the club no guests were admitted. A sharp appetite, grateful tea, delicious bacon, the fresh morning air and vase of bright flowers, the separate table,* with a charming view of Howth and the Bay, made this meal memorable, and the Padre abandoned himself to enjoyment, little dreaming that a loaded mine was being prepared beneath.

Dease's infraction of rule having been duly reported, the committee of the club wrote twice to him without receiving an answer, and a third time sent a registered letter asking for any explanation he might wish to give, and thus leaving every opportunity for apology; but as no answer came, the committee at last called a meeting and formally expelled Dease.

Dease finally became very eccentric in his habits. When travelling by train between Bray and Dublin,

* 'Breakfast at Trentham,' says Lord Beaconsfield in 'Lothair,' 'was served on half a dozen or more round tables, which vied with each other in grace and merriment, brilliant as a cluster of Greek or Italian republics, instead of a great metropolitan table like a central government absorbing all the genius and resources of society.'

he roused the ire of some passengers by lying at full length on the cushions ; and he was often seen in the streets smoking a clay pipe.

Some relatives of Dease's—the Misses Wigstrom—had passed a good deal of time at Ravenswell. Dease funded a sum which gave these ladies £300 a year. The eldest, when dying, in an overstrained sense of gratitude, willed it back to Dease, with thorough confidence that he would make it over again to her sister ; but Dease did not see it, and at last he died, leaving his great property for the reduction of the National Debt, and an Act of Parliament had to be passed to secure her succession to it. His later studies had been devoted to the theory that the probable exhaustion of the coal-mines would seriously embarrass England, and this thought mainly influenced his bequest. Relatives contested his will, but the deed was well drawn and stood. 'The best proof of his lunacy,' said Lord Chancellor Ashbourne to Father Healy, 'is in leaving nothing to *you*, to whom he professed to owe so much.' The hardship to which certain relatives were subjected was brought before Parliament, and gave rise to some touching oratory ; and in the end Mr. Goschen, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced that a dole, though not a large one, would be given in one case. After Dease's death Ravenswell passed into other hands, and

became the scene of a mysterious murder. Great horror was excited by the discovery of the dead body of a woman at the bottom of the well in the garden.*

° O'Reilly Dease was the last of his line, and had no connection with his respected namesakes of Meath and the Queen's County.

CHAPTER X.

Rev. Charles Meehan—Traits of his Acute Cynicism—How Father Healy sought to correct and cure him—Bishop Moran—The 'Penny Warbler' preferred to Calderon—Lisdoonvarna—Clarence Mangan—Trip to Paris—Father Kenyon—John O'Toole—A Death-bed.

No two men saw more of each other than James Healy and Charles Meehan. Meehan was a ripe scholar and a gifted writer, and though he lacked much of the geniality of his friend, he concealed beneath a rough exterior many excellent traits of character, and he was sincerely attached to Father Healy. The quaint *ana* which I am now about to give are interesting as explaining Healy's relations with Meehan, and the tone he found it necessary to take towards a man with whom it was proverbially hard to get on.

Their close association began as fellow-curates in the parish of SS. Michael and John. In Chapter III. some recollections of Meehan's choleric character are given; it might be said that he stung his pastor out of the parish, and Healy was the only

man whose chastising retorts Meehan feared and yet valued.

Meehan, as he got old, became rather ascetic in his tastes, but with manners fashioned more after Diogenes in his tub than De Sales in his cell. He did not fancy stout priests as a rule, and called one, from his girth of frame, Cetewayo. Another portly presbyter of the Pro-Cathedral introduced himself to Father Meehan one day to thank him for something he had written. 'So you are Father M——; I always thought you were one of Guinness's draymen,' he said, and away he stalked.

Endless examples of his seeming savagery might be given. But what observer has not noticed that ferocity is sometimes simulated as well as gentleness? Perhaps there are as many sheep in wolves' clothing as there are wolves in sheep's.* His comparison of a brother priest to a drayman was deemed about the rudest speech he ever uttered. But perhaps his remark was not as severe as it sounded. It is approvingly recorded by Mr. Duycknick that a college chum said of Sydney Smith, the witty Canon of St. Paul's, that 'his

* I have seen his eyes well up in tears when reading from the altar the list of the dead—perhaps the only priest of whom such a thing could be told. But, like Erin, he could smile through his tears too, and if a friend looked into his room that evening, and provided that Meehan's dinner had agreed with him, the chances are he would find a second Rabelais.

sense and clumsiness gave the idea of an Athenian carter.'

Meehan, although a wit, was a perfect contrast to Healy. Meehan liked to cut friends in the street, and anyone who stopped him, saying, 'Well, what's going on to-day?' would be apt to receive Jerrold's retort, '*I am,*' while he broke abruptly away.

Healy, on the contrary, no matter how pressed for time, stopped to talk with every man he knew, even if that man had an idiosyncrasy the reverse of his own. He never preferred his train to his friend, or the smiles of the great to the iron grip of a cordial hand.

Meehan's *vis-à-vis* at a dinner-party was a man whom he took to be a fop, but in point of fact he was nothing of the sort. The latter addressed some remark to Meehan. 'Sir, your articulation is singularly indistinct,' was the reply. The remark was repeated. 'Oh, sir, will you please spell it?'

The late George Campbell asked him if he had read some new book. 'And do *you* read?' was the supercilious and sole response. In calmer moments he said of a gentleman whom he had met at Father Healy's, 'He is a well dressed but most uninteresting man'; and again, 'He has as much expression as a coffin.' One day, owing partly to rheumatic lameness, he was more than ordinarily snappish in his references to everybody, which led Healy to say,

'Sorry to see you have got the foot and mouth disease.'

Fancying that an acquaintance whom he met in the tram treated him with hauteur, he punished him by lustily calling to the conductor, 'Set this gentleman down at the nearest public-house.'

The present writer having often heard from Father Meehan himself a full disclosure of his symptoms and sufferings, the fact becomes evident that many of his acts and speeches were influenced, possibly by a bit of cheese, but more frequently by bacon or veal, of which, when dining out, he was obliged to eat or starve.

'I am very ill to-day. I dined yesterday with a rural priest, who gave me pig's face and cabbage—food fit only for ——,' naming a prim layman who had offended him. Perhaps his chief animus against him was that, as he bitterly said afterwards, 'He could digest crockery.' He greatly enjoyed a day's outing in Wicklow, but 'pot luck' had its drawbacks. An aged pastor, when entertaining him, was suddenly asked, 'Did this goose come to the parish with *you* ?'

Father Moran, a schoolfellow of Father Healy's at Castleknock, became a curate to Dean O'Connell, and in February, 1856, was appointed to a bishopric in Africa, from which he was eventually translated to New Zealand. The Bishop, having revisited Dublin, casually met Healy and Meehan. A well-

known and generally respected priest was named. Meehan said, 'Did you ever see such a face as his? In Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors I doubt if you would find one of worse expression, and were it not for the grace of God there is no knowing into what crime that man might not have fallen.' The good Bishop, turning the conversation, proceeded to describe his diocese, incidentally mentioning as an interesting fact that the natives gave great honour to reptiles. 'And the more venomous they are,' added his lordship, 'the more they worship them.' 'That is the diocese for you, Meehan,' chimed in Father Healy.* 'If you were to migrate there, you'd be hailed as a deity.' Meehan seemed milder after a few hard rubs like this.

There was no more frequent visitor to the Chapel House of SS. Michael and John while Healy was curate there than MacCarthy—Ireland's best poet since Moore. Meehan and he had been most intimate until the former chose to quarrel with him. MacCarthy years after sent to Meehan, as a peace-offering, his beautiful translation of Calderon's dramas. The book was at once returned with the following sharp lines:

* In Shirley's 'Martyr'd Soldier'—an old play published in 1688—speaking of the Malossians, we read:

'A Toad one day they worship: one of them drank
A Health with 's God and poysoned so himselfe.'

'The Rev. C. P. Meehan thinks very little of Mr. MacCarthy or Mr. Calderon, and he has found in the "Penny Warbler" better poetry than any produced by either.'

MacCarthy, having learned that the 'Penny Warbler' was published in Thomas Street, at once started for that destination, secured a copy, and, finding some doggerel headed 'A queer little man with a very red nose,' turned down the page and sent it to Meehan.*

To please a friendly doctor Meehan went one season to Lisdoonvarna, the Harrogate of Ireland, and once or twice was coaxed to enter what he admitted was accurately called 'the trap'—a waggonette bound for points of picturesque attraction; but he would suddenly break away from his brother excursionists, and hold solitary converse with the demon of dyspepsia. The cliffs of Moher might be fine, and Blackhead not bad; he felt more interest in wandering over the stony fields of Clare recalling the remark of the Cromwellian General Ludlow, 'There is not a tree to hang a man on, water to drown him in, or soil to bury him in.' Years before he had been to Vichy, without benefit, and he now came home from the Clare spa growling

* The rupture was afterwards patched up; for I remember to have met Meehan in 1880 in MacCarthy's cottage at the corner of Sydney Avenue, known to his neighbours as 'Poet's Corner.'

that it had not proved a healing pool like that of Bethesda.

What Carlyle's mother said of the sage, that 'he was gey ill to deal wi',' applied very much to Charles Meehan. So far back as May 12, 1849, Clarence Mangan, in a most appreciative notice of his genius, described

'the disposition and temper of Mr. Meehan as lively, quick, and bordering on choleric. His Milesian blood courses rather too hotly through his veins. He is carried away by impulse, and suffers himself to float without rudder or oar, upon the tide of that sentiment that sways him for the moment. But he is a man of a lofty and generous nature. Anything like hypocrisy is as alien from his heart and soul, as the snake is from his native land. He needs no sounding-board either to deliver his sentiments or transmit his fame to after-ages.'

A vain man might resent some points in Mangan's criticism, but Meehan was above such pettiness, and in the same spirit would take in good part much that I have ventured to say. A few weeks after Mangan's sketch appeared, Meehan sought that ill-starred bard, continued his attached friend till death, lovingly gathered together his poems, and became his biographer.

Healy had imbibed from Meehan a strong appreciation of Mangan's Muse, and this was one of the few points on which they never had a difference of opinion. Clarence Mangan's poems were first collected by an American editor. An early letter from Father Healy to myself says: 'I hunger and

thirst to read them. Will you give food to the hungry and drink to the thirsty?’

Those who knew Meehan felt that Healy had great courage to travel with him to Paris. Both were wits, but of different types, and the proverb ‘Two of a trade’ was illustrated along the route. If the records of this trip were preserved, it would appear that Meehan’s ebullitions surpassed in sting all previous pronouncements. His feelings found vent in hyperbole, and sometimes in expletives, according as the east wind ruffled him or Continental food refused to assimilate.

Of one of the most voluminous ecclesiastical historians of his day, he said, ‘My goodness! it is the greatest misfortune that that man was ever taught his alphabet.’

He said of a priest who had the reputation of being a great preacher, that he never saw in his library any other books than ‘Old Moore’s Almanac,’ the ‘Penny Warbler,’ and ‘Boney’s Oraculum.’

This beats the Canon described by Gil Blas, with his three volumes—‘a great Breviary, a cookery-book, and a tract on “Indigestion.”’

Father Healy had been often on a visit at Tinode, the seat in Wicklow of the Right Hon. W. H. F. Cogan, who thoroughly understood his sense of humour. Cogan and his family chanced to be sitting in the courtyard of the Hôtel de

Louvre at Paris, when he heard himself pleasantly hailed by a familiar voice. Healy approached, followed at some yards' distance by Meehan, who of course heard, as it was meant he should hear, this persiflage. He knew from experience that the only way to mend Meehan was to touch his sores with a bit of his own caustic. 'You see that fellow yonder,' he said. 'Though we are not on speaking terms, we travel together, because he can't manage a word of French, and is obliged to trust to me to help him out of every difficulty. It is not pleasant to go about with a man in such a hat as that—all the worse that it is cut after the pattern of my own, and people will think that it is one of *my* cast-offs.' In point of fact, Meehan was a better linguist than Healy himself, and at the Collegio Irlandese went by the appropriate name of Signor Musquito.

It is not surprising that in the course of further peregrinations Meehan suddenly disappeared. Next day Healy received a curt note from his late *compagnon de voyage* requesting that a razor he lent him might be returned. Healy replied :

'DEAR MEEHAN,—I return the razor. If you should be disposed to commit suicide, I would advise you to get it ground first.'

Healy often remarked that Meehan liked the hand which struck back, but owing to some perverse turn in his disease and to the effects of French

cookery, he now failed to find relief from the old cure.

Years elapsed, during which Meehan would not speak to Healy. At last Healy wrote: 'Life is too short for this sort of thing. Let us dismiss such folly. Come and dine to-morrow.' Meehan wisely went, and there was not a breach in their friendship from that time forth. In the street, in the country, they were rarely seen asunder, and their intercourse continued uninterrupted afterwards.

With the large-heartedness of the true student, Meehan recognized no boundary-line in the broad brotherhood of literature, for, be he rampant Tory or subservient Whig, if he sang or wrote of Ireland, her history, her antiquities, her legends, or her lore, he was welcome to that room on the third floor of the parochial house in Lower Exchange Street. But the guest should take the sting with the honey. Meehan contrived to make the dialogue lively enough, if not always flattering. 'He who flatters degrades himself,' he writes, 'and whoever, says Massillon, burns such incense before his master means to betray him.'

Against a silent dinner he was war to the knife. 'I hope,' he said, when asked to dine—'I hope your dinner won't be like one of these funeral breakfasts, where people eat in silence and look solemn as tombstones.' 'I'll undertake *that*.'

'An ugly word that, *undertake*,' he mused; 'get some other.'

One day a lion of a dinner-party arrived rather late, and was upbraided by Meehan for coming in while the soup was being served. 'I believe,' he said, 'you would be late for the Day of Judgment.' The answer promptly came: 'It would be well for *you* if late on that day.'

Whatever he thought he said. The name of an eminent doctor, since dead, was mentioned. Meehan's estimate of him was, 'I think him a successful humbug.'

When going through St. Vincent's Hospital with Father Healy, he recognized a nun whom in earlier days he had known in the world. 'What nickname have they put on *you*?' he asked, meaning what was her name in religion, just as a brother humourist asked another sister, 'What is your name in the world? or what in the world is your name?'

For the next twenty years Meehan dined every week with Healy. On these occasions he slept at the house of Father Healy's curate, who was fortunate in finding him uniformly amiable. Healy always contrived to have for Meehan's dinner something specially tasteful, which enabled him to take with equanimity what otherwise might have been resented. But nevertheless it was observed on at least one occasion that Meehan, having got

restive under the treatment, seized his bag and disappeared.

He was the constant guest of other old friends, but it too often happened that at table he became despotic and dictatorial. By his fellow-priests—two or three excepted—he was held in terror. His great learning, talents and critical acumen inspired awe. A young priest was preaching in the Church of SS. Michael and John, when, suddenly becoming conscious of Meehan's eyeglass being directed on him, his voice faltered; he could not say another word. Father Meehan himself was a remarkably good preacher. His confessional was sparsely attended. When sitting in it he would often be reading St. Augustine. An old woman knelt down in his 'tribunal,' not knowing who was there, and, when she recognized her judge, all but swooned. 'I made a mistake,' she muttered. 'Yes, ma'am, you're in the wrong box.'

The laics with whom he mixed would never dream of retorting upon him. He was privileged to say what he liked, and his hard tongue revelled in unbridled license. He was in the drawing-room of a respectable trader awaiting the announcement of dinner, when, chancing to overhear one of the guests pronounce a surname affectedly, as he thought, he interposed at once, saying, 'It is strange, sir, that *you*, the son of a peasant, do not

know how to pronounce the common name Walsh.' It had become fashionable at that time with some branches of the sept to sound it like 'Wall' rather than 'Well.' That the speaker was the son of a peasant Meehan had not much reason to assume, but he liked to inflict a sting. My informant adds that he said other severe things that day to other guests. Men, he said, who mimic the accent of their betters are like fellows who strut about in borrowed clothes.

Healy was the first man who had the courage to take his correction in hand. The lucid intervals of their social intercourse were pleasant enough, but Healy sometimes found it necessary to deal with his disease crushingly as the only way to get on with him, and at the same time to make him a better man.

Michael Crooke, the auctioneer, when dying, left Meehan a small legacy, and Meehan announced it rather exultingly to Healy. 'He left you that £20, Meehan, to prevent you from cursing his memory,' was the reply.

Father John Kenyon, P.P., Templeberry, in the diocese of Killaloe, was a remarkable man, as most people know.

One evening the following pleasant dialogue was heard :

Healy : 'What a pity that the many good things which Kenyon said are not preserved.'

Meehan : ' They are preserved—with me.'

Healy : ' In manuscript ?'

Meehan : ' Yes.'

Healy : ' If so, my name must be often mixed up in it.'

Meehan : ' No doubt it is.'

Healy : ' And when do you mean to have it published ?'

Meehan : ' Oh, who knows ? Perhaps when I am in heaven.'

Healy : ' If readers are to wait for that, you are free to write down of me whatever you like.'

Meehan at times was a most interesting companion, overflowing with anecdote and curiosities of information acquired in his extensive reading. He told of an eccentric Scottish chief who loved his own clan so much that he left one half of his fortune for Masses to benefit them, and the other half for curses to be fulminated against a hostile tribe. Healy's comment was, ' If *you* got the latter bequest, Meehan, maybe you wouldn't knock fire out of them.'*

* Meehan wrote strongly, but he is always found on virtue's side. Speaking of the Triumvirate at Rome, he says, ' May the execration of every honest heart pursue them and their bands of assassins !' (' O'Tooles,' p. cviii.). He was a strong admirer of Dante, who consigns his preceptor, Latini, to the Inferno. ' Public opinion has its Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise,' he writes. ' Who will deliver Castlereagh or Jemmy O'Brien out of the former ?' and he quotes some doggerel beginning—

After the battle of thistles, of which we have had a glimpse, it may surprise some thin-skinned people to hear once more that both men were strongly-attached companions. A shower of sparks certainly fell every day when their weapons crossed, but I am assured by a priest who had personal knowledge of the fact that Healy wept when Meehan was no more.

Nine years before the final summons came, Father Meehan fell seriously ill. It proved to be, however, what Curran called a 'runaway knock.' Father Healy visited him, and asked if he had seen a priest. 'Yes,' was the reply, naming the late Rev. B—— S——. 'A good fellow, but a great ass!'

It was for his general impulsiveness, and not for any graver fault, that Father Meehan never received promotion. On meeting his new Diocesan, he said, 'You served my Mass, and you find me as you left me.'

John O'Toole was an original character whom Father Healy liked to have at his table. He was as poor as a church-mouse, but the host's hospitality was never measured by such considerations.

'If you ever are travellin' near hell,
Just stop an' look in at the corner:
It's there you'll see ould Major Sirr,
And Jemmy O'Brien, the informer.
But if ye have time to look on,
Ye'll see somethin' that's ten times more plazin':
It's there you'll see ould Major Swan
In the gulf of perdition all blazin'.'

The old man, with his shaggy white hair and flowing beard, was an interesting relic of an ancient race—the Princes of Imaile—men who for successive centuries made descents from their stronghold in Wicklow, and carried fire and sword into the English Pale. A well-known and respected wine-merchant lived in Dublin, of whom it might be said that propriety was his chief characteristic. His name, however, acted on Toole as a red cloth to a bull. He would denounce him partly because he had two Christian names or for some other absurd caprice, and Healy liked to draw out this eccentricity. At a dinner the name of this merchant was mentioned. O'Toole at once pricked up his ears and growled.

'Pardon me, sir,' interposed Morgan D'Arcy, 'that gentleman is a friend of mine. I have known him thirty years as a man of irreproachable character.'

'But I have known him for forty years,' growled the cynic, 'and I unhesitatingly denounce the man as the most arrant humbug and the grossest fraud ever palmed on a credulous people!'

Meehan, charmed to find a fellow-critic after his own heart, made no attempt to conceal his appreciation of O'Toole's strength of expression, and straightway devoted an entire book to, professedly, a record of O'Toole's life and views, but mainly as a vehicle for the embodiment of his own per-

sonal thoughts on men and things. The book is a scarce one ; it contains many charming passages as well as startling truths, and, being largely autobiographic, is intensely interesting, but Meehan's name does not appear.

One of the most amusing squibs in the annals of electioneering literature was the address of old John O'Toole to the constituency of Wicklow, promising to do wonders in Parliament, to effect large reductions in rent, and to get place and pension for all his friends. This was written by Meehan in Healy's house, and it read so plausibly that, to meet the threatened opposition, Fitzwilliam Dick engaged all the cars and attorneys in the county, at a cost, it is said, of nearly £2,000.

Meehan revered the memory of O'Toole, and in personal converse at the fireside paid it the compliment of following his style of criticism on men and things, which, though it amused Healy, he rarely failed to notice in equally trenchant tones. By degrees it was observed that Meehan could control his asperity if skilfully managed by Healy, and on many occasions he was found the most charming of companions and best of *raconteurs*.

In the following extracts a glimpse is got of the more amicable and rational interchange of views between the wits. Meehan speaks behind the mask of O'Toole.

‘A couple of capons, a roast leg of mutton, and

a frugal dessert, gave us a hearty meal, and when the cloth was removed our tongues grew marvellously talkful. The young parish priest was very sprightly, brimming over with good humour, and armed at all points with repartee and thought.

"Mr. O'Toole," said he, "I hope we'll soon meet here or elsewhere to celebrate your wedding."

"Such an occasion," I replied, "shall never come. I have weighed that question duly, and resolved to follow St. Paul's advice: 'Art thou loosed from a wife? Seek not a wife.' St. Basil, too, has left us some admirable hints on this matter. 'The man,' said he, 'who lives unmated has none but himself to think for, and can well look after the concerns of his soul and body, while the married man is in a state of perpetual anxiety about his children and wife, to say nothing of the latter, who must be often apprehensive of becoming a widow.' Then, again, the ladies of our time are very unlike her who, the Book of Proverbs tells us, 'sought wool and flax, and wrought by the counsel of her hands.' I don't like to say anything hard of the fair sex, but I believe the Clytemnestras and Andromaches are very rare just now."

"But if all were of your opinion," replied the parish priest, "what would become of us—I mean, of our dues?"

“Don't be uneasy on that subject, reverend sir, for I wouldn't wonder if what St. Jerome relates were repeated in Dublin to-morrow. 'When I was secretary to Pope Damasus,' says that eminent writer, 'I saw a woman who had had successively twenty-two husbands, and a man who had had the same number of wives. At last, when both were free, they married, and the grand question of the day was, Which of the two will bury the other? The woman died, and the populace assembling, placed a palm in the hands of the widower, and accompanied him to the funeral.'”

Meehan, even when an old man, bore to the last a boyish aspect, and his voice rang as clear as a clarion. A censorious whisper had it that he was vain of his youthful face and voice. One day he said, quoting from Byron's 'Address to the Ocean,' 'Time has writ no wrinkles on my brow.' 'Possibly, but he has played the deuce with your neck,' replied Healy, pointing to the crumpled skin which peeped over his Roman collar. But Meehan, when he liked, had the consoling balm of philosophy at hand. 'Wrinkles,' he writes, 'distinguish the thoughtful man and scholar; the face of a gourmand is generally as smooth as that of a new-born babe.'

These things are told that Healy's readiness may be fully seen; but it is due to poor Meehan to say

that, so far as I know, and his own recorded sentiments go, no man more constantly realized the advance of death. When much younger, he thus beautifully expressed himself :

‘ We die daily, hourly, and at every moment, for as the body groweth, life decreaseth. Infancy, boyhood and youth are gone—nay, and even a part of this day has already been divided with death. Like the sands in the hour-glass, it is not the last grain that empties the vessel, since all those that preceded it have helped to do the same. What is all this waste and wear of matter but a prolixity of death ? In health and strength we fancy that we are not dying ; but this is a delusion. We die from the cradle to the grave, and although we may be unconscious of it, we are, nevertheless, going thither at every moment. Those, says St. Ambrose, who sleep aboard ship do not feel themselves nearing the haven, but they are approaching it, nevertheless.’

For twenty years he and Healy had their graves at Glasnevin reserved for them in advance.

During a long period Father Meehan was a rigid teetotaller, and regularly administered to crowds the temperance pledge.

The gnawing disease from which he suffered led to a piquant exaggeration in his criticism. He was sometimes observed to laugh in his sleeve after giving vent to a startling statement, which

shows that hyberbole, and nothing more, was meant.

Father Healy treated his case as a skilful physician who had made his diagnosis and acted accordingly.

During his last illness he was often by the old man's side. Father Healy said that the parish priest was just then leaving the house to call on the Archbishop, and had he any message? 'You may tell him that I am dying;' and he added after a short pause, 'And he will be very glad to hear it.* I am quite resigned,' he added; 'I have made my will.' Healy could not resist indulging in some of their old banter, and perhaps he also sought to rally him by asking, 'Have you left me anything?' 'The deuce a farthing,' was the reply, given with vehemence, but he raised his hand to his parched lips as if to repress it, and, overcome by the effort, sank back to contemplate the great space on whose confines he hovered. It will be remembered that Meehan, twenty years before, had made some overtures to Healy, perhaps not quite seriously meant, that he should act as his literary executor.

'Jesus have mercy on me!' was the constant prayer that came from the patriot-priest's lips those

* Lord Holland said of an expected visitor, 'If I'm alive, I'll be glad to see him; if I am dead, he'll be glad to see me.' Rogers assigns this speech to the Whig lord, but I have seen it ascribed to Selwyn.

last sad days, and he was just the man to have said, in his own translation of the last words of Copernicus :

' Not the grace Thou gavest Paul,
Who saw Thy Stephen stoned ;
Not the grace that Peter won
When blinding tears his crime aton'd ;
But, ah, dear Saviour, give to me
The grace which Thou on Calvary
Didst give the thief who at Thy side
Repenting hung, repenting died.'

Previous to the funeral, a Requiem Mass was sung in the Church of SS. Michael and John, and the celebrant was the Rev. James Healy. The *Freeman* records : ' There was a crowded congregation, embracing all classes, both those with whom he was more immediately brought in contact as a clergyman, and those who were able to appreciate his great qualities as a scholar and an author. In addition to those present at the High Mass, a large concourse of people assembled in front of the church awaiting the departure of the funeral, and on all sides could be heard expressions of sorrow.'

CHAPTER XI.

Dean Neville—His Interesting Career—The Land League—
Retort to Dean Quirk—Father Tom Burke—How Canon
Pope's Monologue was silenced—Father Ring—Stories—
The Topsy Jarvey — Canon Harold — Anecdotes — An
Enfant de Marie—Recollections of Father Healy by his
Late Curate.

THE name of Father Healy, which was now on every lip, had been a familiar household word in Ireland half a century before the genial holder of that name won fame and hearts. Dean Neville one day reminded Father Healy that Milliken, author of 'The Groves of Blarney,' sang in 1798, while the more national bards wailed for the ills of their land:

' 'Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a flitch in,
With the maids a-stitching upon the stair;
The bread and biske', the beer and whisky,
Would make you frisky if you were there.
'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter
A-washing *praties* forenent the door,
With Roger Cleary and *Father Healy*,
All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.'

There was no priest more intimate with James Healy than Henry Neville, who, while Dean of Cork and Pastor of St. Finbars in that city, was also Rector of the Catholic University in Dublin. The rapidity with which he constantly flew from Cork to Dublin, and *vice versâ*, acquired for him the nickname of Dean *Swift*, and sometimes of *Offenbach*. Indeed, he is said to have once started from Rome after an early dinner, and arrived in Cork the following day. During the occasional absences of Father Healy in London or some watering-place, Neville always did his work at Bray, even at a time when he was himself discharging the duties of a parish priest in Cork. I learn from the Rev. Joseph Burke, who for a lengthened period was curate to Father Healy, that Dean Neville would start from Cork after an early dinner on Saturday, be at Little Bray in time to hear the confessions of Father Healy's penitents that evening, and say his Mass on the morrow. Healy was often heard to say that he considered Neville the greatest theologian of his age. He had been in the same class with Neville at Maynooth, and knew him well. Long afterwards, when it was announced that a concursus would be held for its Chair of Theology, Neville, then a junior curate at Cork, acted on a friendly suggestion to try for it. He carried all before him with ease, and the ambo from which he lectured became at once invested

with the lustre of a brilliant intellect and the prestige of a rare scholarship. Healy used to speak of the tact with which he eliminated from the school of theology at Maynooth all tinge of the Jansenistic tendency which came to Ireland with the French professors, who in 1795 mainly founded the College. This in itself was a difficult and delicate task. The achievement, however, I have heard claimed rather for Father O'Reilly, the eminent Jesuit. A sensation was created at this time by Gladstone's attack on the Vatican Decrees. Newman published a reply to him, but, though affording a fine sample of style, it was not until Neville entered the field that critics considered Gladstone adequately answered. In 1875 the Archbishopric of Cashel became vacant by the death of Dr. Leahy; a great friend of Father Healy's was in Rome at that time, and one day received assurance from one of the highest officials at the Vatican that all had been settled for the appointment of Neville to the See. This news gave great pleasure to Father Healy. Neville continued to be regarded as Archbishop-elect, but meanwhile a letter reached Rome from Cardinal Cullen, who was all-potential with the Pope, saying that Dr. Croke, who had retired from the See of Auckland, New Zealand, must needs be provided for at Cashel. Dr. Cullen soon found that Dr. Croke's public policy ran counter to his own. The Cardinal

died within the next three years, and Dr. MacCabe succeeded to the See of Dublin. In 1878, when Cardinal Cullen died, Father Tom Burke, who had surpassed himself in his funeral oration on the great Prelate, sought Mr. Justice O'Brien, saying that he but gave voice to the wish of many influential priests in hoping that Dr. Neville might be Dr. Cullen's successor. Neville, he said, would change the whole situation. Father Healy, there can be no doubt, thoroughly favoured this move. Laymen are often useful in such things, and the appointment to Waterford of Dr. Egan, who belonged to the same coterie, was directly due to Lord Emly.

Neville, though not filling the post of Vicar in the diocese of Dublin, exercised by his great tact and intimacy with Cardinal MacCabe a larger influence in its management than any priest belonging to it. If any cleric called on business at the Palace, the invariable answer came that Dean Neville was with the Cardinal, and his Eminence must not be disturbed. These circumstances gave some dissatisfaction, and with one section of the clergy awakened alarm. They seem to have thought, though not quite justly, that Dean Neville, though honest in his aim, was capable of attempting and accomplishing diplomatic intrigue. Nowhere was Monsignor Neville more at home than with the parish priest of Little Bray. He was the dominant

spirit of a charmed coterie, which included Father Tom Burke, the Irish Lacordaire, Dan Griott, whose strong Cork brogue sounded sweetly in Neville's ears, and John Egan, D.D., who succeeded Neville on his resignation as Rector of the Catholic University, and in 1889 became Bishop of Waterford. All these priests were strongly Conservative in politics. Dean Neville was not deficient in a sense of humour, and someone said that at times he was like Socrates in slippers. His mind would often deign to deal in trivial memories. He had some stories of his intercourse with the peasantry of Cork when Pastor of Passage. Here is one which Healy by his rare touch afterwards much improved; but I prefer to give it strictly in Neville's words, and it affords a sample of the talk which went on round the fireside at Little Bray:

'I met an old woman going up Watergrass Hill one evening, who exultingly showed me some meat and tea in her basket which had been bought with the price of a fat goose she sold. "I wonder," said I, "that you wouldn't prefer to keep the fat goose for your own table." "If your reverence knew the goose as I did, you wouldn't say *that*," she replied; "when I took the floor fifteen years ago, it was an old bird."' ('Taking the floor' is a Southern phrase for getting married). "'What are you laughing at?" I asked. "I'm hoping that who-

ever ate: that goose to-morrow won't be too near the wall"—meaning that in the purchaser's effort to tear asunder with his teeth and muscular hand some joint or piece, his head in the struggle might come with a thud against the wall.'

For years all hands pointed to Dean Neville as the legitimate successor to the See of Cork, and no man was more pleased by that recognition than the venerable Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Delany, who in letters to Rome put his claims strongly; but this desire of Neville's friends, and what is thought to have been the goal of his own ambition, was completely foiled by unfriendly influences. Deeply wounded, he gradually sank. That great brain softened. Healy made a special journey to Cork to see him, and on his return declared that Dr. Neville's state presented the most touching spectacle it had ever been his lot to witness. Death came at last, as his best friend, and he passed away gently in his picturesque retreat by the waters of the Lee. Father Healy felt acutely the death of his old class-fellow, and for a time seemed to think that his own might be the next.

To prevent a false inference, it may be well to say that Dr. Neville's exclusion was due to no canonical fault. Experts certainly said that he was ignorant of the real science of theology; that his forte only lay in pointing out difficulties and triumphantly dashing through them with the

prowess of a prize-fighter. But his exclusion seems to have been rather due to an undisguised taste for litigation in the past, and to the operation of political influences. As a priest, he was *sans peur et sans reproche*, but he had no sympathy with the Land League, which in his day held Ireland in its grasp and numbered amongst its most zealous agents almost every priest outside the city. When Neville died, Parnell was the uncrowned monarch of Ireland. The condemnation of 'boycotting' by the Pope had yet to come. The reaction against Parnell, due to disclosures in the Divorce Court, had not then set in. All the parish priests in Cork and around it were for Neville; those who ruled rural parishes opposed his claims. The then Bishop of Cork was a Whig of the old school; if a curate attended a Land meeting, he was banished to the end of the diocese, possibly to the extremest point of Cape Clear. Father Healy told of this Bishop that one day, when catechizing children, he asked who were the martyrs, and to his horror received for reply, 'Allen, Larken and O'Brien, my lord'—the three men whose fate earned the popular title of the 'Manchester Martyrs.' 'The Bishop of Cork spent yesterday with me, and spoke of you,' Healy said, addressing a genial Judge. 'I saw him at the railway-station, but I did not feel sure if he would like to be accosted.' 'When he left my house he was perfectly sober,' said Healy. 'What!

exclaimed the Judge. 'As sober as a judge,' responded Father Healy.

The agrarian agitation had been gravely marked at intervals by crime, or what Bacon styles 'the wild justice of revenge.' This, of course, was reprobated by the clergy. But Father Healy, when meeting clerical friends from the country, rarely failed to hail them as Land Leaguers, and sometimes to administer hard hits. One day Dean Quirk, a fine old patriarchal priest and advanced politician from Cashel, called to see him. 'How goes on the Land League, Dean?' 'Latterly I leave politics to my curate.' 'Quite right, Dean. It would not do for you or me at our time of life, and in this moist climate, to sit for hours on the bank of a ditch with a gun in the hand watching a landlord.' Father Healy was talking to a friend in the street, when a youth came up begging alms; having received a penny, he scampered off, revealing in his retreat a very tattered apparel. 'That is a nice cut of an Irish landlord,' said Healy. 'How so?' asked the friend. 'Because he *has rents in a rear*.'

In 1881, during the height of the 'No Rent' agitation, Healy, chancing to meet one of the Jesuit Fathers at the door of the Catholic University, commented on the genial weather then prevailing. 'We will pay for it later on,' said the Jesuit, foreseeing the cutting winds which soon

followed. '*Pay for it, my dear fellow!*' exclaimed Healy; 'don't mention it; we have given up that sort of thing long ago,' adding from Virgil as he shook his head, '*O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint, agricolas.*'

'Shut out the subject of the weather, and you destroy the conversation of half the world,' said Shirley Brooks. The above was one of the many occasions when Father Healy shared the general habit of making comments on this topic. I have known him to speak of the month of March, when specially fine, as 'a stolen March, a deserter from the ranks of June.'

Cardinal MacCabe held the same political views as Father Healy and all previous Archbishops of Dublin from Troy down. Dr. Walsh, the highly-distinguished President of Maynooth, on succeeding to MacCabe, co-operated with Dr. Croke and almost every other Irish Prelate in the National policy. No English ruler had sought more energetically to stamp out Irish agitation than the Viceroy, Lord Spencer, and his Chief Secretary, Mr. Forster, who, after the arrest and imprisonment of Parnell and half Ireland as 'suspects,' was recalled. One day Lord Spencer, who had been denounced as a Coercionist, surprised everybody by avowing himself a convert to Home Rule. Father Healy chancing to be entertained by this peer soon afterwards, a hope was expressed that the priest might

soon obtain some Church preferment. 'Now that your lordship has gone over to the Home Rulers,' was the reply, 'perhaps you would put in a word for me with my Bishop.' Lord Spencer, when in Ireland, had been strongly opposed to Archbishop Walsh's views, and the joke was so extravagant that much laughter was occasioned.

In noticing Dean Neville's relations with Father Healy, allusion has been made to the latter as a confessor. In the tribunal of penance he was kind and patient, and he interpreted God's law with more strictness than, from his general character, might be supposed. Dean Lee, the parish priest of Bray, having asked him if he did not think St. Alfonso Liguori was over-strict in his instructions to pastors, he replied: 'I do not think he is half strict enough.' In this answer one traces, perhaps, Healy's early ascetic training under the Lazarites. These instructions of St. Alfonso Liguori were specially framed for the French clergy during the great crisis of the Revolution.

Father Tom Burke, 'the prince of preachers,' as Pio Nono called him, has been mentioned as one of a coterie who, with Neville and Meehan, frequented Healy's house twenty years ago. 'That man's brain is as full as a fresh egg,' Burke said. The great preacher had not the gift of repartee like Healy, but he possessed a most striking dramatic power, and in telling a story could

imitate every accent and every class of life. But the moment conversation became serious, one felt the influence of a master mind, and listeners were almost awed by the melodious toll of his strong, ringing words.

Canon Pope will be remembered as an irrepressible talker—one who made a monarchy of what ought to be a republic. One evening when the battledore and shuttlecock of wit took an unlucky turn, and the subject of language and dialect was started, Canon Pope at once seized the opportunity, and went on to say, 'All languages, sir, may be arranged in distinct classes or families, and the relationship subsisting between the members is obvious. We trace the variations in orthography, inflection and conjugation from the parent stock. Thus, the Indian Gothic family sends forth its dialectic children in the Armenian, Zend, Lithuanian, Slavonian, Teutonic, Sanscrit and Celtic; the Semitic family contains the Hebrew, Arabic and Syriac offspring. Primary dialects are divided into subdialects; three distinct dialects nestled in the bosom of the Greek—the Æolian, Dorian and Ionic. The brogue of Tipperary is an incipient dialect, where by lengthening the vowels——'

'O Canon!' interrupted Healy, who had been long watching for an opportunity to give a pleasant turn to this ponderous monologue, 'Tipperary is hardly the place to lengthen your vowels, for *there*

they'd think little of knocking your two *eyes* into one.'

He never failed to take a shot at monologue, and would fain reduce it to a dead language.*

Father Ring, the eminent Oblate and Head of that Order, went down to Bray accompanied by another priest, intending either to visit Father Healy or to dine with him—I now forget which. On arrival at the Queen of Irish Watering-places, they decided that it was too early to call, and, *pour passer le temps*, went to Bray Head to bathe. Father Ring, unfortunately, was taken ill in the water, and returned to Dublin, while his companion proceeded to the hospitable presbytery at Little Bray. Healy listened with great concern to the unpleasant and very disconcerting story, but, wishing, as usual, to distil a drop of honey out of every cup of bitters, at last said: 'Bray Head was near being *Ring's End*.'†

* A learned bore, having talked a friend nearly out of his senses, finally struck out on 'the oyster,' which he called 'one of the most remarkable specimens of creative wisdom extant,' when his friend interrupted him, and 'closed the debate,' with the exclamation, 'The oyster! Ah, yes, the oyster is a glorious fellow: he always knows when to shut up!'

† A harbour and village near Dublin, where the Holyhead packet formerly landed its passengers.

A writer in *Notes and Queries* (Second Series, ii. 815) sought to give a modern origin to the name 'Ring's End'; but so far back as October 29, 1620, King James I., in a letter, speaks of 'the place called the Ring's End' (Patent Rolls).

This, however, was not better than his geographical discovery of 'Behring Straits in London,' made at the time when the Barings fell into financial troubles.

He was one evening told a story that Canon MacManus heard from his own Professor at Maynooth, Dr. Russell, regarding a priest in Down who had often been insulted by a low Orangeman, who at last capped his insolence by threatening to hunt him from a field he was crossing so as to attend in haste a sick-call. The priest—a decided humorist—was equal to the occasion. He knew that the Orange bully was superstitious, so, putting on his stole, he said, 'Now, sir, which would you prefer to be turned into—a turkey-cock or a buzzard?' The bully at once took to his heels, clearing dykes and ditches with marvellous agility, and never annoyed the priest after.

'That reminds me,' said Healy, 'of a *mauvais sujet* whom Father —— threatened to turn into a rat. The man scoffingly replied that he knew better than to believe such nonsense, but, nevertheless, on his return home he thought he might as well banish the cat.'

It was stated that an eccentric and unpromoted priest had become a daily reader in the library of Trinity College. 'What is the meaning of this new move?' asked one. 'I hear he is bringing out a book,' remarked Monsignor Walsh. 'I don't

believe it; he's too well watched,' exclaimed Healy.

When he disported to amuse his friends, it was like an improvised fantasia from the Abbé Liszt, not the turning of an oft-repeated barrel-organ, as was too frequently the case with Canon Pope. Some people think, but wrongly, that Father Healy's intercourse with his fellow-priests did not extend beyond a chosen few. 'Tis true that many priests whom he knew and loved twenty and thirty years ago had dropped one by one, leaving gaps which could not be filled, but, as a rule, no man entertained more priests, not only of his own diocese, but of remote places, for Bray has been always a favourite resort with priests on vacation. When Father Healy heard of the arrival of one of whom he knew anything, he at once called at his hotel and made him fix the day and hour to dine. Priests with whom he was very intimate were sometimes summoned by postcard or wire, 'Victuals at five'; if the spirit moved him, a poetical invitation went. I remember to have seen one to the Pastor of Swords, naming a lot of presbyters whom he would meet, including

'Doyle, who polishes his hat;
The brothers Leahy—Jem and Pat.'

'Doyle, who polishes his hat,' was a prominent administrator who rode a good horse. It was said

that when Dean O'Connell, parish priest of Had-dington Road, died, he had his eye on the parish, and during its widowed state rode round it daily ; but Canon Lee was appointed instead, and Doyle got Donnybrook, encumbered with a heavy debt. 'Doyle missed the Road and fell into the Brook,' said Healy. The latter village, when the site of the famous fair, had been familiarly known by this name.

James Leahy, Pastor of Sandycroft, had got a reputation for saying good things. He usually alighted at Dundrum for his parish, while Father Healy went on to Bray. When dining with Healy, both spoke of some conversation they had a few days before. 'Only the train was going off, I would have turned back and said twice as good a thing,' said Leahy. 'It's well you did not, James,' replied Healy.

Father Healy, by his infectious but healing wit, relieved his overworked fellow-labourers in the vineyard, and in many cases prolonged their lives. He once said that Erasmus was saved from death by a fit of laughter, which caused an abscess in his throat to burst that would otherwise have destroyed him.

A well-known divine, when visiting the Alps, '*slithered* down' the side of a mountain, but escaped with an ugly bruise. To localize where the damage was done, Healy said, 'he had left

nothing but the baseless fabric of a wreck.* Healy's persiflage was generally recognized as wisdom on a holiday, and perhaps Thackeray's description of the humorist as 'the week-day preacher' would fit him very well.

Cardinal Cullen, at some great Church function, preached on the advantage of an ascetic life and the duty of self-denial. Father McSwiggan was master of the ceremonies; Father Eaton assisted at the throne. 'There,' said Canon Pope in a well-studied joke, 'was the abstemious Cardinal with *Eatin* and *Swiggan* at each side of him.' 'Oh, that's nothing,' said Healy; 'I have seen beggin' and cribbin' in the holy place.' Beggan and Cribbon were both well-known Vincentian Fathers.

Amongst those who returned the festive compliment so often paid by Father Healy was Canon Keogh, P.P., of Balbriggan. The night turned out so tempestuous that the priests began to fear it would be hopeless to get home. 'I'll put up a few hammocks for you,' said the host, using the seafaring language of the place. 'We'll be all *suspended* priests in that case,' remarked Father Healy.†

* 'And like the baseless fabric of this vision

* * * * *

Leave not a rack behind.'

The Tempest, Act IV., Scene 1.

† Canon Keogh made a great scene in Court by refusing to be sworn on the Protestant Testament. Father Healy was

A great friend of Healy's became a Bishop, and it was predicted might yet be a Cardinal. 'In that case he'll have to cut ——,' said somebody, naming a layman with whom the Bishop had 'chummed.' 'If so, it will be cut and come again,' said Healy.

Thanks to the munificence of the late Rev. Christopher McCan, a much-needed church was built on the City Quay, whose congregation largely included colliers and coal-porters. Its patron saint, Healy said, ought to be St. Coleman, and its pastor Father Collier (afterwards parish priest of St. Agatha's), but the collections, he added, were generally *slack*.

All who met Father James in social hours know how thoroughly temperate he was ; but he liked to see people around him enjoy themselves, and their enjoyment served to keep alight the flame of his wit. Sometimes it was his whim to startle matter-of-fact friends whom he casually met out of doors by some remark which might lead them to think he cared not much for Father Mathew. A medical friend from Dublin met him ascending Bray Head. 'I'm going to dine with ——, and don't you pity me this hot day clambering over the hill?' 'You will find it worse coming back in the dark.' 'Oh,

of opinion that, the Anglican being substantially identical with the Douay version, it would be held by Catholic theologians that a priest might swear on it in a British Court of Justice.

at that time I will be in a state to care very little how I come down. A retort which I got the other night has all but persuaded me that this might be so,' he added, seeing that his matter-of-fact friend seemed puzzled, and he then told a story, of which the following are the salient points: A cabman at Bray, who sometimes 'imbibed,' was yet often employed by Father Healy, partly in the hope of making him reform, and partly because the man was a humourist. A local magnate gave a gentlemen's dinner, and Healy, having ordered the cabman to call for him at ten p.m., was pained to observe, on leaving the hall-door, that his Jehu was not quite sober. 'Drunk again, Peter,' muttered the good priest. 'Well, to tell you the truth, yer reverence, I'm a *little* that way myself.'

He had another story of Canon John Harold, of Ballybrack, who, on being driven home by a jarvey on a very wet day, gave him a glass of whisky. 'What do you think of that stuff?' asked the Canon. The man smacked his lips. 'If your reverence had some of that in the holy-water font, you'd never have to lecture us on being late for Mass.'

He was fond of joking on the national weakness in favour of what he pleasantly styled 'the native.' He himself drank only red wine. I remember his saying to an eminent distiller at dinner, 'What we want is cheap whisky.' 'Until the duty is removed

it cannot be so,' replied the matter-of-fact distiller to Healy. 'Right; we are too much devoted to duty.'

A pious and fussy priest of slender abilities officiated in an adjoining parish. 'That is a perfect saint you have got for a neighbour,' remarked a lady. 'Yes, ma'am; he's making a holy show of us.'*

If Father Healy's curate chanced to be temporarily absent, the Padre would attend sick-calls himself, often at considerable distances; and he never was known to say to him afterwards, as another might do, 'I attended a call for you at So-and-so's.' The curate, when away on a well-earned vacation, hearing that Father Healy was not well, was arranging to return, when the Padre wrote charging him on no account to abridge his holiday. 'There's a very good tether which will bring him back.' 'When will he be back?' 'When the money's out.' It was a theory with Healy that no book was a greater stimulus to activity than the empty pocket-book.

The Rev. Patrick McCabe, afterwards Canon, and parish priest of Glasthule, was affected from boyhood by an infirmity of the knee. By great

* The allusion was to the late Rev. T. J. Dolan, Administrator Cabinteely, to perpetuate whose memory the inhabitants, some years after his death, raised, in Dean's Grange Cemetery, a Celtic cross twelve feet high.

exertions he built the beautiful church of St. Joseph, at Glasthule, and a sainted friend, Vicar-General in the diocese, observing that he looked overworked, took him for a tour which necessitated much walking. 'I protest I would not allow that man even to walk at my funeral,' exclaimed Father Healy. McCabe came home none the better for his holiday, and died soon afterwards.

Healy's common-sense appeared in many small things. Before the use of feeding-bottles became general, a Protestant lady waited on him to represent the inconvenience it caused whenever 'nurse deserted baby and went to Mass.' Healy replied :

'If the nurse were thwarted in fulfilling that obligation, it might upset her system and cause still greater injury to the baby.'

'You seem to know a great deal about nursing.'

'Well, ma'am, I never did much in that way myself, but I have conversed with those who did.'

Father Coulan met Father Healy at Ballybrack railway-station just as he was saying good-bye to Lady Fitzgerald. 'You look as if you had just delivered a sermon,' said Healy, 'and, what's more, you look as if you had acquitted yourself well.' 'If you were my curate you wouldn't say that,' replied the priest thus accosted. 'If I were your curate, I'd tell you the truth.'

A Vicar-General of the Diocese of Dublin,

addressing the present writer, said : ' In discussions of difficult problems the opinion of Father James Healy was often sought. With electrical rapidity he never failed to see and go for their vulnerable points, and by some quaint stroke of humour dexterously hit them.'

' Great as he was as a wit,' observes Master Mathews, ' it was as a sage full of sound, practical advice that I really esteemed and valued him. It was my privilege on repeated occasions to sit next him at dinner, and his sound common-sense was a boon and a blessing to hear. The wit was for the table, the wisdom was for me, and personally I felt myself deeply his debtor for counsel that proved of real advantage to me.'

It sometimes happens that when money is sent to a priest for the celebration of Masses, in the hope of attaining a particular object, he may already have so many Masses to say for other clients that he asks some friendly priest, less likely to be pre-engaged, to accept the money and say the prescribed number.

A neighbouring pastor remitted to Father Healy the sum of £7, which had been sent to him on the understanding alluded to, but as his hands were full he asked the Pastor of Little Bray to do what was right and proper under the circumstances. Some time elapsed, and no acknowledgment came from Father Healy, which caused the sender no

small perplexity, and, indeed, uneasiness, and it proved a real relief when at last a postcard arrived bearing the pregnant words, 'Country orders punctually attended to.—HEALY.'

The dignity of *enfant de Marie* is awarded at convent schools to young ladies who can show a specially good record. An imposing religious ceremonial is gone through by the priest, and the girl is duly admitted. One to whom this privilege had been promised, returned, after vacation, to Loretto School, Bray, and claimed its fulfilment. The chaplain was away, and the matter would have been placed in abeyance had not the young lady sought Father Healy, who, though leaving by train to keep a social engagement, kindly accompanied her to the convent, and read with the impressiveness of which he was master the service that made her then and there a 'child of Mary.'

He took good care that all children of his flock attended Catechism on Sundays. He would pass from form to form questioning the little ones on the Sacraments, their duties to God and their neighbour, 'thus dispensing, drop by drop, to those babes of faith,' as Meehan once said, 'the milk of an instruction, soft, simple, and suited to their capacity.' Out of doors he was more their schoolfellow than their pastor, and children often prattled with delight at the sound of his name.

On one occasion he felt it his duty to ask an old

woman from Ulster, who seemed not very bright, a few questions on the Christian doctrine. Pointing to a crucifix, he asked, 'What Person of the Blessed Trinity is that?' The woman went over very close to the crucifix, as if the question was to be solved by scanning the features.

It was about this time that he built St. Peter's Schools at Little Bray. A mission held by the Jesuit Fathers in 1880, at the request of Father Healy, was productive of much spiritual advantage to the people of his parish. The confessionals were crowded, and some remarkable conversions made.

'The world, of which he was the ornament,' writes his late curate, the Rev. Joseph Burke, P.P., 'knew him and idolized him. But the few acquainted with the beauty of his other and inner life of child-like faith and tender piety revered him and blessed him, not for his mental prowess only, but also, and more so, for his hidden goodness. The edifying cadences of his recitation of the "Hail! Holy Queen," after his daily Mass, and the soul-stirring music of his Christmas-morning preachings, still linger pleasantly in the mindful ears of his congregations at Little Bray. His cheery word, that so often sweetened the gift of his open hand, is still treasured in the hearts of its poor.' Father Burke adds that he, who ministered under Healy, or, rather, with him, for three-and-twenty strifeless years, and knew him as none other

did, can bear witness that, times beyond number, he had discovered how the silent 'soggarth' at the dying bedside in the lowly cabin had done

'Good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame.'

Thus we see that all the while he seemed to live with the great he was the practical priest, the 'soggarth aroon,' beloved by his poor flock, for each of whom he always had a pleasant word and a joke as he passed by.

CHAPTER XII.

Social Intercourse Poisoned—'The Evangelist of Peace'—
Lord Randolph Churchill—Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley
on the Genial Padre—The Dinners at Little Bray—W.
Lysaght Griffin—Lefanu—Dr. Mahaffy—The Venus of
Milo.

IN the years 1824 and 1825 a Parliamentary Committee of both Houses sat to hear the evidence of witnesses on the state of Ireland. Dr. Doyle, O'Connell, Sheil, Wyse, and others, were examined. Hugh O'Conner, an eminent merchant, said that he was about to leave Ireland for ever. 'Q.—Which is the inconvenience which you peculiarly suffer? Is it the political disability or the inconvenience of party feeling? A.—I never sought for any place: it is from social intercourse being poisoned. Q.—Do you think that there are other Catholics disposed to take the same step as you yourself are inclined to do? A.—It is natural to suppose there are; I have heard many say they would leave Ireland.'

This testimony affords a touching picture of the state of society in Ireland at the time James Healy was born. The good he helped to do in softening sectarian prejudice, and breaking down the barrier that bigots had built, was remarkable. In what light a priest was viewed is curiously shown by Sir William Gregory in his recently-published Memoirs. 'I remember,' he writes, '— wanting me to join him in throwing overboard the Dublin packet two tin cases belonging to some Roman Catholic Prelate. I asked him why we should do such a thing, and his answer was, "Because he is a Catholic priest, and of course a scoundrel."' Many regarded it as a grievance that such 'scoundrels' as priests should be tolerated by law. The *Times*, in a memorable leader, called them 'surpliced ruffians.' This tone provoked retort. When James Healy's missionary career began, the dead walls of Dublin, the public press, and hawkers of pamphlets at every street-corner, proclaimed from a prominent Irish priest most bitter sentiments, polemic and political. Parsons angrily challenged him to closer conflict; party spirit was aroused, and even *Punch* lost his wonted good-humour by retaliating in scathing terms. This priest, with stinging points and pen dipped in gall, was regarded by Protestants, but erroneously, as a type of his order. Father Healy came as a revelation and a relief, and by

one Conservative journal was described as 'the evangelist of peace.'

'The most noteworthy feature in Father Healy's unrivalled power,' writes the man who knew him best, 'was its singular merit of being solely attributable to his own individual genius. He owed nothing to the adventitious aid of fortune. As he once said of himself, it was "his luck to always back the wrong horse." He was no courtier, although he was, when he wished, a man of most courtly address.

'He was but a plain pastor in a rural parish scantily dowered with this world's wealth. He enjoyed no professional prestige because of theological or oratorical pre-eminence—not that he did not often, both as preacher and divine, prove the excellence of his attainments; and his sermons were models of choicest eloquence. The happy chance of circumstances, that sometimes comes to make men great, never arose to lift him into greatness. By himself alone, by the sheer dint of his own personality, despite his humble antecedents, he achieved social prominence.

'It is well-nigh impossible to exaggerate the importance of Father Healy's beneficent action on the society in which he moved. The younger folk of the present generation can hardly ever realize the amount of good he effected. It seems as if Providence had assigned to him a special mission.

It appeared to be his proper vocation to surmount by his suavity, and demolish by his sterling manliness, the barriers of prejudice, which had, for ages of inveterate ascendancy, ostracized his creed and its professors. This he achieved by the valiant upholding of his religion at all times. Before everything, and above everything, he was *always the priest*, as an observant Bishop was wont to remark of him.

'Although he consistently eschewed all political bias, he loved his country dearly. He was too broad-minded in his liberality to reserve for "party what was meant for mankind." We have seen how he entertained at his humble table in Little Bray (sometimes on fare so plain that only *his* Attic salt could save it from the brand of meagreness) leading personages of Church and State, Princes and Prelates, peers and politicians, who nowhere else in the wide world could find a common inch of peaceful ground to rest on. As a famous guest at one of these memorable repasts, the Papal Envoy, now Cardinal Persico, afterwards remarked, Father Healy was "the only man living who could have such a gathering." His genial presence and the light of his beaming eye, like glowing sunshine, fused every element, and shed a halo over everything.'*

* The Rev. Joseph Burke, P.P., St. Gabriel's, formerly curate to Father Healy.

Men who had long viewed a priest with repugnance gradually warmed towards Healy, and finally all but folded him in their embrace. This effect extended socially. The lines of separation, which in various circles had been severely marked, grew more and more indistinct.

Lord Randolph Churchill became specially intimate with Father Healy, and was constantly present at his dinners, and the genial Padre often spent the evening with 'Randy,' whose pleasant little dinners were invariably joined by the Duke of Marlborough, his father. One evening, at Lord Justice Fitzgibbon's, Lord Randolph paid a subtle compliment to Healy in a style essentially his own: 'It's well for us Protestants that all the priests are not like *you*.' He often uttered cynicisms,* and some persons looked grave, not knowing what was coming. 'How so?' said the Padre. 'Because in that case we'd all become Catholics,' replied Lord Randolph. But, apart from the charm of his manner, there was a general wish to become the

* Many stories of Lord Randolph's brusqueness are told. 'When he was at the India Office, a kinsman of one of his titled colleagues was shown up to his room. The Secretary of State was busy at the moment, and, just looking up from his papers, said, "Take a chair." He then went on writing, and apparently had forgotten the presence of his visitor, who, after restlessly moving about, at last said, "I beg your pardon, my lord; I have come from my uncle, Lord ——" "Then take two chairs," said Lord Randolph, continuing his writing.

friend of a man with whom friendship was no idle name. In this connection I cannot help quoting some excellent remarks kindly addressed to me by Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, who has not only won glory in the field of battle, but has also gained laurels as a historian of his country's campaigns. 'I do not remember,' he writes, 'any but the ordinary stories of dear Father James Healy. Good as his stories were, he was himself as a man, as a friend, far better than any or all of them. It was the spirit of the man, the genial good-nature, refusing to think, still less to speak, ill of anyone, the truly Christian instinct moving within him, that caused him to be loved by all who had the privilege of knowing him. As long as he lived, all felt there was at least one friend to whom we might go and tell our woes or worries with a certainty of finding sympathy and comfort. I admired him for his great genial wit, that welled up and bubbled over fresh and sparkling and without taint; but it was the kindliness of his disposition and the warmth of his kindliness that endeared him to me. All who know Irish social life, and what is commonly called society here, realize how much we lost by his death. He was a link between the many sections into which we Irish are unhappily divided, and he had the moral courage—a rare virtue in Ireland—to express his opinions very plainly, even when he knew that his views were unpalatable to

the majority of his own cloth in this country. A man of pure mind and pure life, he was an ornament to the ancient priesthood he belonged to, and did much to raise the opinion entertained for his race by those who are ignorant of Ireland and its people.'

It has been said that 'No reason, however clear, no thought, however deep, no judgment, however sound, can compensate for the absence of a warm heart and sympathetic feelings. But these well-developed qualities in Healy brought their penalties. His sympathetic nature produced in some instances an irresistible impulse to confide. A retired military officer, with a historic name and hereditary rank, settled down, in the evening of life, near Bray, and was prone to discuss religious topics from a strictly Protestant point of view. In his frequent visits to Father Healy he was fond of recurring to the past, and of dwelling on early personal peccadilloes, and the Padre told Lord Wolseley that he was at last obliged to be firm, and say, 'My dear Sir Patrick, if these confessions are to go on, you must consult me professionally.'

His dinners were uniformly simple, 'the feast of reason' being their best attraction. Once when Lord Fitzgerald and Mr. Justice Lawson dined with him, they found on taking their seats two very elaborate *menus* set before them. The joke lay in the fact that Father Healy had preserved

both as a souvenir of some brilliant banquets given by the Duke of Abercorn. The Judges were naturally surprised, knowing that Father Healy was not in the habit of giving, nor could he afford to give, so expensive a feast, and peals of laughter rose when Lawson, on being pressed to have more beef, said that, like Goldsmith, he was 'keeping a corner' for the venison.

During a homely dinner, attended by Lefanu, Lysaght Griffin,* Nedley, Lord Monck, etc., the host, in one of those anxious moments from which even he was never quite free, expressed a wish towards its close that it might have been more ample. 'I have got an entire duck here,' said Mr. Bentham, who was carving that dish. 'That must be a drake,' promptly responded the host. This, like the rest of his jokes, came like an electric flash. Ladies, of course, were never asked to the priest's dinners. But he had stories of the ladies he met at other tables. A doctor complained good-humouredly that his host's stories had made him neglect his plate until the contents had got cold. 'I remember,' said Father Healy, 'a great gourmet

* Lysaght Griffin, nephew of pleasant Ned Lysaght, and son of the Bishop of Limerick, was constantly chaffing Healy, sometimes by letter. 'I had an audience with the Pope,' he writes from Rome. 'His Holiness was most gracious, which encouraged me to say, "I hope you mean to give a mitre to Healy."' The Chamberlain, interfering, whispered, "The less you say on that point the better."'

who, at a dinner-party, on being asked to take down the Hon. Miss —, a famous beauty, replied, "Pass her on to someone else, ma'am; I don't like to be disturbed at my meals.'"

Lefanu, the popular and portly official who a year before his death wrote his *Recollections*, referred one evening, ere the company broke up, to a Continental trip he had made with a party of friends. 'I was the only man of the party whom the fleas did not bite,' he said. 'That is very strange; I always thought you were a general favourite,' said Healy.

The twinkle of his eye, like Buckstone's, never failed to tell, but, as one who knew him has well expressed it, 'It was not so much what he said, as the way he said it, that so charmed one's heart. Served cold, many of his best things lose half their savour. It was the inimitable expression, the smothered fun in his voice, his soft brogue, the kindling of the eye, which, as often as not, did the trick.'

Somebody mentioned an eminent professional man famous for the perfection and variety of his dishes, and that he was constantly in the kitchen with his finger in every pie and his hand in every pot: 'I hope he may not put his foot in it,' said the Padre.

Father Healy's dinners usually took place on Saturday; first, because it was the only evening he never dined out, and, secondly, because it was

an evening that he was bound to be at home. Dinner was served at five-thirty, and at eight he would glide away quietly and return in an hour or less. Everybody knew that during the interval he was in his confessional consoling or exhorting penitents.

'He probably at no time commanded more than £200 a year—his parish was the poorest in the diocese,' writes the Rev. Dr. Mahaffy, F.T.C.D., 'and yet by the large qualities of head and heart, helped by a native fund of wit of the first order, he made himself beloved and respected by his parishioners, approved by his Diocesan, the centre of a simple but large hospitality in his home, the favoured and envied guest of the great, the model of what an Irish priest might be. There was no question about his extraordinary gifts for conversation. He was far better than a teller of stories, a preparer of smart sayings. Though he saw the humorous side of things spontaneously, he could not be called a humorist; he was essentially a natural wit, who turned any chance topic that arose with brilliant versatility to his purpose. . . . It is well to call attention, as a lesson in the exercise of a dangerous gift, to the three qualities which made him the model of a man of society. In the first place, as I have said, his wit was spontaneous. No man could ever suspect him of preparation. In the second place, it was pure—a quality very dis-

tinctive of Irish wit, and one which he asserted for it when the need arose, not without sternness. Thirdly, it was kindly, nor did he ever use his power to hurt the feelings of any human being.* Yet many a severe moral lesson was conveyed to his Irish parishioners with this consoling flavour; many a young man checked in doubtful talk; of course, many a weary and sick soul cheered by this gift from a pastor who could say, with St. Peter, "Silver and gold have I none."

'He was never at a loss for a kindly word; to meet him in the street was like passing suddenly into sunshine. . . . At his simple house in Bray, with the aid of a single servant, he would entertain all that was distinguished in Irish society for rank and for intellect. The feast was modest, but most ample. The company might possibly have been gathered together with much difficulty by a duke or a millionaire. There was hardly another man living who could supply the qualities of the host, beaming with hospitality and sparkling with wit, at the head of this incomparable table. Such losses may soon deprive Ireland of its prerogative as a land of delightful social intercourse.'

* To Dr. Mahaffy's remark I may, perhaps, add that Healy never applied nicknames. One exception might be made, but it was classic and complimentary. The wife of a gentleman whose Christian name was Milo he spoke of as 'Milo's Venus.' He called the tiny daughter of Denny Lane 'Bureen,' which is the Irish for a small rural lane.

When gold poured in after his death to endow a hospital, it was suggested by 'An Old Parishioner' that it should not be built in any of the low-lying portions of Little Bray, but to secure the scene of his pious labours and successes—a spot made holy by his life, and in view of the ever-changing tints of the beautiful Wicklow mountains.

Unspoiled by adulation, he was remarkable—as young priests have often testified—for always stopping in the streets to converse with them when he chanced to meet one, no matter how previous engagements pressed; and he was no less noted for the genial feasts to which he rarely failed to bid them on such occasions.

One rude incident gave him some annoyance. He was attending an office for the dead in a country parish, and at its conclusion had put in a black bag the ecclesiastical costume usually worn when singing a dirge. This bag he temporarily left at the parochial house. Meeting a young curate at the door, he asked him to fetch the bag. The youth, regarding Healy as a swell, bridled at the request, and, quoting a phrase which he had learnt at school, retorted, 'Where is the servant you had last year?' 'It's the remark of a menial, sir,' replied Father Healy.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lord Fitzwilliam—Breakfast with Gladstone—‘Indulgences’
—Visit to Rome—A Bad Time in the Mediterranean—
Alexandria—Cairo and the Pyramids—The Dragoman—
Heliopolis, the Cradle of Healy’s Race—The Nile—A Plea-
sant Acquaintance formed—Luxor—A Treat in a Tram.

SHORTLY after Father Healy became P.P. of Little Bray, Mr. Darcy, D.L., an important parishioner, fitted up an oratory at Kilerony, supplied it with a set of very beautiful vestments, and asked Father Healy to act as chaplain, which he did. In 1879 he begged of the Padre to be his travelling companion on a long-projected trip to Italy and Egypt. The latter was nothing loath to take a holiday in such pleasant circumstances, and beneath the ægis of St. Martin of *Tours*, as he said, made preparations for departure.

During Mr. Gladstone’s first visit to Ireland in 1877, Healy had been introduced to him at Shillagh, the picturesque seat of Lord Fitzwilliam in Wicklow. A brilliant conversation ended in the

statesman exacting a promise from the priest to call upon him at any time he came to town.

Father Healy, finding himself near Harley Street, at once remembered the invitation, and sent up his card. He was rather taken aback, as he told Mr. Blyth, when the butler returned, saying, 'Mr. Gladstone is now very much engaged, and regrets he cannot see you.' It subsequently appeared that when the statesman read the name, 'Rev. James Healy,' on the card, he could not remember who he was, and concluded that his visitor was an applicant for alms or patronage; but after an hour he recollected all, and, with his usual energy, took immediate steps to trace and to find him. Meeting his supporter, Maurice Brooks, M.P. for Dublin, in the lobby of the House, he asked him if he knew Father Healy. 'Will you forgive a short invitation,' replied Brooks, 'and dine with me this day to meet him?'

'Mrs. Gladstone and I have a previous engagement, but if it can possibly be managed, the opportunity shall not be missed.'

The surprise and pleasure of the guests were great when Mr. Gladstone, at the last moment, arrived. Someone noticed that he ascended the stairs two or three at a time, and Father Healy said it was characteristic of his progressive nature that he should take three steps in advance when other men would take one.

A memorable evening was passed, and Mr. Gladstone, when leaving, asked Father Healy to breakfast on the following Thursday.

Father James gave an account of the breakfast. 'There were nine or ten other guests,' writes Mr. Justice Murphy, 'each remarkable in pursuit of some particular subject. Father Healy felt amazed at the knowledge Mr. Gladstone exhibited superior to each, even on subjects in which they claimed to be experts.

'One of those present was giving to Mr. Gladstone an account of a recent visit to Italy, and introduced the subject of indulgences in the Roman Catholic Church. Father Healy, seeing that they stood upon thin ice, made no attempt to skate on it; but Mr. Gladstone, turning to him, said: "It is quite true, Father Healy; I have seen it myself. I have seen written at the entrance to a cathedral, 'Indulgences for 2,000 years to persons offering so and so.'" Father James, looking pleasantly at him, replied, "And now, sir, weren't you offered very liberal terms? And if you entered into the matter, you would probably find that you could not be dealt with more reasonably in any other quarter." After a short pause Mr. Gladstone joined in the hearty fit of laughter which this quaint reply provoked.' An Anglican divine who sat next him mentioned that in Luther's time indulgences had been given for groats, but Healy was not to

be drawn into any serious discussion, and, to avoid the risk and bitterness of polemics, remarked, 'I think they were dog-cheap at the price.'*

The Prime Minister kept Father James to speak to him when the others left, and on the priest saying, 'I wonder, sir, how you get time and power to keep up with all these gentlemen on subjects that they pursue with so much labour,' he replied, 'Ah, Father Healy, I was not made up for you.'

After a brief stay in the 'Modern Babylon,' the traveller proceeded to the Eternal City. He entered Rome with feelings of the deepest interest. God had once given her the empire of the world, and all nations bowed down before her universal sway. But what seemed to the priest her higher destiny and glory claimed more especially his

* It is a matter of great doubt whether, at the time described by the traveller, any conditions for obtaining indulgences were required, beyond visiting a particular church, worthily confessing and communicating, and praying for the intention of the Pope. There may have been irregularities in Luther's time, introduced by bad priests, who were hastily supplied to succeed the good Fathers who died in legions from the Black Plague. An indulgence does not remit the guilt or the eternal punishment of sin; but when sin and the eternal punishment sometimes due to it have been removed by repentance and absolution, a temporal punishment may still remain, and it is with the latter that indulgences deal.

'It has been often denied that money was ever given, but the Council of Trent alludes to abuses, and sternly prohibited "disreputable gains" made from those who desired to obtain indulgences.' See Sess. xiv., 'Decret. de Indulg.'

thoughts. He was very much of opinion with his friend, Father Burke, that her universal temporal empire in the past but foreshadowed the wider and more lasting empire which was to be hers as the head and centre of God's Universal Church. It was a great pleasure to meet again Cardinal Franchi, whom Father Healy had known in Dublin four years previously, and who was now the Prefect, or Head, of the Propaganda—a man whose active mind daily went out to the ends of the earth, in constant scrutiny of his great charge.

Healy had a bad time in the Mediterranean *en route* to Egypt. In the midst of strange darkness, he writes to his curate at Bray, 'Like St. Paul, we have not seen the sun or the stars for three days.' At Malta he suffered to some extent, but it was only, as he said, a Maltese cross. It was a welcome sight when at last, entering the harbour of Alexandria, Pompey's Pillar lifted its lofty head. Healy remembered enough of his Virgil, his Herodotus, his Pliny, and his Diodorus, to find the pleasures of the town enhanced by early reading.

Cleopatra's Needle, which had once stood at Heliopolis, and for centuries lay prostrate at Alexandria, had been removed to London the previous year; but the companion obelisk, since captured by America, remained, and engaged some share of his scrutiny. Hieroglyphics, however, were not much in his line. Alexander the Great, Antony and

Cleopatra, opened up a well of thought, nor could he forget that on this ground where Pompey fell England and France had measured strength.

After a pleasant sojourn, during which he made various excursions, he pushed on to Cairo, and put up at Shepherd's Hotel, where, after a day of much activity, visiting mosques and Coptic churches, or 'slithering down the Pyramids,' he slept well, and dreamt of Sinbad and Abou Hassan in the 'Arabian Nights.'

Most people know that, according to a term familiar in Eastern countries, the dragoman acts as guide and interpreter to visitors, but the phrase rather puzzled Father Healy. When Mr. Darcy and he were being hauled up the Pyramids by means of a considerable amount of exertion on the part of the guide, Father Healy suddenly exclaimed: 'Now I know what is meant by the *dragoman*.'

Mr. Darcy told me that one day, when looking from the windows of Shepherd's Hotel to see a grand cavalcade of pilgrims pass returning from Mecca, he was surprised to recognize, heading the van and in advance of the camels, Father Healy, mounted on an ass. His friend thought that he cut quite too comical a figure, but greater men than the Pastor of Little Bray rode on asses, and Robert Louis Stevenson won unfading laurels by his 'Travels with a Donkey.' The Padre, though

rather sore after the first day, greatly enjoyed this mode of locomotion. Napoleon, mounted on his charger, had not felt happier, inspecting his vast columns in the heyday of the Egyptian campaign, than James Healy as he viewed the 'Petrified Forest,' the Tombs of the Khalifs, the Gardens of Gizeh, or the Palace of Gezireh. But he never ceased to be the priest, and was no unfamiliar figure in the church of the Fathers of the Holy Land near the Muski, or the monastery of the Dancing Dervishes.

The grand incident of this tour was that already foreshadowed, the pilgrimage to Heliopolis, the cradle of his race, as he assured Lord Powerscourt.

Joseph's father-in-law had been a priest of its famous temple, and Moses studied in Heliopolis. But, as the pleasant Padre casually mentioned, 'the Healys, like the M'Hales, flourished long previously.'

'His ancestors were kings before Moses was born;
His mother descended from great Grana Uaile;
He laughed all the Blakes and the Frenches to scorn,
They were mushrooms compared to old Larry M'Hale.'

That portion of his tour on which Father Healy looked back with most pleasure was his journey by steamboat up the Valley of the Nile, with excursions to Thebes and Abydos. The steamboat expedition, with the return journey, consumes one month. Thus ample time is afforded amongst a

number of people who never met before to exercise over each other the tests of Lavater's system, to choose for converse men who promised well, and for friendship to grow gradually to a head. Father James tried them all in turn. Some men were so dry that, if pumped, sand almost seemed to come out, but others were like a flowing spring touched by the rod of Moses. Of course the inevitable funny man was on board, who dated the first banking transaction to the time when Pharaoh got a check on the Bank of the Red Sea crossed by Moses and Son; but funny men, like affable men, often repel. Father Healy was fortunate in meeting two genial Britons of great spontaneity. 'They were brothers,' writes the Rev. Joseph Burke; 'both had obtained honours in the diplomatic service: one was *chargé d'affaires* on a political mission to Persia; the other had achieved fame from having written a book descriptive of his travels in Southern America, where he had been engaged in an official capacity.'*

One day, as the close of their companionship approached, after the friends had inspected Luxor, which signifies 'Palaces,' Father Healy invited them to visit *his* palace at Little Bray, which, if not equal in splendour to that of Ramses II., pos-

* Letter of the Rev. Joseph Burke, P.P., April 24, 1895. Father Burke was for twenty-three years the coadjutor and correspondent of Father Healy.

essed more modern improvements. The invitation was accepted by one of the brothers, who spent a week with him.

It will be remembered that Mr. Darcy had franked Father Healy throughout the length and breadth of their travels. Both were very glad to see 'dear dirty Dublin again,' as Lady Morgan chose to style it, and Darcy having sent on the luggage by van, he and his friend got into a tram-car which was drawn up conveniently at the station. Just as the conductor was collecting the fares, Healy, putting on the gravest face, but unable to subdue the twinkle in his eye, magnanimously addressing Darcy, said: 'You must not be paying all the way; it's my turn now,' and thereupon pressed two coppers into the conductor's hand.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Egyptian Traveller entertained—A Budget of Stories—
More *Bon-mots*—Canon Farrell—Bennett Little—Knock
—Visit of the Editor of *Punch*—A Great Shock.

THE distinguished visitor who came to spend a week with Father Healy at Bray was shown objects of local interest under his guidance, and heard some quaint things the while. The old Chaplains of Newgate and Kilmainham, Dublin, had touching stories of the executions they attended; but Father Healy contrived to get hold of a somewhat grotesque trait. A culprit, when coming out to be hanged, was handed a glass of porter, from which he carefully blew off the froth. Galvin, the hangman, asked why he did so. 'I wonder a gentleman of your experience could ask me such a thing,' was the reply. 'Did you never hear that the froth of porter is the unwholesomest thing a man could put into his stomach?'

Healy's guest remarked that the Irish practice of offering to condemned criminals a pot of Dublin

stout was borrowed from England, where a tankard of ale was invariably presented at Tyburn, and he told a companion story. A sweep and a miller were both going to be hanged. The latter, who was an atheist, resisted the chaplain's ministrations, saying, 'Can't you let a poor fellow alone at his last pinch?' and would recoil from the sweep whenever he came near him; the latter at last said, 'Have I not as good a right to be here as you?'

It was about this time that Dr. Cross, J.P., of Shandy Hall, County Cork, with the object of marrying his governess, Miss Skinner, administered slow poison to his wife, of whose murder, on suspicion being aroused nine months after, he was found guilty. 'He acted with the refinement of barbarity,' said Healy, 'for before she was dead he proposed to skin her.'

Shortly after Dr. Palmer was convicted in England of murder, a physician in Dublin who bore the same name, and acquired great publicity from advertising his fee as five shillings, tendered a car-driver sixpence for a long 'set down.' The jarvey drove away, muttering, 'They hung the wrong man.' This doctor was nicknamed by his brethren 'the *crown* solicitor.'

The Rev. Henry Marshal was an Oxford convert to Catholicism, who in the fifties attained fame as a preacher in Ireland. But he was also remarkable for his great rotundity. Father Healy men-

tioned that this priest, when engaging an outside car, was surprised to see the driver put a cloth over the eyes of 'the baste,' and, on asking why, learned that if it saw who was getting up, the deuce an inch it would move.

'There is a car-driver at Bray,' he added, 'who remarked to me, as regards an Enniskerry lady of considerable stoutness who often employed him, "She has fallen greatly into *mait*, your reverence." But probably the driver best known at Bray is George Cullen. Mr. Lefanu always called him Paul, in allusion to Cardinal Cullen, whose letters and pastorals, signed "Paul Cullen," were constantly in the newspapers. One windy day Paul's hat blew off, and a brother carman wittily shouted to him, "Bedad, Paul, you were near losing your mitre!"'

The Right Rev. Edward MacCabe, Bishop of Gadara, succeeded Cardinal Cullen in 1878 as Archbishop of Dublin. He was a man of ascetic tastes, and not less rigid than consistent in deprecating the use of alcohol. If he noticed a tendency to festive habits or fondness for society in any curate, he was at once transferred to some thinly-populated and remote outlying parish; and one who had been dealt with in this way was glad to migrate to America.

A foreign priest, engaged in collecting for his mission, visited Dublin. The humidity of the Irish climate led him to try the fascinating influence of

the native antidote, and under its subtle sway he was weak enough to call upon Cardinal MacCabe; the ascetic hierarch perceived his condition, read him a severe lecture, and reported him to his Bishop. This incident was mentioned at a Conference dinner when Healy chanced to be present. 'What induced him to call on the Cardinal?' exclaimed a priest. 'The devil, envying his happy state,' replied Healy, quoting the well-known answer in the Catechism to the question regarding the temptation in Eden.*

Father Healy told another incident, which to any person knowing the parties was irresistibly comic. It was at this time that the Education Bill engrossed Episcopal attention. Cardinal MacCabe telegraphed from Dublin to a well-known Suffragan Bishop of advanced age, 'Will you accept the Bill?'

When the telegram reached the Bishop's house, its mitred chief was absent, giving Confirmation at M——. The message having been sent on, he replied, 'I don't much like accepting bills, but as far as a hundred or so goes, it is quite at your service.'

Healy said that Dr. MacCabe was deficient in the real sense of humour. When going to Rome in 1880 for the Cardinal's hat, some friends sought

* It will be remembered that Father Healy quoted these words before, but under utterly different circumstances.

to lighten the tedium of the journey by telling pleasant *ana*. All were received by his Grace with thorough impassiveness. At Mentone, previous to entering the Mont Cenis Tunnel, where there is always a great fuss on the platform, a porter, in hurriedly trundling a truck of valises, met with some sudden obstruction, and tumbled forward head over heels. 'Dr. MacCabe,' said Healy, 'laughed for twenty minutes.'

Father Healy's popularity and reputation for wit were largely due to his unflagging flow of animal spirits. Perhaps, if analyzed, some part of the secret of his uniform joyousness of manner would be found in the fact that he had a good conscience, was a good sleeper, and made a right substantial breakfast. He considered, with Maginn, that lunch was a bad compliment to your breakfast, and a downright insult to your dinner. If asked by a friend on whom he called at mid-day, 'What will you take?' the invariable answer was, 'I'll take my departure.' Whether his long fast was prudent or otherwise is a question for doctors to determine, but it had the effect at least of bringing to the late meal a sense of keen enjoyment.

'Have you seen B—— lately?' the Padre asked a friend. 'No; he is pulling the devil by the tail.' 'There are a great many doing that. The devil must have a very strong tail,' said Healy. *Apropos* of this phrase, he told the

following: A judicial personage entertained at Ballybrack a guest richer in talent than in gold, who had just been appointed Solicitor-General. The little daughter of the host was vainly asked by the guest to come over and shake hands. The child drew back, and Mr. Solicitor tenderly asked it to tell the cause of its terror. 'I heard papa say to mamma that you were always pulling the devil by the tail!' The feelings of the host and hostess may be imagined.

Healy was the incarnation of fun; his very features, from their abandonment to humorous enjoyment, had acquired at last such a peculiarity that they seemed specially cast in the mould of comedy.

The English visitor present during that memorable week at Bray was not the only Saxon who went back with the impression that, if all Irish hosts were like Healy, 'the most distressful country' must be a happy place to live in.

Father Healy asked to one of his pleasant dinners Mr. Fitzgerald Lombard, of the Horticultural Society, who, however, was unable to go, but sent as a propitiatory offering a basket of prize pears. This arrived just as dinner was about being served, and the host announced to his guests the welcome present. After the pie and pudding had disappeared, one of the guests was asked what fruit he would have, and modestly named an orange.

'Here's a man,' exclaimed Healy, 'who doesn't know the difference between *Lombard's treat* and a China orange.' The phrase 'All Lombard Street to a China orange' is one very familiar in the City.

It was the same evening, and a large party was present, including several Protestants. Canon afterwards Monsignor, Farrell, when asked what wine he would have, replied, 'I hear your Scotch whisky has a great reputation.'

At once came the reply, quick as lightning, while a decanter was shot across the table: 'Go! seek the bubble reputation at the Canon's mouth.'*

Canon Farrell had influence with Cardinal Cullen, who sent him on some small diplomatic missions for which he himself was utterly unsuited. Farrell was the attached friend of Neville and Healy, and in the interest of the latter urged Dr. Cullen to give him a slice of Ballybrack, of which, with Glasthule, Canon Pat McCabe was Pastor.

* It is the impression of one friend that this fine witticism fell from the late Bennett Little, who was certainly present with many other guests; but Father Healy's curate is positive in assigning it to his late pastor, and says that he can almost see him at this moment shoot the bottle across the table with the words above given on hearing the witticism. Little may have echoed it for the information of those at the other end of the table. This gentleman, an excellent after-dinner speaker, was secretary to the Cavendish Club; but he left it after some years, and started an opposition club, which led Father Healy to style the former the 'Cut Cavendish.'

McCabe had prepared to resign it, but complications arose, and the proposed change fell through. It was not until fifteen years later that Father Healy became at last P.P. of Ballybrack.

Two Canon MacCables were parish priests in Kingstown at the same time—Edward, afterwards Cardinal, and Pat, alluded to above—which led a witty carman to say that there was as much difference between them as between ‘Solomon the spectacles-maker’ and Solomon who built the temple at Jerusalem.

Father James was one evening dining at Kilcrony, a house in which he had been specially intimate, and the host and guest were desirous of smoking, but were restrained by the presence of the hostess, who had failed to follow her daughters to the drawing-room. ‘Go,’ he whispered, ‘and join the dam-sels.’ The phrase sounded startlingly like something else.

This house had long been famous as a great social resort for priests. One day the hostess said to Father Healy that henceforth she had determined to restrict her table to an odd one. ‘In that case I’m safe,’ he replied, ‘for I am the oddest priest you know.’

Mr. Lane, the old gardener at Kilcrony, was a quaint character, of whom Father James had more than one story. This man had been to Knock in the hope that its reputed efficacy in accomplishing

miraculous cures might restore him to pristine strength. When his master, Mr. Darcy, suffered from peculiar pains arising from gouty dyspepsia, Lane was asked whether he would advise him to try Knock. 'Well, sir, I'll give you my opinion: between man an' man' (a favourite expression with him), 'for boils or other outward ailments it can't be beat, but I have no faith in it when anything is wrong with the liver.' Lane's theory was that for sore eyes, or any ill that could be bathed in its waters, the effect was wonderful; but the way in which he seemed to limit the power of the Divine mercy had an irresistibly comic effect.

Tom Taylor died in 1880, and was succeeded as editor of *Punch* by Mr. F. C. Burnand, a name suggestive, in more than one sense, of 'Happy Thoughts.' He visited Dublin, of which he gave some account in *Punch*, and passed a little time with Father Healy at Bray. The Padre found in him a shrewd thinker rather than the screaming *farceur* which some sanguine persons had expected.

'Oh,' he said, 'it's no joke to find bread for six by making jokes.' Father James assembled some pleasant men to meet him, including Dr. Nedley, and Burnand, on his return to London, utilized several of the Padre's jokes and stories, and even gave a pictorial sketch of him in one of *Punch's* social cartoons. He had become a Catholic some time previously, and made no disguise of the

circumstances which led to this change.* From Dublin he went on to Killarney, and wrote to Healy: 'I am here surrounded by Protestants, and cannot help thinking that Ireland without Catholics is like a dinner without potatoes.'

In 1880, when Sandymount Parish became vacant, I heard from the Rev. J. J. Doyle, D.D., that his uncle, Dean Quinn, V.G., had been approached by Father Healy in the hope that it might be possible to transfer him from Bray to the suburban cure. Dr. Quinn, an austere man, gave no encouragement to the idea, and the Rev. John O'Hanlon, the erudite biographer of the Irish

* Mr. Burnand said that he had never given religion or polemics any serious thought. He was very serious, however, about his work in *Punch*, and was always on the lookout for material. He picked up the 'Confessions of St. Augustine' on a bookstall, and took it to '186, Fleet Street,' thinking that perhaps something piquant might be found in it. There an Anglican Bishop, who chanced to drop in, saw it. 'He concluded,' writes a well-informed source, 'that Mr. Burnand was on his way to Rome, or why should he read St. Augustine? "Have you really considered the step you are about to take?" he asked solemnly. "Very carefully," answered the professional joker, fancying the Bishop was alluding to his projected irreverence. "Well," said the Bishop, "come to me to-morrow, and I will show you reasons against it." Burnand went, and the Bishop explained the Anglican attitude to him. "I shall now show you how weak the Roman position is," added the Prelate. Burnand thanked him, but said he thought he had better go to Cardinal Newman for the Roman position. He saw the Cardinal for the first time, and that interview decided his course.'

saints, whose merits had been overlooked by Cardinal Cullen, received the appointment at Archbishop MacCabe's hands. Healy took occasion to congratulate O'Hanlon, saying, as he cordially grasped his hand, 'After myself, there is no man living whom I would be better pleased to see here.'

The Dublin correspondent of a London Society journal* furnished, on October 22, 1881, a sketch of Father Healy, and described a scene of which she claimed to have personal knowledge. She was walking down Westland Row, she said, on the previous Wednesday, when a salutation from behind caused her to turn round. In a moment her face beamed all over. It was Father Healy of Bray, and he beamed also. 'One of the pleasantest faces in life has Father Healy, and the most intellectual, with firm mouth and keen and searching eye, and as we walked to the station together I thought what a nice portrait he would make. His intellect is as bright as his glance, his converse lively and full of wit, his hospitality proverbial, his charity unbounded. No wonder that he is a favourite with all ranks and creeds, and there is no greater proof that he is so than the fact that, when he got heavily dipped some time ago through an unwise speculation, the money subscribed to release him from his difficulties flowed quite as freely from

* *The Ladies' Pictorial*.

Protestant pockets as from those of his own faith. He is famous for his kindly hospitality, but his entertaining is ever the simplest. The best people dine at his table, but it is off a single joint, preceded by soup or fish—never both—and followed by such fruit as is not to be bought for money : rich, luscious, ripe—the produce of the hot-houses and gardens of surrounding friends and neighbours. His cellar is of the best, no inferior liquid blemishes his board, and his cigars are such as remind one of those to be had only in a cosy club not a hundred miles from Waterloo Place, the members of which have their own tidy little Cuban property, and smoke the produce of their purchase to the envy of many a more pretentious house. At humorous story-telling Father Healy has few compeers, whilst his ready wit, which never degenerates to vulgarity, is ever keen and bright.'

The writer then proceeds to describe, merely as 'a Protestant tailor,' the once well-known, but now deceased, Samuel MacComas, J.P., one of the most advanced Evangelicals of his day. 'He is excessively anxious to convert the priest, we are told, and talks at him and to him in a manner which one less good-humoured might be tempted to resent. It happened that Father Healy and Mr. MacComas sat in the same railway compartment from Dublin to Bray, in company with a fellow-traveller, who was evidently one of the tailor's "set," and whilst

the priest sat back in his corner and read his newspaper, with great apparent attention, the two laymen carried on a religious discussion which was palpably meant to be for the benefit of the benighted Roman, who, if he were listening, certainly made no semblance of doing so, but, with spectacles astride his nose, sat well behind his paper. Hotter and more earnest waxed the good men's talk, and frequent reference was made to Messrs. Sankey and Moody, and to the Salvation Army, which the tailor designated as "the Army of the Lord," expressing a fervent wish that all Catholics could be induced to go and hear them during their expected visit to our town. Well, in the midst of the discourse, the train drew up at the station, and of course the three men got out, the tailor and his friend glancing anxiously at the face of the priest to see if they had made an impression; but Father Healy, with a stolid countenance, buttoned up his overcoat, tucked his newspaper under his arm, and was walking quietly away, when, suddenly, as though some thought had struck him, he turned and touched the tailor upon the arm. "A word with you, Mr. MacComas," said he; and the good tailor elevated his pious eyes, for he thought the work of grace had begun. "I wanted to say to you," said the priest, "that when this *army* you were talking so much about comes to Dublin, I hope *you* will get the contract

for the clothing!" This was, of course, a home-thrust for the indomitable Evangelical, but a week later he returned to the charge, and fairly button-holed Father Healy with Scriptural truths. "I agree with every word you say, Mr. MacComas," said the good Father; "but there's just one thing has always puzzled me, and there's no man can help me so well as you. That angel, you know, who stood with one foot planted on the sea and the other on dry land——" "Yes, yes," said MacComas in eager accents, "what can I tell you of him?" "Well, just this," said Father Healy: "seeing that he must have been a tremendous big fellow, I wanted to know *how many yards would it have taken to make him a pair of doeskins?*" Often since have I seen the priest and the proselytizer travelling Braywards, but severely avoiding discussion.'

This is too good a story to be suppressed, but I am bound to say that the retort—at least the final one—was not made by Father Healy, but by a great friend of his, Canon Leahy. Healy, however, did not say this to the writer of the foregoing when next they met, nor did he disclaim either of the jokes imputed to him. The fair writer was almost afraid that Father Healy might resent such free use of his name; but she was at once put at ease by the good priest grasping her hand with the assurance, 'My dear child, I am only too glad to be of the slightest use.' There

can be no doubt, however, that Canon Leahy is responsible for at least one of the two retorts recorded. Father Healy held that his friend's best things were said when angry, and this peculiarity reminded him of the civet cat, which, according to zoologists, must be vexed before the civet is taken out of the bag, for the more the animal is enraged, the better is the musk.

Like O'Connell and Chief Baron O'Grady, afterwards Lord Guillamore, there was a famous Irish Judge who plumed himself on his mellifluous accent, thoroughly racy of the soil. He told Father Healy that he had been to a wedding, and had thrown a shoe after the bride.* 'You might as well have thrown your brogue after her,' was the reply. Sir H. Northcote, when on a visit to friends in Dublin, having heard of this *mot*, declared that Father Healy deserved the Victoria Cross for it. Next day his hostess, observing Father Healy pass her door, ran out, exclaiming, 'Come in and obtain the Victoria Cross.' The laughing reply promptly came that he had *crosses* enough every day of his life.

* This custom is of very ancient origin. Among the Jews, the delivery of a shoe denotes the renunciation of any right or title in any person or possession. The family of Ruth gave one to Boaz when he entered into possession of his brother's lot. The custom at weddings comes down to us from Anglo-Saxon days, when the father presented the bride's shoe to her husband, who touched her with it on the head in token of authority.

The eminent Judge thus referred to, having been raised to the House of Lords, where, like Lord MacNaghten, the Scotch Law Lord, his accent is always welcome, Father Healy said, with satisfaction, 'There are two things you'll never part with, my lord—your brogue and your religion.'

December 15, 1881, brought Father Healy a great shock. Alderman McDermott, an accomplished vocalist and popular member of the Strollers' Club, had accepted an invitation to dine with him on that day. He missed his train, and the next one available failed to bring him to Bray until dinner was nearly over. He told the servant to fetch him some food to an ante-room; and when hurriedly swallowing, he sank back in his chair and died, but not until Father Healy, hurrying to his aid, pronounced over him the words of absolution.

CHAPTER XV.

From Grave to Gay—A Startling Telegram—Father Healy and the English Doctor—Edward Guinness, Lord Iveagh—The Prince of Wales in Ireland—The Orang-outang—Rev. Samuel Haughton, S.F.T.C.D.—The Addition of Cabinteely to Little Bray—Trip to America—Granby the Comedian and 'A Kiss in the Dark'—Cardinal MacCabe and the Canonry—A Hoax—Father O'Dwyer—Lord Londonderry.

THE year 1882 was an anxious time in Ireland. Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Thomas Burke had been murdered; Mr. Justice Lawson's life had been attempted. All were friends of Father Healy. In a weak moment, Cardinal MacCabe, who had strongly denounced the Land League, was persuaded by Dublin Castle to admit into his house constables for personal protection. Lawson lived at Crinkill, near Bray, and fourteen policemen formed his bodyguard.

One night when Father Healy was wending his way home, and thinking of the narrow escape he once had when mistaken for Judge Keogh, a policeman, glad to recognize the ever-beaming Padre, and

to vary the monotony of his midnight vigil, suddenly sprang from behind a tree, exclaiming, 'Beautiful night, Father Healy!'

'True; but you might have kept that to yourself,' was the reply; and he got him to bed as quick as he could, though not with as elastic a step as before the salutation.

'Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eye,'

sang Moore, who knew his countrymen thoroughly. A tear was dropped for the men who had fallen; it was not long before a twinkle of humour succeeded. During the height of the agrarian agitation, a telegram—'Don't hesitate to shoot—Plunkett, Dublin'—was betrayed by a dishonest telegraph-clerk to a National journal. It was assumed to come from the amiable Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Plunket, a great friend of Healy's, but had been really penned by the Hon. T. W. Plunkett, a resolute R.M., who had been applied to by an officer of constabulary for instructions how to act in a threatened emergency. The Disestablishment of the Irish Church engendered a bitter feeling, in which the Archbishop was supposed, but erroneously, to share.

One of the first warnings of failing health occurred to Father Healy at Lord Cowper's table in London eleven years ago. But he sought to make light of it, and, when successfully persuaded

to see a doctor, could not avoid indulging in some of his irrepressible chaff. The physician thought he detected traces of Bright's disease, but could not feel absolutely sure.

'What do you drink at dinner?' asked the doctor.

'When alone I take punch; when I dine out, wine.'

'How much punch do you drink?'

'After the seventh tumbler we never count.'

In point of fact, as the reader knows, Father Healy was most temperate.

It was at this time that Guinness's Brewery became a public company. Father Healy, having casually made the remark in presence of Sir E. Cecil Guinness, now Lord Iveagh, that he had failed to obtain any allotment of the shares, was agreeably surprised to receive next day a kind letter from Sir Edward, expressing regret that the time had passed when any allotment could be made by the directors, but begging of him to accept fifty of his own. On a subsequent occasion, Father Healy raised a laugh by saying, in presence of the peer himself, 'Lord Iveagh and I are the two largest shareholders in Guinness's Brewery.'

Several things by Father Healy appeared at this time in *Punch*; and the following lines were probably inspired by him. They are two out of six stanzas accompanying a picture of Edward

Guinness, now Lord Iveagh, in which he was depicted as 'mine host,' presenting a bottle labelled £250,000.

'There was a munificent host,
At the sign of the Tankard, whose boast
Was this—that the poor
Never turned from *his* door
Without having sip and sup from his store,
And feeling as warm as a toast.
And, oh ! what a snug, cosy world it would be,
Were only all landlords as hearty as he !

'The name of mine host was Ned Guinness ;
He knew what the right use of " tin " is :
To earn, save, and spend,
Bless the poor, help a friend ;
And they who dispute the more generous end
Must be the most miserly ninnies.
But, oh ! what a many starved mouths might be fed,
Were all landlords as wise and as kind as our Ned !'

During the visit of the Prince of Wales to Ireland, in April, 1885, the civic chair of Dublin was occupied by a strong Democrat, who, owing to neglected early education, fell into the error of doing several strange things. He constantly boasted that he was a self-made man, which led a political opponent to retort that he had relieved the Almighty of a great responsibility. Just before the Prince passed, the Lord Mayor pulled down a flag on which the Royal arms had been emblazoned. Healy's comment was this : ' Instead of pulling down flags, it's putting down flags he ought to be.'

The orang-outang,* zoologists tell us, is the nearest approach to man. At the time that Darwin's theory was at its height, and Tupper sought to invest beasts with augmented interest by improving the future of these creatures, the Rev. Samuel Haughton, M.D., S.F.T.C.D., with a more sensible object, and in presence of a very intelligent auditory, lectured at the Zoological Gardens on 'Sinbad,' a fine specimen of the genus, which had just been purchased by the Society. The date was August, 1885, during the Horse Show Week, when visitors from every place thronged to Dublin. The creature had been nicely combed and washed, and presented a most interesting appearance. A rustic visitor described him as a strapping fellow, six feet high. When Dr. Haughton had concluded his lecture, a stout priest from the North, advancing, said, 'Sir, you have aroused in me the liveliest interest in this creature;' and he then proceeded to put to Dr. Haughton a number of questions, easier to ask than to answer. Turning to Father Healy, who that morning had breakfasted with the Council, Dr. Haughton asked him in his own dry way if the clergyman were actuated by benevolent motives or what. 'He must be looking out for a cheap curate,'† was the reply. A group of priests at once

* *Orang* is Malay for man, or reasonable being, and *outang* signifies wild.

† This humorous comparison of the ape to man is not a novelty. Mr. Swinburne, in his 'Studies,' speaks (p. 84) of

began to laugh, and it appeared on inquiry that the stout pastor had hailed from a diocese where the emoluments of the curates had been recently curtailed.

Father Healy, in reading his morning paper of January 29, 1890, was surprised to see announced the death of Sinbad, whose career had opened so promisingly. The following obituary notice was issued by the Society in its annual report:

‘It is with very great regret that we have to record the death of the orang-outang, Sinbad, on April 7. During his three years and eight months of residence in the Gardens, he was a universal favourite with all visitors, while his engaging character secured for him the affectionate regard of all who were more intimately acquainted with him.’

The annual meeting of the Royal Zoological Society was held in the College of Physicians, the President of the Society, the Rev. Dr. Haughton, F.R.S., in the chair. All who are acquainted with the peculiar humour of this eminent man will not be surprised by the tone of his speech; but it need hardly be said that the joke about the Catechism was purely his own.

The President said no mention was made in the

‘such morally and spiritually typical and unmistakable apes of the Dead Sea as —,’ naming a man of some mark, whose Christian name, by a coincidence, is also Mark.

report of a matter which was private and personal to Father Healy and himself—namely, that at the request of a respected friend in Donegal no effort was spared to teach the orang the Catechism (laughter), but those efforts proved unavailing. It was true, however, that the orang died of typhoid fever, and the case was the first on record of an animal dying from a specially human complaint. During the months of October and November the typhoid fever was prevalent in Dublin, and the wise man who managed health affairs in Dublin, Sir Charles Cameron, announced that we got the typhoid fever from eating oysters. As he (the President) never lost an opportunity of eating oysters, especially when he could persuade a friend to pay for them, he naturally thought that, if they were the cause of the typhoid fever, oysters would be had for a halfpenny apiece before Christmas. But he was told in the various oyster-shops he frequented that the price of oysters was going up rather than down, and it became evident to his mind that Sir Charles Cameron had not frightened the oyster-eaters. Accordingly, they went on eating them, and didn't get typhoid. At last they sent the orang-outang, Sinbad, under the care of a keeper, to a tavern, the name of which he wouldn't mention for £100, in order that the animal might eat oysters. Sinbad did eat the oysters, and died of typhoid fever.

Afterwards he asked was the price of oysters coming down, and was told no: they were twopence apiece still. So that he was afraid there was some grave want of faith amongst the public instructors in Dublin about typhoid fever.

In 1886 a flower-show was held at Bray. Father Healy, as a local light, helped to receive and entertain distinguished strangers who had come long distances. His hearty laugh and the responsive outbursts might be heard around. 'Are you an exhibitor, Father Healy?' asked the Prince of Saxe-Weimar. 'In a way I am, sir,' he replied; 'for I have been making a holy show* of myself for the last hour.'

He often revisited the scenes of his boyhood. Going down Thomas Street, he was saluted by a respectable trader standing at his door, and Father Healy, in his usual genial way, stopped to ask after his wife. In reply he was told that the lady had gone to the country for a little time. 'Well, I hope there will be a reconciliation soon,' said he.

In 1886 Father Healy got the addition of more than a cabin to Little Bray. On the retirement of the Rev. T. Dolan, Cabinteely was added; but this addendum brought increased responsibility without any appreciable temporal advantage. He called upon his new parishioners, dropped into cottage

* A common expression with the Irish peasantry.

after cottage, and amid the detail of drudging duty his cheerful joke ceased not to flash. Two boys presented themselves for the rôle of acolyte. One was small at the mouth, and the other very wide. 'Here we have the broad and the narrow gauge,' said Father Healy.

Some rather pert youngsters were met. Patting the head of a little boy, he asked him, 'What is your name, my child?'

'I'm only half a child, sir.'

'Oh, yer reverence,' interposed his mother, 'that's a way he has of saying he's a twin.'*

'If you want to know a man,' saith a proverb, 'live with him.' To travel with him for months is another good test. Darcy was so charmed by his experience of Healy as a travelling companion in Italy and Egypt, that he sought, with success, to secure him for a Transatlantic voyage. The weather proved singularly unfavourable, and many persons wore rueful faces, and caps which covered their ears; but, though affected by the *mal-de-mer*, both quite looked forward to the daily 'movable feast,' of which Healy was the life and soul. From New York they went to Baltimore, Washington and Chicago. Their neighbour at Bray, Lord Monck, who had been Governor-General of Canada, greatly interested Healy in his account of the Dominion, and I think gave him some letters of introduction;

* Father Healy told this anecdote to Mr. R. Macnamara.

but the grandeur and charm of Niagara were worth all else. Its distant roar—audible in his bedroom—lulled him to rest, and, though suggesting the snore of an ichthyosaurus, came as a happy change from the croak of the toad, the ceaseless whiz of the locust, and the buzz of the mosquito, which had plagued him in previous places. The latter visitants, he said, had been described by an Irish servant as ‘the Miss Kittys.’

The following appear among some *ana* which Mr. Robinson, of New York, has kindly sent me:

Father Healy, on hearing an American woman declare that she could live nowhere but in Paris, and that she clung to it, explained, ‘Oh, I see, you have become a regular Parisite.’

Mr. Robinson related another story: ‘I was with poor Matt Darcy at one of the Western stations of the Union Pacific Railway, when the counter in the refreshment-room was laden with a profusion of pies and small cakes. “Haven’t you got anything solid to eat?” I asked a surly-looking restaurant-keeper. “Would you like some beans?” said this man in a cynical tone. I took the beans, about a dozen, and made short work of them. “How much to pay?” said I. “Twenty-five cents,” said he, or one shilling. “What!” I cried, “twenty-five cents for a spoonful of beans?” The fellow, however, not only insisted on his twenty-five cents, but became insolent. When Matt

Darcy and I got back into the train, I told Matt that I would pay that fellow off. "How will you do it?" said Darcy. "Just this," said I; "when we get to Boise City, I'll send him a telegram for which he will have to pay at the very least twenty-five cents, and the telegram will run, "Don't you think your price a little too high for those beans?"'

He was pleased with Montreal, and struck by Quebec, but the manners and customs of the American people were foreign to his previous experiences of social enjoyment; and it must be confessed that he failed to regard the trip as an unqualified success.

The voyage home was even worse than when outward bound. The foghorn and the steam-whistle joined their dreadful din. A hurricane rose, and the officers of the ship told him that not for thirty years had they seen so bad a time. The great ship was driven by the fury of the gale past Queenstown. 'But,' he said, when he got on *terra firma*, 'notwithstanding wretchedly bad passages going and returning, I was not one day sick.'

A company of players, organized by a very clever comedian, the late Mr. Granby, hired the Parochial Hall at Bray, and announced in their programme 'A Kiss in the Dark.' The parish priest, Dean Lee, startled when he read the title of this play, went down straight to the Parochial Hall, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. The

company were driven to the necessity of engaging other premises, and then brought an action for damages against Lee. The result appears in the sequel. Father Healy was the first to announce it in society.

‘Did you hear that Dr. Lee has been mulcted in costs to the tune of £16 5s.?’

‘For what?’

‘For “A Kiss in the Dark.”’

Father Healy told this story at the next clerical dinner that he attended, adding with inimitable humour, ‘And, ugly as I am, I could have had it any time in the broad noonday for half the money.’

This joke, as we see, was made among priests who knew how exemplary he was in points of discipline; but if any such jest came from persons of an opposite camp who possessed not the same knowledge of his inner life, then it was that the spirit of the ecclesiastic would assert itself.

One of his many friends, a lady of rank and vivacity, who in this instance shall be styled merely Lady Kilgobbin, sent to him in bad taste, and utter misconception of the character of the man, as a Christmas card, a picture of a French Abbé imparting to cherry lips a kiss, not necessarily of peace. He thus acknowledged this missive:

‘The Rev. James Healy presents his compliments to Lady ——. He considers her card

libellous, and has therefore placed it in the hands of his solicitor.'

A friend who chanced to be with him when the card came, offered the weak suggestion that perhaps it might be better not to resent it, as the sender was a lady of rank. 'But her offence is rank, too,'* he replied, quoting from Shakespeare.

Father Healy had met this lady at the court of a popular 'Vice-Queen,' as a Society journal sometimes styles the Lord-Lieutenant's wife. The latter, when she next met Father Healy, made some allusion to the card. He merely said, 'So you were in the business, too,' and turned the conversation; but long after in London he expressed his estimate of the sender by asking, 'How is that hussy, Lady Kilgobbin?'

Father Healy's joke on the severe mulct which Dean Lee had to pay came round to him, and was not received with unmixed satisfaction. It is an open secret that between the Pastor of Bray proper and the Pastor of Little Bray a want of cordiality for some years existed; but this feeling belonged rather to Dr. Lee than to Father James, whose inquiries for his health during a prolonged period of decadence were by no means few.

* It was once well remarked that the priest knows better than anyone where 'Danger' is written up; and while he enjoys a good skate on the slippery surface of wit, he will keep off that part where the ice is thin between fun and sin.

In 1886 a popular local Peer convened a meeting at Bray. It was held in the International Hotel. Dr. Darby, observing Father Healy passing the door, took him by the arm and persuaded him to enter. Not recognizing the technical objection that might be made to the priest of one parish attending a demonstration in another, Healy yielded, and proposed a resolution. The Peer was a friend of his, and the priest, as a Bray man, did not think that he would be out of place at the meeting. Dr. Lee said that Lord —, though posing as a popular man, had really an Orange heart, and he took advantage of the circumstance that the meeting happened to be situated within his parish and outside Healy's to resent a technical breach of etiquette which the good-natured priest of Little Bray—anxious to oblige a friend—did not at first realize. The Dean complained to Cardinal MacCabe, who at once expressed displeasure, and said that he had been about to call Father Healy to the Chapter, but, owing to his action, had cancelled his name. The rule of this hierarchy was short and stern. As a parish priest and vicar he had been most successful, but in higher rôles he disappointed many friends.

Father Healy was well aware of the real cause of his exclusion, and felt it acutely. One day a friend, who happened to meet him, said, 'Well, Father Healy, how does the world use you?' 'If

the Church only used me half as well, I'd have little cause to complain,' was the reply.

Previous to Dr. Lee's appointment to Bray, he had been Dean of Maynooth College and President of Clonliffe, but he never took up his residence there. Ecclesiastical honours were conferred upon him in rapid succession. He became Canon, Vicar-Forane, Archdeacon and Dean of the diocese, and Vicar-General, under three successive Archbishops. Lastly, a domestic prelacy came. During all this time he continued secretary to the Board of Maynooth College, a sinecure then worth about £200 a year. Dean Quirk of Cashel, who was passing some weeks at Bray, when coming from the train with Father Healy and Canon Cahill, met the Monsignore. It was a very inclement day, and Quirk said to Lee, then in his seventy-fifth year, 'You should take care of yourself.' 'What has he been doing all his life but taking care of himself?' said Healy to the P.P. of Tipperary.

A hoax without wit was played upon the *Freeman's Journal* soon after. The following appointments were announced to have been made by Archbishop Walsh :

'The Rev. James Healy to the parish of Bray, *vice* Rev. Dean Lee, who resigns.

'The Rev. Charles Cuddihy, C.C., Bray, to the parish of Little Bray, *vice* Rev. James Healy.

'The Rev. C. P. Meehan, C.C., SS. Michael

and John's, to the curacy of St. Margaret's, Finglas.'

The editor, in a leader, dwelt on the resignation of Dean Lee, and Healy's succession to his parish, also on the transfer of Father Meehan.

'These two appointments,' it was added, 'have well been earned, and will please Protestants and Catholics alike. The two gentlemen mentioned are specially distinguished for their social and literary gifts, and, with the other recipients of the distinctions announced, will sincerely be congratulated by all who know them.'

A stir was created by these announcements, but the journalist allayed it next day by an explanation :

'We learn that the statement which we published yesterday, detailing certain alleged clerical appointments in the Diocese of Dublin by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, is unfounded. The information which was supplied to us purported to come from the secretary of the Archbishop, being accompanied by a card bearing his name and address. The paragraph was printed by us on the faith of this representation. It turns out to be a hoax, and we have handed over the manuscript to his Grace's secretary, with the expression of our sincere regret that we were so imposed upon.'

Though justly annoyed, and well knowing it to be a hoax, Healy yet could not resist writing to the

Archbishop thanking him in strong terms for the appointment, and expressing a hope that it would prove merely the prelude to a better.

Father Healy had a sacerdotal neighbour in Father Thomas O'Dwyer, P.P., Enniskerry, of whom he told some quaint stories. A man who did labouring work for Father O'Dwyer had a weakness for drink, but he worked so well that the Father did not like to refuse him the glass he coveted as a reward. 'Don't you know every drop of this stuff is a nail in your coffin?' said the priest, as he poured some from a decanter. 'While the hammer is in your hand, yer reverence, you may as well put in another,' replied the incorrigible.

I heard in 1887 from Healy's successor, the Rev. M. Pattison, the following story: Father Healy had told it at Dublin Castle, and, though he at first enchained his hearers with a picture almost as striking as the Resurrection of Lazarus after Luca Cangiago, so great were his powers of humour that, in dealing with a scene more likely to awaken solemn thoughts, several of the Viceregal household all but fell off their chairs with laughter. O'Dwyer had been for years in bad health. When at last he seemed to die, and had remained for six hours apparently dead, his curate brought the light very close to his eyebrows, and proceeded to arrange his head after the manner usual on such occasions. To his amazement, Father O'Dwyer sud-

denly exclaimed, in the tone with which he had often previously snubbed him, 'What are you fumbling with my eyelids for?'

Dr. Hamilton, who attended Father O'Dwyer, told me that he really seemed dead, but just before final dissolution recovered a gleam of consciousness very much as Healy described. He had long been suffering from diabetes, and prolonged coma not unusually attends advanced stages of that disease.

A visitor one day said to Father Healy, apropos of his curate, who had just left the house, 'There goes Father Burke, gone out to dinner in his grand dress.' 'I'm asked for my *ad-dress*,' said Father Healy.

The Padre's Court costume was easily donned. When going to one of Lord Londonderry's levées, he dropped into the presbytery at Westland Row, and asked if he could get his shoes blacked, which of course was promptly done. He then started straight for the Levée, wearing nought but his ordinary walking dress. But Healy was privileged to do whatever he liked.

His evenings at Dublin Castle at this time were not only full of enjoyment to himself, but a source of happiness to his cultured host. Lord Londonderry, in a letter dated April 10, 1895, pleasantly alludes to 'his dear friend, Father Healy,' adding, 'I have never met anyone so quick at repartee, and yet never saying an unkind word.'

The interchange of wit between Healy and Dr. Mahaffy on these occasions was an incident to be remembered, but, as already remarked, any attempt to reproduce it would be like flat champagne, for the very sparkle vanished with the circumstance that drew it forth. 'His wit defies description,' writes a brother priest who knew him well. 'The tradition merely of its infinite quality is all that can survive. As well might the artist essay to portray the vivid lightning as the reporter to revive the light and life and beauty of the electric flashes of his fancy. Of its nature, wit is always affected by the circumstances that evoke it. It cannot be divorced from its context without losing its tone and colour and flavour. It takes its living breath from the incident that quickened it into existence; it fades and dies with the passing interest of the moment that gave it birth. It must, of necessity, be germane to its environment. The surpassing excellence of Father Healy's wit intensifies the difficulty of retailing it. Being of the most perfect order, it abounded in every best element, but its utter spontaneity may be reckoned its most distinctive mark. He never, like the ordinary raconteur, *led up* to any of his utterances. With the suddenness of "a bolt from the blue" his thought shot forth, and often in swift succession, with the brilliancy of a meteoric shower, followed the dazzling coruscations of his playful

humour, leaving the enchanted listener totally unable to tell whence it came or whither it vanished.'

Apropos of old friends, he never forgot them in the dazzle or fascination of the new. 'In his friendships he was faithful with a devotedness that was chivalrous,' writes the Rev. Joseph Burke. The daughter of an old friend was addressed in the following missive; she resided in the family about whom he playfully seeks information:

'I used to know people of the name of —, who lived at No. —, P—— P——, London. Do you happen to know anything about them? are there any of them alive? I think the man at the head of the house was named Henry, such a bright, cheery, good-natured little man.

'If you chance to know anything of him or them, would you kindly let me know? I'm a queer fellow, but I have a regard for old friends, and I don't like to drop them *or to let them drop me*. I hope this will set your pen going, though the ink were a guinea an ounce, and make you do your duty.'

CHAPTER XVI.

Sir John Banks, K.C.B.—Bright Days in London—Bute House—Historic Memories—Lunch with *Punch*—Lady Salisbury—A Toss-up for the Mitre—‘Think not my Spirits are always as Light.’

ON a sunny morning when the Father happened to be in London, and met Sir John Banks in Hyde Park, the latter said, addressing his daughter, ‘Don’t you remember Father Healy?’ ‘’Twould be no wonder if she did not,’ replied the Padre. ‘I had a beautiful crop of hair when she saw me last.’ Nobody at any time remembered the alleged luxuriance. At Prague his hotel bill was addressed ‘Signor Healy,’ and on an apology being made, he said it would have been a far greater blunder to style him *Herr* Healy.

A lady, who was privileged to say what she liked, remarked to Father Healy, in presence of Lord Morris: ‘They say you’re a great tuft-hunter, Father Healy.’

‘Why shouldn’t I be? Look at my head’—

removing his hat as he spoke, and revealing a crown shining like a billiard-ball.

Both the conversations recorded above took place when meeting Father Healy in London. He visited 'town' nearly every year. Curran, when asked what an Irish friend of his, who had just arrived in London, meant by perpetually putting out his tongue, replied, 'I suppose he's trying to catch the English accent.' In the same spirit, though with quite a different turn, Father Healy replied to Lady Leicester, who had said: 'Of course you are off to the Continent for your holiday.' 'Oh dear no,' he replied; 'I rarely go beyond London.' 'How is that?' said Lady Leicester. 'I come here every year simply to renew my accent.'

Before the Embankment worked such a change in Craven Street, which, from being a *cul-de-sac*, is now a thoroughfare, Healy put up in that favoured 'rookery,' partly in compliment to his chum, Dr. Nedley, who occupied the same house, and partly in memory of Horace Smith, who made Craven Street famous in an epigram:

'Near the top of the street the lawyers abound;
And just at the bottom the barges are found.
Fly, honesty, fly, to some safer retreat,
For there's craft on the river and craft in the street.'

Latterly, Mr. Blyth, of Portland Place, or Mr. Bischoffsheim, of South Audley Street, hospitably put him up. The palatial house of the latter is

the resort of the best literary and political society in London. Years ago, the Hon. David Plunket introduced the priest to Mr. Bischoffsheim, and a friendship for life was at once formed. His house in Audley Street was interesting to Father Healy on various grounds. In penal days it had been the Portuguese Embassy, the chapel of which—now a salon—had been eagerly used by Catholics; and at its altar Garrick married Eva Violetti.

Here lived and died Lord Bute, the favourite Premier of George III., and the successor of the elder Pitt, whom he drove from office. Bute House, as it is still called, suffered severely during the Wilkes riots, when the mob tried to wreck it; and Father Healy was much interested on being shown by Mrs. Bischoffsheim eleven exits which Lord Bute had astutely provided for an emergency. Father Healy, luckily, was not the guest of Mr. Bischoffsheim during the Trafalgar Square riots, when Bute House lost one hundred and eighty panes of glass, while the houses on the opposite side lost not one—for a hostile mob in its advance always sends its volleys before it.

This hospitable house Mr. Bischoffsheim usually spoke of to his friends as the Bute Arms.* One of

* Other interesting memories were awakened by his sojourn here. Next door (No. 72) Charles X. once lived, and previously Louis XVIII. In South Audley Street resided Paoli, Mallet, and Whitehead, and the Misses Berry, Horace

his daughters was married to the Earl of Desart, another to the Knight of Kerry. Father Healy had rarely known a lady of more *esprit* than Mrs. Bischoffsheim. An Austrian by birth—Mademoiselle Clarissa Biedermann, of Vienna—she soon acquired a mastery of the English tongue, and could play on a word in her light repartee. One of her letters to Father Healy reminded him that he would be welcome as usual to the *Bute Arms*. When he came in or out, he passed through a line of lackeys, but this sort of thing was no novelty to him. He made one stipulation with his genial hostess: ‘When I come in after dining out, you must let me go up by the back-staircase.’

He stayed on various subsequent occasions with Mr. and Mrs. Bischoffsheim, both in London and their charming residence in the Riviera. They retain many pleasant memories of him, which are embodied elsewhere, but one incident that occurred at this time may be noticed here. A coachman of his, whom Mr. Bischoffsheim rather liked, had been hired by a stranger. He had only one fault to find with him—he did not feed his horses. On the moment, Father Healy made the following impromptu :

Walpole’s correspondents. Holcroft, the dramatist, worked as a cobbler in this street, and in the crypt of Grosvenor Chapel, opposite, sleep Wilkes, after life’s fitful fever, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, and Ambrose Philips, the poet lampooned by Pope.

'When a master on you dotes,
Do not change to serve a stranger;
Or take his straw, and hay, and oats,
And let the horses eat the manger.'

His host had got a present of some Innishowen whisky, on which he set store. The liquor, on being submitted to Father Healy, at once elicited the following impromptu :

'Had Anacreon, who
Was the Grape's best poet,
Tasted "Mountain Dew,"
How his verse would show it!
'Tis generally known
He to wine was civil;
But had he Innishowen
He'd pitch wine to the d—l.'

'What is your opinion of Lord R——?' Mrs. Bischoffsheim asked.

'A charming fellow, plenty of the small change of social conversation, but I never yet found a sovereign or a five-pound note on the platter.'

Others vied with each other in securing Father Healy as a guest.

'Once,' writes the Rev. Joseph Burke, 'his hosts invited him, when a guest in a London ducal mansion, to accompany them to Sunday service in a leading Ritualistic church, urging their invitation on the plea that it was "*so* like his own." The pleasant Padre wittily excused himself by asking: "As I have the true diamond, your Graces, do I need the paste?"'

But probably Bute House was that of which he was fondest. 'Once,' says Mrs. Bischoffsheim, 'when he spoke of leaving, I said that he should remain until he had converted us. He took this as a general invitation.'

Priests, when travelling, are allowed to visit theatres; but Father Healy, though he himself possessed dramatic power, did not much care for theatrical entertainment, and during his visits to 'town' failed to use his professional privilege. He has gone to the Derby, however, by road with a pleasant party, whom he kept in exhaustless mirth; and he was once persuaded to spend an evening at the Savage Club, especially as it was impossible he could ever be scalped.

There were some interesting questions before Parliament at that time, and Father Healy, having applied to a leading official for an order, got word in reply that there wasn't room for a walking-stick. 'There's Randy!' joyously exclaimed the Padre, as he recognized Lord Randolph's figure crossing the Lobby. The object was explained. 'I suppose you got word that there was not room for a walking-stick,' said the future leader of the House of Commons. 'That's a stereotyped reply, and we all know what it means.' He then applied direct to the Speaker. 'Who is Father Healy?' asked Mr. Brand. Lord Randolph, with his usual brusqueness, replied, 'I did not think that there

was a man in this House so oblivious as not to know Father Healy.' The Distinguished Strangers' Gallery soon embraced the priest, and an evening full of interest was passed.

The breakfast with Gladstone was memorable enough. He was now invited to another and very different meal, but one full of novelty and enjoyment to a man fond of the society of wits, and who always brought special zest to the morning meal. Mr. F. C. Burnand kindly invited him to lunch at the Garrick Club, where he was fortunate in meeting both Irving and Toole. The meeting of four such men together could not fail to be most interesting and entertaining.

Healy called upon the wife of a distinguished peer, who had gone over to Home Rule. In the kindest manner, she asked the priest to take a seat in her open carriage as it drove in Hyde Park. 'It is so pleasant to have you here,' she said, 'for, owing to Lord ——'s politics, we are quite tabooed.'

'I am in that position now that I can afford to go anywhere,' was the humourist's rejoinder.

'Father Healy was as well known in London as in Dublin,' observes Mr. Carson, M.P. Mr. Blyth, his hospitable host in Portland Place, says that the number of cards of invitation which came was marvellous. 'Tell me what evening you wish me to dine at home, and all else shall be cancelled,' he would say.

He often lunched with Lady Salisbury, in Arlington Street. One day they were joined by Mr. Gladstone, who having at length left the room with Lord Salisbury, a twinkle in Father Healy's eye expressed an amused feeling of surprise. 'Lord Salisbury,' said the hostess, 'has, I assure you, the greatest admiration for Mr. Gladstone, and he lunches with us two or three times in the season.'

The editor of *Vanity Fair* seems to have met Healy, too. 'His wit and charm of manner,' he writes, 'made him an ornament in society, as his immeasurable goodness made him an ornament of his Church.'

But these qualifications failed to obtain for him any important professional advancement.

When Cardinal MacCabe died, and left the Diocese of Dublin widowed, two or three divines were named as suitable to succeed. Sir John Banks gave one of his pleasant banquets at that time: Lord Spencer, Bishop Donnelly and Father Healy were present. 'Is there any chance that you may get the See?' whispered Sir John, addressing Father Healy. 'Well, no,' was the equally confidential reply. 'I offered to toss up for it with that fellow yonder, but he declined.'

'I received great kindness in Dublin from the Prince and Princess of Saxe-Weimar,' said Father Healy to a friend at Carlsbad the year before his death. 'The Princess asked me to dine on a certain

Saturday in terms so pressing as to be a command. I was slipping away quietly at ten, when she followed me to the hall, saying that they had asked friends for the evening, and insisting on my return. I replied that professional duties on the morrow obliged me to go; but the Princess said that I could not refuse her a few minutes more, and, taking my arm, returned with me to the drawing-room. I rather collapsed on being presented to Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, fearing that the vivacious dame of seventy summers, and claiming to be irresistible in her corkscrew ringlets, might suppose it was for a dance; and at the first convenient opportunity I was glad to slip away.'

It may be added that whenever Father Healy was late for the last train to Bray, he always slept at the house of his friend, Canon Quinn, in Dublin.

Late dinners never prevented him from being an early riser. He often said Mass at seven o'clock a.m., but on ordinary occasions at eight. His curate describes him as a man of great practical piety.

When Moore wrote his charming lyric, 'Think not my spirits are always as light,' he but expressed the experience of every son of society. James Healy—whether from the operation of some subtle law of animal magnetism or from other causes—was sometimes silent when people expected much from him. We have seen how family cares, of

which the world knew nothing, preyed upon him, even to drawing tears.

‘The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.’

I have heard a well-known diner-out remark that, though he often met Father Healy, he never heard him say a witty thing. The same remark has been made by a masterly table-talker, Judge Webb, Ex-F.T.C.D. Men with a flow of natural spirits are liable to reactions; but this latter observation applied less to Healy than to Father Tom Burke. Mahony, better known as Father Prout, was often most depressing in society, while Healy was almost uniformly bright. Occasions there certainly were when he did not shine, but they were few as the stars which fall from the firmament. He had heard the apothegm, ‘To be a good conversationalist one must needs be a good listener,’ and he recognized its truth, especially when the conversation was by telephone.

‘No man,’ says Chesterfield, ‘can improve in any company for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.’

Healy, however, did not want to improve; he was there as Nature moulded him, and his friends were satisfied. If those *vis-à-vis* or around were too thick to see a joke, he did not throw pearls before them. An American once said shrewdly:

'The joke is the handshake of humour; one may proffer it, but it is no handshake if the other do not make it so.'

Then, again, if rough attempts were made to draw him out, he did not always respond melodiously. 'That finely-toned instrument was not to be rudely played upon.' But he had more self-command than Sothern, who, when angered by repeated reminders to say something good, offered at last to give a scene from 'David Garrick,' and pulled off the table-cloth with a crash.

I remember an occasion when the hostess from the end of a profusely-spread dinner-table, round which some fifteen guests sat, exclaimed, during dessert: 'Father Healy, you are not saying any of your good things to-night.' I and others winced when this was said, but Healy at once replied: 'I am waiting for the parrot.' This bird always occupied his place in the dining-room; but, though ordinarily most loquacious, was silent when many strangers were present.

Such a hint as that given by Healy's hostess was a good way to seal his lips.

Theodore Hook hated to be reminded that witticisms were expected from him. 'Do, Mr. Hook—do favour us,' a hostess once said for the tenth time. 'I can't indeed, madam,' he replied. 'I am like that canary yonder, and can't lay my eggs when anyone is looking at me.'

It was a shrewd observer who said that wit from a man's mouth is like a mouse in a hole; while you watch the hole no mouse comes out, but by-and-by, when no one is looking for it, out pops the mouse, and scampers across the parlour.

Charles Mathews, as I have heard Hepworth Dixon say, when reminded by an over-anxious host that something pleasant was expected from him, quietly left two sovereigns on his plate, and glided from the room. James Healy has also been known to depart prematurely—sometimes for parochial reasons—but without leaving behind more than a shilling for the butler.

A smart American lady, who was very anxious to meet Father Healy, found him more thoughtful than she had been led to expect. The following dialogue was overheard:

‘I don't hear you saying any of the good things of which we have heard so much.’

‘I never say good things.’

‘What! never?’

‘Well, hardly ever.’

‘If you were in New York, you'd be fined for saying that.’

‘Here I am re-fined.’

‘I consider it a greater virtue to know when to keep silence than how to speak well,’ says the blessed Egidius of Assisi.

The Padre hated anything like *double entendre*,

and has been known to leave the room when an objectionable story was broached.

The latest piquant scandal, the man with two wives or more, 'the woman with a past,' or he who made her a present, had no interest for that vigorous, manly mind. 'Beware,' said Boudinot, 'of becoming a fluent talker. In a flood of words some character will always be washed away, your neighbour's or your own.' Thus, perhaps, we can see why Father James, on some rare occasions, was dumb as a church-bell on Good-Friday.

No man could better evade troublesome questions, and at the same time satisfy the querist by a stroke of wit. A pony which had grown old in his service died, and a certain irrepressible dame asked him, for the information of a company with strangely mixed opinions, if there might not be a future for animals.

'It's only an Irish Parliament can settle it,' he replied, to the infinite amusement of the guests, who had no sympathy with Home Rule.

He was one day in the society of an eccentric and pretentious lady, who, meaning to ask him to dinner, said: 'Where are you dining to-day?' 'At So-and-So's.' 'To-morrow?' 'At M——'s.' 'And on Wednesday?' 'At Lord B——'s.' 'What of Thursday?' 'On that day I am specially booked

for the Royal Hospital.' A friend whispered to him, 'Why do you allow Mrs. — to catechize you about your dinner arrangements?' 'Because she knows very well that the only day I dine with her is the day I am going nowhere else.'

CHAPTER XVII.

On Dogs and Cats—Archbishop Lord Plunket—Mr. Balfour—
The Coercion Act—Lady Leslie—Anecdotes—Monsignore
Persico's Mission to Ireland—The Prince of Saxe-Weimar—
Harrogate—Carlsbad—The Duchess of Montrose, *alias* Mr.
Manton—Mr. Parnell—'The Lot fell on Matthias.'

HEALY was not very fond of dogs. Mr. Timbs, in a popular manual, argues that men who love dogs are of a kindly disposition.

'What do you think of that, my cat?
What do you think of that, my dog?'

ends every verse of a well-known song. But probably the men who are thus driven to commune with domestic animals do so in the absence of that more legitimate society by which the Padre was always heartily welcomed.

At last, however, a dog came as a gift from Mr. Justice O'Hagan, on which, for the donor's sake, Father Healy set store. But one day, as the priest traversed his parish followed by this animal, he

was quite put out of conceit with it by the remark of an ill-looking dog-fancier :

‘ That dog would disgrace a ragman.’

‘ And sure enough,’ said Father Healy, ‘ when sheep came through a gap into my enclosure, the dog, instead of ejecting them, snivelled meanly into a corner.’

Soon after, a poor parishioner was asked for a pup of some promise.

‘ Oh, that would be too good a dog for your reverence!’

‘ How is that?’

‘ He’s of that sort, if you only sthruke a match he’d go for the leg of man or beast.’

Father Healy’s house having been robbed soon after, he began to think that a dog of this character would not have been out of place, after all. In a newspaper of the day we find the burglary described, and certain numismatic tastes revealed :

‘ DARING ROBBERY AT BRAY.

‘ Last night the residence of the Very Rev. James Healy, P.P., was broken into, and money and property stolen. Nothing which occurred here for years caused such a sensation. Amongst the missing property is a unique collection of about £4 in fourpenny pieces. A full list of the stolen goods has not been made, but it is believed that the total value will be under £10.’

He had canine stories for clerics as well as for laymen. He once heard Bishop Conroy give a

peculiar grace with a quotation from Scripture indicative of a dog wagging his tail, and he described it with great unction. It is found in Tobias xi 9: 'Tunc præcurrit canis qui simul fuerat in via et quasi nuntius adveniens blandamento suæ caudæ gaudebat.'

It was suggested by his servant that he ought to get a cat; but he said that perhaps a cat and a church mouse might not get on well together. The objection was overruled, and it soon became noised in the neighbourhood that Father James wanted a cat.

Meanwhile, a pedigree pussy kittenened, and its owner, a poor man, took the litter to the house of Archdeacon Scott, Rector of Bray, and sought to sell them on the plea that they had been in a good Protestant family. He would not have them, and the Archdeacon told Father James of the offer. Some time after the fellow wanted to sell them to Father Healy as beautiful Catholic kittens. 'Why, you villain, didn't you offer them to the Archdeacon as fine Protestant kittens?' said Father Healy, trying to look stern. 'Sure an' I did, your reverence,' was the reply, 'but that was before their eyes were opened!'

* An old raconteur, to whom I mentioned this story, thought it not quite new; but that with which he seems to have confounded it turns on an utterly different point. It is related by Mark Lemon that when a former Bishop of

I am indebted for this racy anecdote to the Rev. Robert Stavely, B.D., Vicar of Killiney, who writes, 'I give the story as tradition hands it on to me.*' Father Healy told it himself, at Old Connaught, to Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin.

The Most Rev. William Walsh, who became Archbishop of Dublin about this time, failed to share the political views of his predecessors, and was regarded in the eighties as a Prelate of very advanced opinions.

Lord Monck asked Father Healy to meet both Archbishops of Dublin at lunch at Charleville House, Inniskerry. He replied that he had an engagement elsewhere, but he would go to Charleville if it were only to preserve peace between them.

Soon after this, Lord Plunket's son said to Father Healy, 'That was a good story Dr. Walsh told my father of *you*.' 'What was that?' 'He said that

Bristol held the office of Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, he one day met a couple of undergraduates, who neglected to pay the accustomed compliment of capping. The Bishop inquired the reason of the neglect. The two men begged his lordship's pardon, observing that they were freshmen, and did not know him. 'How long have you been in Cambridge?' asked his lordship. 'Only eight days,' was the reply. 'Very good,' said the Bishop; 'puppies never see till they are nine days old.'

* Letter to the writer by the Rev. Canon Stavely, B.D., first Canon and Prebendary of St. Michael's, April 24, 1895.

you regarded my father as one of your parishioners, and that *you* had no fault to find with him unless, perhaps, that he was a little backward with his dues.'

The joke was not so far-fetched, after all. Lord Plunket sent long after £10 in aid of 'the Healy Testimonial.'

'To have no political views is in Ireland well-nigh impossible,' observes a writer in the *Westminster Gazette*. 'Father Healy managed to steer clear of party politics, and be friendly with all men. He was non-political in the best sense. When men say that they have no politics, one may, as a rule, assume that they are rabid partisans. But Father Healy treated both sides with a certain jocular contempt. "What will Tim Healy be when we have the Irish Parliament?" asked somebody. "An old man," said Father Healy. "I'm glad this Coercion Act is safely through," said a well-known timber-merchant to him in 1887. "It's a good thing for your business," said Healy; "plank-beds will go up."'

We have seen how severe he was on Dean Quirk of Cashel, a Land Leaguer. No one was more intimate than Healy with Mr. Balfour, whose policy of coercion was remorselessly carried out in Ireland. Canon Keller, Rev. M. B. Kennedy, Rev. Mr. Humphreys, and many other Catholic priests, were prosecuted and imprisoned during

his administration. During a dinner-party at Dublin Castle, Mr. Balfour alluded to the criticisms of which he had been the subject in the Irish National press and in public speeches.

‘Do you think, Father Healy, that the people really believe I am everything that I am represented to be by their leaders and by the press?’ ‘Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Balfour,’ was the reply, ‘if the Irish people only hated the devil half as much as they hate you, my occupation would be gone.’*

Some friends of Healy wondered that he would venture to talk in this way to one whose rule in Ireland was regarded by many as a reign of terror; but the reply they got was: ‘If you only knew how exquisitely gentle is Mr. Balfour’s disposition, you might say anything to him.’

Father Healy’s friends were of every shade of political and religious complexion. Sir John Leslie represented an Ulster constituency for years, and held advanced Conservative views. He had a residence in London, to which his family always came for the season. Lady Leslie, addressing the present writer, says: ‘He came once to see me, on the 12th of July, and regretted Sir John Leslie’s absence, asking how he came to be away in the

* Father Healy told his curate that the words he really used were, ‘If they hated the devil half as much as they hate you, they would be the best people in the world.’

height of the London season. I answered, "If you really insist on knowing, he is presiding at an Orange meeting in County Monaghan." Father Healy answered as quick as lightning, with his beaming smile: "Am I not colour-blind where my friends are concerned?" Lady Leslie adds: 'Dear Father Healy's graceful wit was unwritable, so indescribable. His bright grace of heart and speech just sparkled like a diamond that had no hard facets—that is the best way of describing his talk—nothing heavy or laboured, so kind and benevolent. His wit did not shine ever at the expense of another.'*

During the time that the Protestant Synod sits in Dublin, its streets are full of clerics, whom some of their co-religionists facetiously style 'fire-escapes' and 'sky-pilots.' Father Healy was about to enter a saloon-carriage at Killiney Station, when, observing it nearly filled by parsons, he seemed rather to hesitate. 'Do come in, Father Healy,' said his Grace Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin. 'I want to ask you a question.' Father Healy at once took a vacant seat which had been made for him in front of Lord Plunket. 'There is one of your cloth has come over to us,' said the Archbishop, 'and there is some doubt as to what

* Letter of Constance, Lady Leslie, Hyde Park Court, Albert Gate, July 28, 1895.

orders we should give him.' 'I'd give him the Pledge,' said Father Healy.*

Among brother priests he could be more unreserved as to the causes which often lead to change of Church. On another occasion he said, 'The change is due to either Punch or Judy.'

The gardens at Old Connaught, once the resort of William Conyngham Plunket, an illustrious name in Irish history, are bright with flowers; but they were brightened still more when the Archbishop gave one of his pleasant garden-parties illuminated by the cheerful smile and electrical flashes of Father James Healy. One day he is said to have chaffed the Archbishop on his son having gone over to Rome. This was true, his Grace's son having been appointed an *attaché* in the Eternal City.

Another anecdote may be quoted as a sample of the good-humoured feeling which subsisted between himself and the most advanced representatives of the Protestant Church militant. Meeting Canon Neligan in a bookseller's store, Healy grasped his hand and asked him how he

* I was not present at this scene, but a friend who claims to know the facts has furnished the account. Healy's reply, as above given, was also recorded by Lord Ashbourne in the *Realm*. The doubt that arose may have been, not as to what orders, but what post they should give the applicant. Anglican divines are usually satisfied to accept, without re-ordination, a priest who conforms.

did. 'As well as a grandfather can expect to be, Father Healy.' 'Ah! there is where you have the whip-hand over us, Canon. We can never get beyond the *Father*.'

Another day a fond father introduced his children and his grandchildren to Father Healy, asking him if he ought not to be a proud man. 'I should be specially proud,' was the reply, 'for I am the Father of everybody.'

The mission of Monsignore Persico will make an important chapter in future histories of Ireland; but until his reports to the Holy See become accessible that chapter cannot well be written.

Soon after Captain Boycott, by the prominence of his case, enriched our vocabulary by a new, expressive, and historic word, Monsignore Persico came to Ireland, on behalf of Leo XIII., to inquire how far it might be lawful for Catholics to co-operate in the policy and tactics of the Land League. He had previously been to Ireland as Visitor of the Capuchins, and, when an army chaplain in India, acquired a command of the English tongue—circumstances which, united to his powers of diplomacy, made him well fitted for his difficult and delicate task. He went everywhere, attended all meetings, was the guest of Prelate after Prelate, heard all that every comer had to say, for and against, but committed himself to no opinion or even gesture, by which his views

might be known. In his cautious eye, however, shrewd men said they saw a something not quite easy to divine. At one time it was thought that he had come round to the popular side, especially when, at the end of a speech, he exclaimed, 'God save Ireland!' but he did not know that it claimed to be a Fenian watchword. He dined by turns with Unionists and Land Leaguers, kept his eyes and ears open, but his mouth shut, save at moments when it became desirable to support the inner man. On one occasion he sat next Lady Corrigan, who asked him what stay he meant to make in Ireland. He turned the conversation, but she brought him back to the point, whereupon, joining his fingers in front as though at prayer, and with eyes cast down, he answered, 'How long I shall remain will depend on such circumstances as may arise.' To one man, who sought him privately, he said, by way of encouragement, 'I am de eye and de ear of de Holy Father.' Ordinarily, his motto was, 'Ouïr et ne rien dire.'

The Papal decree, by which tactics previously thought lawful were condemned, came as a thunder-clap. Monsignore Persico became a Cardinal and an Archbishop, and is now head of the Propaganda, and thus exercises a complete control over things ecclesiastical in Ireland.

Father Healy was much amused by the comment of a carman on Monsignore Persico. 'Hasn't he

got an eye like a coortin' hawk?' The Padre, however, was as guarded in reply as Persico himself. 'Never having seen one in that interesting condition, I cannot say,' was his answer.

The Monsignore was *en route* from Kileroney, where he had spent the previous day and night as the guest of the late Matthew Darcy, and had his valet with him. The Rev. Joseph Burke says: 'Father Healy had a deep-rooted objection to admit any attendant to serve at his dinners except his own housekeeper, who discharged generally the multiple office of cook, butler, housemaid, and everything. At this special dinner the Padre's objection was overruled, and he consented to allow the Envoy's man to be retained as a second helper. During the progress of the repast, having eyed the Italian servant's foreign grimaces, he turned to his master, and asked: "What is his name?" M. Persico, with marked accent, replied: "His name is Donato." At once Father Healy, with an air of profound solemnity, and with strong Italian emphasis, asseverated: "Si non e vero e ben trovato." The old gentleman, hearing the remark in his own vernacular, was evidently amazed, and, so far from seeing the joke that was so apparent to the company, seemed inclined to think his own veracity had been doubted.

'Somebody told the Padre the following week that the Monsignore had asked the Archbishop, on

their way to Dublin after the dinner, "What would Father Healy have done this evening but for my Donato?" Father Healy naturally observed his own servant was worth scores of him.'

Among others who met Monsignore Persico at Father Healy's dinner were the Prince of Saxe-Weimar, Archbishop Walsh, and Lord Ashbourne.

When, on Monsignore Persico's report, Rome at last fulminated its decree forbidding ecclesiastics to co-operate in Land League tactics, Father Healy said to a popular hierarch: 'We have fallen on strange times, when the priests have to give up politics and take to religion.'

He continued to mark his respect for the civil authority, and to follow in the steps of his first Diocesan, Archbishop Murray, by attending the Viceroy's levées. Previous to one of these appearances, he entered a tailor's shop, pointing out that the ends of his trousers were frayed, and requesting that they might be turned up and pressed. This was done; but when writing his card at the table in St. Patrick's Hall, his nether garment, probably shrunk from hard weather, revealed so much stocking beneath that an Anglican friend suggested that it would admit of being some inches longer. 'Oh, they are very glad to take us on our own terms!' replied Healy, who well knew that he was the only priest attending the Irish Court.

For some time he took to wearing a soft felt

wide-awake hat, which his brother priests thought might be relinquished for one of more dignified cut. The daughters of General Sir Michael Galwey, having met him in this garb, said, 'Oh! this beats the Duchess of Devonshire's hat all to nothing. You should have called upon us to show us the latest fashion.' It was not seen after.

A tailor, in attending a clerical customer who desired to be fitted, said: 'This, sir, is a coat with which you can hold any theological opinions you please,' showing him one with specially long skirts. Father Healy's coat was of a different cut. It was short, with pockets at the side. A friend, who felt privileged to offer the suggestion, delicately urged that it might perhaps afford a greater amplitude of skirt. 'It will be long enough before I get another,' he said; but the witticism was not wholly new. Father Healy was never fastidious as regards a fit, and said that the best fit for a man was a good fit of laughter.

He never forgot a friend, and, if one died to whom he had been much attached, he kept vigil on an anniversary fraught with mingled memories. He had a great regard for the sister of the late Rev. Ambrose McGarry, a nun in Loretto Convent, Bray, who, like her brother, was early called to her reward. As regular as clockwork Father Healy might be seen, on the feast of St. Gabriel, wending his way along the avenue which leads to the con-

vent, and then and there celebrating the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of her soul. Miss McGarry, when adopting a conventual life, took the name of Sister Gabriel.

H.S.H. the Prince of Saxe-Weimar had been Commander of the Forces in Ireland for some time ere he made the acquaintance of Father Healy. The Prince, at a dinner in Dublin Castle, not knowing that Healy was in earshot, remarked that he had heard real Wicklow mutton with the gravy in it could only be found at one table—that of the Roman Catholic priest of Little Bray. Hereupon a cheerful voice was heard to say, addressing the Prince's aide-de-camp: 'If his Serene Highness will be good enough to visit my hermitage, I promise to show him not only the mutton, but the gravy too.' The informal invitation was accepted on the spot, and the Prince made himself most agreeable then and at subsequent merry meetings.

On one occasion Father Healy invited to dinner several members of the Viceregal Household. He opened the hall-door himself, remarking to one, 'You'll take the potatoes;' to another, 'You'll carve the ham,' and so on. The fact may perhaps be repeated, that he kept but *one* servant—Eliza who cooked the dinner, and Eliza who served it. The swell guests had, therefore, something to do. But what would have been a bore to men of smaller

social status proved to them a source of rare enjoyment. Such relief from the strait-laced formality of a Court was simply too exquisite to express.

'At such times,' says Sir John Banks, 'his unflagging flow of wit was something wonderful, his attention to every possible want unceasing. He would be flinging coals on the fire one minute, and opening a bottle of champagne the next.' He did what no other man could do. Sir J. Banks asked him why he did not attend the Duke of Abercorn's levées. 'My mother and the Duchess never quite hit it off,' was the reply.

During a visit to London in 1889, he saw a good deal of Lord Spencer and his accomplished wife, who had been styled in Dublin 'Spencer's fairy queen.' 'But,' said Father Healy, 'she seemed to me a good deal changed.'

'Ah,' replied a friend sententiously, 'we don't improve, like generous wine, with time!'

'Speak for yourself—I never felt in fuller body.' And another day he said, in acknowledgment of inquiries after his health, 'I have not felt so well for sixty-five years,' which was exactly his own age then.

But the turning-point of Healy's life had now come. He suffered from gall-stones and dyspepsia, with derangement of the liver; he lost two stone in weight. His dinners to friends, however, con-

tinued. These were at five and six o'clock, according to their social status and habits. Whilst entertaining guests, his face would light up with joyous expression. His housekeeper described him as seated in a chair, and groaning for an hour before they arrived, his arm pressed on the suffering part, and with a face pitiable to behold.

The moment the knocks came, he was a new man—the life and soul of mirth; and when the last guest departed he would relapse into his previous depression.

His table was famous for fine hams, and if anyone asked who was his purveyor, the reply came, 'Mary Healy.' This was his sister.

Shortly before this time, the curate at Little Bray had left Ireland for a well-earned holiday; but Father Healy would not allow it to be abridged by the summons which a fussy friend was about to despatch, notwithstanding that an immediate change had been prescribed for himself.

Father Healy in due time went to Harrogate. Dr. Cruise was there the same week. One morning, just as the band had struck up its liveliest strains, by the old sulphur well, who should enter the pump-room but Father Healy! When the first pleasant flashes of recognition had passed, Healy asked Cruise where he was staying. 'At the Crown Hotel; and where do you stop?' 'At the half-crown one,' meaning the White Hart, whose

tariff was less than the Crown. At this point both were joined in the Pump-room by a new arrival, and Father Healy asked him what waters he was taking. 'None whatever; I came here merely for change of scene.' 'In other words, you leave *well* alone?' In a moment the Padre was off, but fresh faces soon encircled him, all beaming beneath the rays of the morning sun, as he might indeed be styled.

No man knows what he is until he has suffered, and Father James was glad to gain new knowledge. He came home not much improved. Dr. Nedley, previous to sending him to Carlsbad, examined the anxious sufferer, and heard a statement of all his symptoms and the opinions of some English doctors whom he had consulted. 'I think my liver is the seat of suffering,' he said. 'I think it is the colon,' said his physician. 'I wish you'd put a *full-stop* to it,' was his ready rejoinder.

In appearance he had been stout and burly. A post-card from Carlsbad informed a friend (Canon Keon) that 'he was shrunk to the size of a curate.' A card to Dr. Nedley said that 'he really felt very well though eating very little.' He was fortunate in having as a companion the Hon. David Plunket, who accompanied him to Carlsbad.

During his absence, his house at Bray was occupied, on his invitation, by Margaret, Baroness Sandhurst, and the Right Hon. James Stansfeld,

her husband. The Corporation joined in the compliment by conferring the freedom of Dublin on both in acknowledgment 'of the beneficent influence they had shed on public life.'

Exercise in the open air is probably the best cure at Carlsbad. Father Healy, on mounting to the precipitous crags overhanging the town, saw with surprise the great cloud which rises from the vast reservoir of natural water in a state of perpetual boil, and, as he was informed, liable to produce earthquake if the holes, which are made for safety-valves, should become clogged or neglected to be rebored. These terrors he sought to forget in pleasant social intercourse.

It is no wonder that in the most aristocratic watering-place in Europe, with its eight thousand visitors during the season, Healy should have met distinguished and pleasant people. An old friend, the Bishop of Canea, having called, found some visitors with him. 'Who is the lady who spoke so volubly?' he asked some time after she had left the room. 'Mr. Manton,' was the reply. 'No, no,' said the Bishop; 'I mean the elderly lady with the red face, auburn hair, and diamonds.' 'You mean, What is her name in religion?' proceeded the humourist, affecting not to understand, and alluding to the name that nuns take at their solemn profession. A more direct question from the Bishop elicited the fact that this lady was the

Duchess of Montrose and Marchioness of Graham and Buchanan—well known in sporting circles as 'Mr. Manton,' under which name she constantly entered horses to compete for some of the best plates. It may be added that Manton was the name of the place in Lincolnshire where her horses were trained. As the Duchess was better known in the paddock than in the Park, something more about her may be acceptable. She had been introduced to Father Healy by Mrs. Bischoffsheim, and the Duchess in turn presented her husband to the Padre. This introduction took place in the street at Carlsbad.

Father Healy told stories of her Grace, whom he afterwards met at Neuenberg. 'She asked me what I thought of Lady Grey's appearance, which of course I heartily praised. The Duchess must have been jealous of her, for she replied with bitterness, "I differ with you utterly; she has a hard eye, like nails." '*

The Duchess, who was a daughter of Lord Decies, became a widow in 1872, and, instead of sinking

* This is a horsey phrase; perhaps the Duchess meant 'a wall eye,' known to jockeys as one that has 'a good deal of white in it.' Apropos of this phrase, I remember at Clangowes, during some building operations, that a man standing under the ladder complained that a bit of brick fell into his eye, owing to the slovenly way in which the mason handled his trowel. 'Here's a lump of fresh mortar,' was the heartless reply; 'and now you'll have a *wall* eye.'

beneath the turf with grief at her great loss, took to it as a stimulus and for occupation. The family seat, Buchanan Castle, was occupied by her son, and the Dowager-Duchess passed a good deal of time at Carlsbad and Monte Carlo. Here she tried her hand boldly at the tables, but not with success. In dress she evinced little taste, crowding on her person gaudy and unsuitable colours. She at last sold off her horses; the family pictures went next.

Her death followed close on that of Father Healy. In May, 1895, her wines, silver, and jewels came to the hammer. The silver naturally included racing trophies, besides silver table furniture. Among the jewels was a magnificent pearl necklace, and the diamond ornaments included a tiara. The Duchess possessed some good works of art, porcelain, and decorative furniture. A recent announcement states: The magnificent pearl necklace which belonged to the Dowager-Duchess of Montrose, and which, by the Duchess's will, was to be sold for the benefit of charity, on Tuesday realized £11,500.

Mr. Crawford, her second husband, was the richest commoner in Scotland; her third husband was a youth of twenty-five.

Meanwhile, Father Healy attained a gradual increase of flesh and strength. The Bohemian bard Lobbrowtiz, so far back as 1522; wrote a

Latin ode to the water of Carlsbad, which is thus translated :

'Healing fount! flow on for ever,
Health on mankind still bestow ;
If a virgin woo thee, give her
Rosy cheeks and beauty's glow ;
If an old man, make him stronger ;
Suffering mortals soothe and save ;
Happier send them home, and younger,
All who quaff thy limpid wave!'

The poet's aspiration was verified. Father Healy returned home a new man.

In January, 1891, Mr. Matthias Bodkin, afterwards M.P., but at that time the acting editor of *United Ireland*, refused to espouse Mr. Parnell's side; whereupon the latter burst in the door of the editorial sanctum, attended by several companions, who fell upon the refractory journalist, and installed as editor in his room a stanch disciple of Parnell.

A friend announced this sensational news to Father Healy, who, aptly quoting from the Acts (i. 26), said, "'And the *lot* fell on Matthias!'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Tour in Spain—Paul Aubert—Alarming Illness of Father Healy—The Riviera—In the Pope's Debt—Monte Carlo—A Papal Present—Letters from Hell—Loretto *versus* Roulette—Lady Hilda Dundas—Lord Houghton—Narrow Escape of Father Healy—The 'Twopenny Shave'—Castle Boro—Carlsbad—Buxton.

IN January, 1892, Mr. Henry Arthur Blyth, of Portland Place, London, who had already known the charm of Father Healy as a travelling companion, urged him to be his guest on a prolonged Continental tour. The good priest had had a sharp attack of influenza, and suffered from the languor which follows that disease. He had a bright time of it beneath the cloudless sky of Madrid, and was the means of greatly enhancing the enjoyment of Mr. Blyth's travelling-party. M. Paul Aubert kept a diary of their movements, but, although a most accurate recorder, unfortunately made no note of the good things which fell from the witty priest.

'Upon reference to my diaries,' he writes, 'I find

that on January 30, 1892, I met in the Sud-Express train, at St. Pierre-de-Corps, Mr. Blyth's party, which consisted of: James Blyth, Father Healy, Newman Gilbey, H. J. Newman, Arthur Blyth, Audley Blyth, and Archie Gold. We travelled together, arriving in Madrid on the following evening, and put up at the Hotel de Paris.

'We spent nearly a fortnight at Jerez, when the Anarchists were so much in evidence; indeed, it was during our stay that the seven leading men were sentenced to death and garrotted. During our stay Father Healy, Mr. Gordon, and myself went to Cadiz. Another day the whole of our party went to St. Luca and Bonanza. On Saturday, February 13, Father Healy and myself (neither speaking a single word of Spanish), left Jerez to visit Seville, where we remained until Monday, the 15th. We then went on to Grenada via La Roda. It was during this trip that Father Healy was taken very ill in the train.* We spent the whole of Tuesday at Grenada, visiting the Alhambra and the Gipsies' quarter. On the following day (Wednesday, the 17th) we left for Malaga, where we were joined by the rest of James's party in charge of Dom Pedro Gonzalez. On Thursday, the 18th, we left for Cordova, in order to visit the Mosque. On Friday we undertook a somewhat

* Mr. Blyth tells me that he thought Father Healy would have died.

lengthened journey through Alcaza and La Encina. arriving in Valencia the following day. We were met there by M. Luiz Quer, who took us all round the place. On Sunday we left for Reus. On Tuesday Father Healy and I broke the party once more, and went on to Barcelona, where we spent a couple of days. On Wednesday, the 24th, we left for the Riviera, and on Thursday, the 25th, I parted from Father Healy, who was going to stop with Mr. and Mrs. Bischoffsheim.'

Throughout these travels Father Healy constantly repaired to the nearest church to say Mass. The law on the use of vestments during the Holy Sacrifice is very strict, and Benedict XIV. ('De Miss.' iii. 71) declares that no cause whatever will excuse a priest from observing it. Father Healy, on joining his friends at breakfast, interested them by an account of his interviews with the local clergy, and his descriptions of the variations of fashion in respect to the vestments which were placed at his disposal. It needed a considerable muscular effort one morning to get his arms into the sacred garments.

It was no unusual circumstance to find Father Healy leave the party, often at the pleasantest moments, saying, by way of apology, 'I am in the Pope's debt.' This, of course, was to recite the Canonical Office, which every priest is bound to do.

Father James's correspondence with friends in

Ireland, including his curate, was usually confined to post-cards, scribbled from remote places, telling the points to find him, so that he might be kept *au courant* with matters which most people when on their holiday would rather not hear.

Father Healy had met with some small financial loss at this time ; and Mr. Blyth, on visiting Monte Carlo, made up on the moment a small family syndicate, and, without acquainting the Padre, included his name in it. Mr. Blyth put down £10; his brother, £10; £10 in the name of his daughter, and £10 in the name of Father Healy. Fortune favoured the venture, and his amazement was great when Mr. Blyth waited upon him with his share of the proceeds. He was at first sceptical as to the story of the syndicate, and thought it was some new expedient on the part of his generous friends to heap fresh favours upon him. It is due to Father Healy to say, on the authority of Mr. Blyth, that he constantly declared he was well able to pay; and his kind host has given me an account of the generosity of his presents. Among them was a valuable ornament for Miss Blyth. But let Father Healy himself describe it: 'The little trinket I send has this much historical value, that it was given by the late Pope Pius IX. to a lovely lady. I now beg another lovely lady to accept it from me as a little souvenir. It is not value for £100, but it is a beautifully carved stone, and

good judges tell me you needn't be ashamed to wear it.'

Mr. Bischoffsheim describes the Padre as most careless of his health. He kindly invited him to stay at his house in Monte Carlo, where he at last arrived, after having travelled third-class the whole way from Homburg without breaking the journey, or indeed, it might be almost said, without breaking his fast. He admitted to having had a sandwich, but no more.

He employed the time partly in reading his Office, and partly in meditation, for which, in the whirl of his ordinary life, there was little leisure. His means were sufficient to enable him, when not the guest of friends, whose name was legion, to travel luxuriously, but there never lived a man who pampered himself less. A true priest, without cant or whine, he was very much of opinion with Sir Matthew Hale, 'They who pink and pamper the body, and neglect the soul, are like one who, having a nightingale in his house, is more fond of the cage than of the bird.'

Father Healy was not long in recovering his wonted flow of boyish spirits. He procured from the reading-room of the gambling-house some sheets of note-paper, surmounted by a picture of its vestibule, and duly inscribed as coming from that forbidden region; and in order, as he said, to take a rise out of some clerical friends in

Ireland, he used this stationery in writing to them on ecclesiastical business. 'My Bishop,' he said, 'will start on receiving a letter from Hell.'

The back-windows of Mr. Bischoffsheim's villa looked out on the gaming-house, with its towers somewhat suggestive of Notre Dame. 'Is it not like a cathedral?' he was asked. 'With this difference,' said he: 'that in a cathedral they pray for a man; here they *prey* on him.'

He was hurrying to say Mass one morning at the new church of Lorette, which had been built with £15,000, the bequest of a former owner of the gaming-table. 'Où allez-vous?' asked Mr. Bischoffsheim. 'I'm going to do what you couldn't do,' replied Healy; 'I'm hurrying to say Mass at the church Notre Dame de Loretto.' '*De Roulette* you mean,' was the witty rejoinder. Healy and his friend might have felt with Archbishop McGee that the bequest was intended as an insurance against fire.

With a keen eye for the foibles of his fellow-men, and a kindly sympathy for their follies, Healy continued to make many a quaint comment. Of a high and learned personage who had taken a young wife, he said, 'She will kill that old man, dragging him about to balls.'

'Oh, that would be killing the goose that laid the golden eggs.' 'What! you don't call that learned personage a goose?'

Like St. Paul, he was all things to all men, and to all women, for the matter of that. He knew 'legions of angels'; and whenever one with human instincts decided to wed, then came his present of a Pandora's box in embossed silver, a card-case, or a case of spoons—the most appropriate of all. This social duty was, in itself, no light tax upon his income.

Addressing the father of several young ladies, one of whom had just been married, he said: 'What a pleasure it will be to you to see Olive again after her trip! and tell the girls not to keep me waiting too long for the next marriage.'

At the marriage of Lady Hilda Dundas to Lord Southampton, during the Viceroyalty of Lord Zetland, no guest was more full of fun. Purdon Coote, the Gentleman Usher, pointing to a particular room, asked him to view the presents, adding that a man who had just gone in was a detective. 'Do you hear the imputation he puts on me?' said Healy, addressing the Archbishop, Lord Plunket.

'I once dined in company with him,' writes a correspondent, 'at the house of a distinguished Judge, where the guests were, almost without exception, members of the Irish official class. The conversation turned upon soliciting favours from the ruling powers, and Father Healy, who had been on friendly terms with every Lord-Lieutenant and Chief Secretary for the past thirty years, was

asked whether he had been frequently importuned by friends to use his influence on their behalf. He then told the following story: "A man came to me with a dozen fresh eggs. 'A little present for your riverence.' I saw that there was something lurking behind the eggs, and I said, 'I don't want the eggs, but now tell me, my good man, what do *you* want?' 'Well,' said he, 'I was thinking that maybe your riverence would be plazed to get me a little bit of a place down there below in the Coorts.'"

He had a good deal of the tact traditionally ascribed to the Vicar of Bray who kept in with all Governments. 'Politics he eschewed,' writes Mr. Labouchere, 'and in a country rent by political strife he was as popular with Nationalists as with Unionists.' On Lord Houghton becoming Chief Governor of Ireland, under Mr. Gladstone, he remarked to Father Healy (November, 1892), 'What a genial change in the weather!—last week so inclement, now so mild.' 'Like Mr. Balfour's reign: now succeeded by a more gentle rule,' was the response. An English statesman, who had become a convert to Home Rule, said to him at the time when it really seemed imminent, 'Well, we're near Home Rule now.' Healy thought for a moment, and then added, 'It will be after Tuesday!'

The genial weather noticed by Lord Houghton continued, and a trip to the Dargle and to Powers-

court Waterfall was planned for the Viceroy's enjoyment. Father Healy at once started to assist, as a local pastor, in doing the honours. With this object he was speeding, on a hackney car, intently engaged in reading his Office, and had possibly repeated the words 'In the midst of life we are in death,' when suddenly this text became well-nigh realized. The *Daily Express* of November 4, 1892, thus graphically reports an incident which journalists of a previous generation would have said 'had been nearly attended with fatal consequences': 'Yesterday his Excellency and three of his children went down to Bray by train, and drove in one of the state carriages from the railway-station to visit Lord Powerscourt. The Rev. James Healy, P.P. of Little Bray, who purposed accompanying the Lord-Lieutenant to Powerscourt, followed the Viceregal carriage on a hackney car; but on arriving at the Big Tree cross-roads, near the Dargle, he directed the driver of the car to drive up the old Dargle road, the Viceregal carriage having gone the low road. The car had not proceeded far up the hill, when a horse, yoked to a load of bricks, was seen galloping down the hill at a furious pace without a driver, and before the driver of the car on which the reverend gentleman was seated could turn his car off the road, the runaway horse dashed into it, throwing the Rev. Mr. Healy and the driver on to the road, and completely smashing the car.

The Rev. Mr. Healy escaped with a few scratches on the face and hands, but the driver received some injuries to his hip and shoulder. The horse that was yoked to the car was very much injured, a piece of skin and flesh a foot square being torn from its stomach. A man who was breaking stones on the roadside caught the runaway horse before he could free himself from the broken car in which he was entangled.'

Bishop Donnelly, then Pastor of Rathgar, was naturally dismayed on reading the newspaper account, and at once expressed his deep concern at the accident, and a hope that it had not been attended by serious injuries. 'I had my usual twopenny shave—nothing more,' replied Father Healy. Dr. Donnelly was well aware that for years the Padre had been in the habit, on his arrival by train in Dublin, of frequenting a barber's shop, and getting himself shaved for twopence. He added, in order to allay still more the Bishop's solicitude, that the day of his accident he had a dinner-party, and never felt more at ease.

This was not the barber of whose trembling hand Father Healy had a story. 'There, now you have cut me!—Ah, whisky, whisky!' 'Yes, yer reverence,' replied the ready-witted operator; 'it do make the skin tender, don't it?'

We have seen how Father Healy of late years, when presiding as host, became impatient of long

stories if told by one with whom he was specially intimate. Finally, he refused point-blank to allow a *bon raconteur* the full length of his tether. One evening the latter asked a guest who had not previously been at Father Healy's, 'Did you ever hear how Casey tricked Dr. Hutton out of his guinea?' 'No; nor he shan't hear it now,' exclaimed Healy, adding *sotto voce* to a friend, 'I have timed it by my watch, and it takes twenty-five minutes.' He continued in the efforts, made at an earlier date, to make conversation, not a despotic monarchy, but of republican equality.

One of the later parish priests of Bray soon after his appointment was somewhat embarrassed to receive a visit from a lady who bitterly complained of a fancied slight on the part of one of his curates. He tried to make peace, but his visitor was not so easily calmed. Just at that moment Father Healy chanced to drop in, and the puzzled pastor asked him to help in adjusting the matter. Addressing the visitor, Father Healy said: 'I have been in Bray for over thirty years, ma'am. I never had a difference with one of its people. "Bekays why?" —I was born in Francis Street; and, like most natives of that place, my manners were early looked after by those responsible for my training. No one from Francis Street would be capable of rudeness; and I am sure, ma'am, you will make due allowance for those who never possessed Franciscan

advantages.' The visitor, quite satisfied, withdrew, after which the parish priest asked Healy why on earth he had introduced 'Francis Street.' 'I recognized her,' he replied, 'as being a former resident in Francis Street, where I am aware she was very successful in business.'

'Oh, what handsome children!' he exclaimed, on meeting Mrs. O'R—— with her bairns at the railway-station. 'They are good children,' she replied, 'but not handsome.' 'Don't give the lie to your clargy,' said Healy, hurrying away. The lady got a panic lest some carmen who were present would regard this as a serious utterance, but Irish jarveys have too much natural humour to make such mistakes. He who takes the child by the hand takes the mother by the hand. Meeting another matron with a charming child, he said, 'But that I'm in the street, I'd give her a kiss.'

The activity of his life was remarkable. An occasional glimpse of it is to be caught when opening old newspapers. Thus, a paragraph in the *Irish Times* during August, 1892, mentions: 'Lord Wolseley, who was this week the guest of Lord and Lady Carew at Castle Boro, visited Wexford on Wednesday. The Commander-in-Chief was accompanied by his hostess, Lord Edward Cecil, Emily Lady Carew, Mrs. Lethbridge, the Very Rev. Canon Blacker (Woodbrook), Rev. Father Healy (Bray), Miss Gibson (Lord

Ashbourne's daughter), Mr. Howarth, etc. After partaking of lunch, the party proceeded through the town on foot, and visited several places of interest, amongst which was the bedchamber that was occupied by Cromwell during his stay in Wexford in October, 1649. In the afternoon the party drove to Johnstown Castle (the residence of Grogan Morgan, who was hanged in '98), and were received by Lord Maurice and Lady Fitzgerald. They returned to Wexford and took their departure for Enniscorthy *en route* to Castle Boro.' On such trips Healy was the life and soul of the party.

The death, near Swords, of Mr. Kettle was announced by the morning papers. A gentleman of this name had made himself prominent as an orator of the Land League. 'Kettle is dead, and we'll be no longer in hot water,' somebody remarked at breakfast. 'Dead! not a bit of it,' replied Healy; 'it's the Kettle without the spout that's gone.' It was a brother of the orator who died.

Some of the festive compliments he had been receiving were promptly returned at Little Bray. But even those of whom he had previously known little were well aware that

'Hospitality,
No formality,
All reality,
There they'd ever see.'

His one servant continued to act as cook as well as

parlourmaid, and it was quite understood that each man should shift for himself and assist his neighbours. Many hands make light work, and the hilarity of the company was all the brighter from the piquant novelty of their occupation.

Father Healy had no ambition for Church dignities; but some friends of his were always impatient to see him advanced, and missed no opportunity to din into his ear that he had been unfairly dealt with. By constant ear-wiggling of this sort, they at last succeeded in persuading him that his name ought not to be excluded from every new batch of Canons.

One day the Archbishop and several Canons were dining with him. 'I wish there were no Canons in the diocese, for then I'd be as grand as any of you,' he said. This was his first hint that the dignity would be acceptable. The canonry, however, did not come, and by degrees he became more pointed; this was observed on a subsequent occasion, in the year 1898, when his Grace and a number of priests were with him at Little Bray. A guest who missed Father Healy's faithful curate asked where he was.

'He's at Elswick.'

'Where is that?' someone asked.

'It's a place where cannons are made.'*

* The great shipbuilding and gun manufactory of Lord Armstrong is at Elswick.

'He'd be a long time at Bray before he'd see a Canon made,' came in reply quick as the ordnance flash.

A Society journal gave prominence at this time to the following anecdote: 'At Corless's Restaurant the other day Father Healy's attention was drawn by the proprietor to the fact that Miss Corless had gained some great distinctions at the Milan Conservatoire of Music. "And what are you going to do with your daughter after all this?" asked the priest. "Oh, I shall hope to see her on the operatic stage soon," replied Mr. Corless, who is the owner of the most extensive oyster-beds on the Irish coast. "You'll want to turn her into an oyster Patti, then," said Father Healy without a moment's hesitation.'

Father Healy, having been shown this paragraph, did not admit the paternity of it. He said that he had never been at Corless's Restaurant in his life. He was not the man to address such a joke to the father of the lady; but if the subject were started, he might have said something of the sort in their absence.

His movements during his holiday are indicated by a line penned at Buxton on Tuesday, August 22, 1893: 'Here I am just come from Carlsbad.' He had accompanied to Buxton his kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Bischoffsheim. His luggage, they say, might be put into a despatch-box. He always

carried about him a license to say Mass, and at Buxton his first inquiry was for the Roman Catholic church. On looking into his valise, he was disconcerted to find that he had failed to bring a clerical collar suited to the requirements of the place; one of paper, he said, would do in default of better, and Mrs. Bischoffsheim would have kindly made one if she had had a pattern. The town was vainly searched for a collar. At last he decided upon calling on the local priest, who, after some delay, satisfied his requirement.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Expected Canonry—Promotion to the Parish of Ballybrack and Killiney—Shanganagh—Lord Powerscourt's Memorandum—Rostrevor, the Irish Mentone—Cardinal Logue—Cahermee Horse-fair.

CANONS of the Diocese of Dublin wear a peculiar stock, in which ornamental colour predominates. I heard the late Canon Pope say that this stock was first worn by the Rev. John Laphen, D.D., and was nicknamed the 'Laphen-stock.'

In August, 1893, there was a grand Church function at Kingstown, followed by a hospitable entertainment given by its Pastor. Healy was in a very chaffing mood among his brother priests—complimented one on having been recently called to the Chapter, and, addressing another Pastor not so favoured, who possessed a house-organ of such neat workmanship that it was said a great hierarch once called to see it, exclaimed: 'Present that organ of yours as an offering, and you'll soon be as red about the gills as any of them.'

If the canonry was deferred, an acceptable pro-

motion came by his appointment as parish priest of Ballybrack and Killiney, where troops of attached friends lived. For generations this place had been much favoured by the 'upper ten.' 'He has only sent me there because I won't last long,' said Father Healy cheerfully, when congratulated on his appointment; 'but I'm delighted to be there. I have to keep saying: "Ballybrack, my boy, you're only mortal; don't be proud!"'

The allusion to his diocesan was, of course, one of the jokes which nobody took seriously. It may be observed parenthetically that when Father Healy neared his end, and asked as a favour that a fast friend of his should be appointed his successor, the request was acted upon by Dr. Walsh three days after Father Healy's death.

Father Healy was charmed by his change to Ballybrack. His friend, MacCarthy, had written lines in praise of the place:

'How pleased, how delighted, the rapt eye reposes
On the picture of beauty this prospect discloses,
From that margin of silver, whereon the blue water
Doth glance like the eyes of the ocean foam's daughter!
To where, with the red clouds of morning combining,
The tall "Golden Spears"* o'er the mountains are shining,
With the hue of their heather, as sunlight advances,
Like purple flags furled round the staffs of the lances!

* *Golden Spears*, it may be remarked, is the literal translation of an old Irish name applied to the Sugar-loaf chain of mountains.

Sweetest of vales is the vale of Shanganagh !
Greenest of vales is the vale of Shanganagh !
No lands far away, by the calm Susquehannah,
So tranquil and fair as the vale of Shanganagh !'

And, again :

' When like a brave man, in fenceless resistance,
I have fought the good fight on the field of existence,
Be my home a calm home where my old age may rally,
A home full of peace in this sweet pleasant valley !'

Ballybrack as a parish had been united to Glas-thule, but on the death of Canon George Harold was severed from the latter. To visitors, St. Alphonsus and its charming priest's house—embosomed in bright parterres and commanding views of great picturesque beauty—seem like a revelation of fairy-land.

The curate at Ballybrack, who, from long residence, had become endeared to the place, seemed a little disappointed on being obliged to vacate the house. 'I advise you to go to the Archbishop,' said Father Healy—a pause ; 'his Grace has got a fund for the relief of evicted tenants.' As he said this he raised an eyelash in the direction of Land League Lodge, the adjoining residence of Michael Davitt.

The Padre was much amused at a rumour, or a joke, or whatever it was, that the Corporation had thought of altering the statue of Nelson in Sackville Street into one of the popular leader Davitt. 'The

arm being deficient, the job was the less difficult, and would have afforded a conspicuous instance of high art.'

The curate at Ballybrack, who left the house on Healy's arrival, casting 'a lingering look behind,' was promptly consoled by his appointment as parish priest of Wicklow. The owner of Ardmore, Killiney, gave a dinner to this priest on his promotion, and Father Healy, while drinking his health as proposed by the host, congratulated him on the attention shown, adding that when *he* was leaving Little Bray he was allowed to glide away without any 'dinner.'

Lord Powerscourt has kindly sent me the following memorandum of a small incident which, though of no public interest, yet, as belonging to this period of Father Healy's life, claims record :

'When Father Healy was being promoted from Little Bray to Ballybrack, he was moving his furniture, etc., out of his house at Little Bray, and he had a picture in his dining-room of Tinnahinch, representing the view of the Powerscourt mountains, painted by Roberts. I said something to him about the picture, and asked him whether he was going to take it with him, and said : "Any time, if ever you think of parting with that picture, kindly let me know, and I will give you whatever you think it is worth." We got into the train at Bray to go to Dublin, and talked about all sorts of subjects, and

when we got near Dublin he said : " Do you know what I gave for that picture ?" I said : " I have not the slightest idea." He said : " Well, I gave nothing for it ; it was given to me as a present, and if you will give me three dozen of your champagne, you shall have the picture." I said : " Oh, Father Healy, but that would not be fair ; you will drink the champagne, or your *friends* will drink it, and then you will have nothing left." " Oh !" he said, " that does not matter ; the champagne will last my time." So I sent him the three dozen of champagne, and he sent me the picture.'

A very handsome bright new carpet, which Father Healy got as a present, covered a portion of his hall at Ballybrack, and presented a marked contrast to one of mustard hue beside it which he had previously provided. 'It's a very handsome pattern, but it's swearing at the other,' a Bishop said when visiting him. 'All I can say is, it never learned to do so here.'

Shortly after his transfer from Bray to Ballybrack, he puzzled Archbishop Lord Plunket by the remark, made with much solemnity : 'You have lost your Father.'

He was persuaded to secure, on what seemed advantageous terms, an outside jaunting-car, lightly built and suited to the hilly country in which his lot was now cast. 'Like everything Irish, I've got the car before the horse,' he said. The purchase

of the latter was in due time completed. It was a Rosinante of very unprepossessing exterior. 'I don't want to die a millionaire,' he said, 'so I've invested my savings in him.'

It was the day-dream of his life to be parish priest of Ballybrack and Shanganagh. The reader will remember that Monsignore Farrell, twenty years before, endeavoured to get him the appointment. When congratulated on his promotion, Father Healy replied, in more thoughtful mood than was his wont: 'Pray that I may live a couple of years to enjoy it!'

An English friend and his family, not in the best health, visited Monte Carlo. 'So you're all mending, and most of you mended. Thank God! Be sure to fleece the Philistines, and bring home a cartload of louis. Plainly, you haven't heard of *my* good luck. I have got Ballybrack and Killiney as a parish instead of Little Bray—the nicest and most picturesque parish in the world. Tell James and all your people, they'll be glad to hear the news and rejoice with me. I had a congratulatory letter from Villa Henriette. I suppose David Plunket had sent the good news.'

Father Healy was much *en évidence* in his new parish, especially in the precincts of his church. All comers were cordially greeted, and he had as pleasant a word for the child who came for Catechism as for the local magnate. These courtesies

were meant, of course, for his flock. Two fair ladies, who lived nearer Dublin, said : ' We hear the views from your new house are charming, and some day we mean to look you up.' The ecclesiastical spirit was shown in his laughing reply : ' You know, I don't much encourage the visits of ladies.'

' I hope I'll be in full splendour on your arrival in Dublin,' a burly Saxon is told. ' Anyhow, I'm making the necessary preparations, and Maurice Brooks is ordered to provide the kitchen-range. My health, thank God, is excellent—hardly the recollection of my illness remaining.' This roseate glow was not destined to last. A friend is told (October 31, 1893) : ' To-day I'm better, but I was in bed on Saturday and Sunday, and I cannot tell when or how it's going to end.' But when Christmas came matters looked brighter : ' You'll be glad to know that I am much better, and going to be better still.'

His generous and genial friend, Lord Iveagh, also tendered felicitations. ' Among other advantages,' Healy replied, ' its income, although somewhat short of yours, is sufficient for my wants, and almost enough for my desires.' And on a subsequent occasion he said : ' Every luxury has its drawback. We have both more means than it is possible for us to spend.' The humour of the reply lay in the fact that Lord Iveagh was said to be worth £4,000,000.

Men did not need a stethoscope to read through the lines of his pleasant sentences on moving to Ballybrack that mortal disease was at work within. Constant change was ordered by his doctor, and this serves to account for the activity of his movements.

A convalescent English friend is told : ' I, too, have at last made tracks. To-morrow I go to Rostrevor—our Irish Mentone ' ; and he asks him to come there as his guest.

Writing of Carlingford and Rostrevor, Thackeray says : ' Were such a bay lying upon English shores, it would be a world's wonder ; or if on the Mediterranean or Baltic, English travellers would flock to it in hundreds.' Attracted by these words, and further influenced by the report of his friend, Dr. Nedley—' A lovely region, bad for doctors ; an excellent cook, try her omelettes '—Father James was soon embraced by ' the Queen of the East Coast.'

He tells two English visitors that he was thinking of running up to Dublin to have a look at them ; ' but I'm sure it's wiser, and that you'd both like it better, that I'd stay here and perfect my cure. Please God, next time you come I'll be younger, stronger, and handsomer than ever, and therefore fit to receive you.'

A lady journalist was at Rostrevor, and had a good deal of talk with Cardinal Logue, who stayed at the same hotel. They were joined some days

later by Father Healy, and I merely record so trifling a remark because of the quaint way he expressed it: 'The Cardinal was quite turned over when he heard who you were.' This lady tells me that a peer in England, who kept a specially pleasant house, wrote to Father Healy asking him on a visit. Miss Bryce, a very pretty girl, said: 'Father Healy, I wish you'd take me in your pocket.' 'It is not in my pocket, but as a feather in my cap, you should come.'

On his return from Rostrevor, a lady got into the train at Drogheda whose features struck him as so like those of a dear friend of his that he had little doubt she must be the niece of that friend. He did not like to ask her the question, but adopted the expedient of introducing in audible converse with his *vis-à-vis* an allusion to the suspected uncle, adding that if he would only give up drink he would be the best fellow in the world. Her piqued manner at once revealed the relationship. Father Healy apologized, explained the truth, and both talked pleasantly during the remainder of the journey to Dublin. The humour of the thing lay in the fact that the uncle to whom he referred was a man of model habits.

An English friend, who had been often at his house in Bray, had arranged to celebrate the Derby by a dinner in London, and Father Healy agreeably surprised him by saying he would join it.

'You needn't mind having bells rung, or trumpets blown, or fireworks; but everything else is expected, and no doubt will come as I'll come.'

The Padre was now in great form, and, as he said, 'not a bit like the careworn old fogey you used to know.'

He had a good time in London. On June 17, 1894, he writes: 'Safe and sound, at home again in the quietness of Ballybrack, far from the mad-ding crowd.'

'Every day,' writes a lady, 'dinner was served in his house, whether he came home or not, and a standing order enjoined that in the latter case it should go to the poor; as a rule, he dined out. If not regularly secured by a previous invitation, he would bring sunshine at twilight, by dropping in on old friends.'

The next glimpse caught of Father Healy is not

'On July the twelfth in Oldbridge Town,'*

but on July the twelfth at Cahermee horse-fair. This is a great attraction to society in the South of Ireland. Equipages from all parts throng to the spot, furnished with contingents for picnic and promenade. It was just a sight which the late Duchess of Montrose would have enjoyed. Four thousand horses are on view and on sale, supervised by

* The first line of the well-known ballad, 'The Boyne Water.'

men with widely-separated legs and tightly-fitting small-clothes. There was Father Healy, sure enough, standing in one of the most *distingué* groups, and interesting the coterie with some of his quaint memories. The Padre turned up in many unlooked-for places; but in this instance he had been invited to help in brightening Lord Wolseley's visit to Cahermee. His mission to the end seemed largely devoted to making the lives of others happy.

In August, 1894, symptoms of ill-health again appeared, and Father Healy was urged to try once more Carlsbad, which gave him new life five years before, and proved of benefit the previous year. One of his flock, Sir Richard Martin, sought to be allowed to defray the expenses of the trip, but Father Healy would not hear of it.

Meanwhile he accepted the invitation of his friend, Lord Iveagh, to join him in a prolonged yachting expedition. Amongst other pleasant incidents of this time was their presence at the Cowes Regatta, where the name of Father James Healy was put down as an honorary member of its Yacht Club. Here he witnessed some exciting races between the great representative cutter yachts of Great Britain and America—the *Britannia*, belonging to the Prince of Wales, and the *Vigilant* of Mr. Gould. One day the Duke of St. Albans said: 'Our Commodore wishes to be introduced

to you.' 'Well, trot him out,' was the brusque reply of Father Healy, who did not know that the personage in question was the Prince of Wales. Although the Prince had been twice to Ireland, it so happened that Father Healy, owing to more than one *contretemps*, had not been presented to His Royal Highness. The priest was rather disconcerted when, in the present instance, he found out his mistake, and at once hurried to pay his respects to the Commodore. The Prince said that his name had long been familiar to him, and proffered the courtesies inseparable from his genial nature; but Father Healy replied that he was merely *en route* to Carlsbad for his health, and already had been put under a despotic regimen.

'I got so ill at the Isle of Wight,' he told Mrs. Bischoffsheim, who richly enjoyed his occasional use of hyperbole, 'that I expressed a wish to see a priest. After much delay one was found—a man of generous rotundity and long black hair. I took so long to make my confession that, when it was done, he seemed a spare man and his hair was white.'

Walking exercise in the open air is an essential part of the regimen at Carlsbad. One of its visitors, thus occupied, was familiarly hailed by a voice behind. On looking back, a muffled figure was seen, the collar of the coat buttoned up so high about his ears that one could barely recognize the

sheltered face. When everyone else had umbrellas to ward off the sun, this shivering figure presented a touching contrast. Addressing the new-comer by his Christian name, Father Healy said :

‘ I am very ill.’

‘ Where are you staying ?’

‘ At the Hôtel Belvedere, on these great heights above, which it distresses me to try to reach.’

‘ You could not do better than come to *my* hotel, the Golden Shield, which is on the level.’

‘ I should like to do so ; but, alas ! my traps are above, and possession is nine points of the law.’

Both sauntered to the Golden Shield. There was only one small room, but the Padre eagerly said he would love to have it. His friend at once hurried to the more inaccessible hostelry, explaining in mingled German and English that the Padre, being ill, was unfit for the ascent, and having obtained his luggage, the envoy bore it back in triumph.

Father Healy was delighted at the change.

‘ After yachting with Lord Iveagh, and taking part in the Cowes Regatta,’ the friend was told, ‘ I started for Bergen, but became so ill that with great difficulty I got on to Carlsbad.’

He seemed wholly unable to eat ; went to bed at half-past three p.m., and rose at ten next day. He flattered the old friend by a request to tuck him in the last thing, and say ‘ Good-morning.’ He had

been sleeping so badly that forty winks, he said, would prove a boon. A faithful vigil was kept. 'Don't go yet,' he might be heard to whisper, and his friend would linger until the lids that covered the Padre's expressive eyes seemed sealed at last.

A native doctor prescribed. By degrees the patient got better, and after a few mornings his friend said: 'Do make an effort to join me at an *al-fresco* breakfast. You will be amused to see hundreds similarly engaged by the banks of the Tepl.'

Breakfast was laid under one of the trees which dotted the garden in front of their hotel. Though seemingly shaded, yet, wherever a stray ray of sun percolated through the branches, it all but scorched like a burning-glass.

Father Healy would eat nothing. The friend, aware of an old penchant on his part, and hoping to tempt his appetite, said: 'Bacon can *not* be cured here as it is now in Ireland—the summers are too hot, and the winters too cold; but they prepare a sort which is extremely like what used to be got at your father's house.'

The Padre remarked that imitation was the sincerest flattery, and consented to act upon the happy thought. A fitch was found, and a rasher cut, which somehow soon disappeared. The friend, quoting from Murray's 'Guide,' said that the Sprudel, the hottest spring in the world, boils eggs

hard. This, Father Healy remarked, almost equalled the boast of Brother Syrenus Kelly, that he had roasted his Easter eggs in the crater of Vesuvius, and he saw no reason why, with the Sprudel at hand, they could not brew their own tea at Carlsbad. Father Healy's next sign of convalescence was to put on a fancy cap, which had been given to him as a honorary member of the Cowes Yacht Club.

A bigot having expressed surprise that he should enjoy the society of some friends at Carlsbad whose religious views were not orthodox, he replied, 'When they accord to me the right to differ, why should I cavil at theirs?'

A hankering for home news was the next sign of convalescence. He rejoiced to hear of the success of Bishop Donnelly's fancy fair for the enlargement of his church at Bray.

'Life at Carlsbad,' writes Mr. Labouchere, 'is dull, wearisome, and watery. Healy's presence there was an inestimable boon. One day a party was made up to visit some place in the neighbourhood, and of that party he was the life and soul. He was good enough to invite me to visit him in Ireland, and I looked forward to that visit with longing. He had been ill, but he seemed to have got over it, and I little thought that in a few short weeks he would be in his grave.'

He passed through London on his way home,

called at Lord Iveagh's house in Grosvenor Place, and announced the pleasant fact that 'Richard was himself again.' Two memorable days were passed at this time with the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury at Hatfield.

Accepting an invitation from the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans in September, he met at their house a nice woman, Mrs. Austin Lee, whose husband was in the Diplomatic Service. The childlike innocence of the man and the amiable enjoyment of his hostess were shown by a far-fetched joke.

'I hope you like Mrs. Lee,' the Duchess said during a brief absence of the lady.

'Why shouldn't I? Is *she* not a *She-Lee* and I a *He-Lee*?'

Reaction would come. Father Healy had long been in the habit of dining with Mr. James Macan to celebrate the anniversary of his marriage to Miss O'Hagan. The last occasion was October 15, 1894. With feet on the fender and eyes fixed on the red caverns of the glowing fire, he seemed thoughtful and depressed that night. At last he expressed the presentiment that ere another year came round one of the guests would be no more.

The Rev. Daniel H——, a popular curate, had been on the Mission for a longer period than usually qualifies for promotion. At the conclusion of a largely attended clerical dinner, hot water was

produced for the use of those who cared to wash down frugal fare with the 'wine of the country.' The Vicar-General, a strict total abstainer, finding that the jug had been passed on to where he sat, at once pushed it beyond him with an energy that sent it two or three seats higher up, one of which supported the genial person of Father Dan. 'Ah, don't pass over Dan!' exclaimed Father Healy, and every man present saw the felicity of his remark.

A parish having become vacant by death soon after, rumour said that this priest would get it; but the Archbishop and the vicariate arranged it otherwise. His Grace's secretary, having had occasion to write to Healy on other business, was answered on a post-card, saying he had been ill, and that Dan was near having another chance. These repeated hints worked, and within a week Father Dan received his appointment as Pastor of Lusk, so rich in archæological and historic interest.

Father Healy's dress on the coldest days was the same single, skimpy coat that had done duty in warmer weather. It is only surprising that he so long escaped the fatal chill which would have been inevitable to a man of less active habits. One of his last appearances in public was at the funeral of William Henry Cogan on a cold day in October, his tightly-buttoned thin coat showing that he felt the nipping air. And yet a week or two before his

death he was seen, on a sharp day, standing—of course without an overcoat—at a bookstall. He is said to have replied to a lady, who said, 'Father Healy, you never wear a greatcoat,' 'No ma'am, I never was'—but I do not feel quite sure that the joke has been correctly fathered. His last official act was to preside at the obsequies and read the Burial Service by the grave of his parishioner, Miss O'Gorman, sister of the witty Major, who, through the indulgence of Mr. Brand, when Speaker, had made Parliament pleasant.

To the end he continued 'on hospitable thoughts intent,' and true to his mission of bringing together public men of divergent politics. He had now, in his new home, a much larger dining-room than at Little Bray. Ten days before his death he entertained Lord Powerscourt, the Right Hon. John Morley, the Right Hon. Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, his Grace Archbishop Walsh, Chief Baron Palles, and several priests. Mr. Morley had become his parishioner by renting a place for the season amid the charming scenery of Killiney, and the Padre took him specially under his wing. The first day that Mr. Morley dined with him was on a Friday, when he got nothing but fish. On the second occasion he found nought but the flesh-pot.

An English friend, who visited Dublin four times in the year, he asked to name the precise day of

his projected arrival, 'that I may complete all necessary preparations for the inevitable banquet.'

On October 9, 1894, shortly before his death, he writes : 'I'm flourishing, thank God, but still have the slightest suspicion of my sciatica. I'm under promise to go, if I can, on November 6 to the Iveaghs, now shooting in Norfolk. Weather here preternatural.' Alas! he was in his grave long before that date, and the capriciousness of the Irish climate hastened his end.

He was suffering from an ordinary catarrh, when two clerical friends, hearing of his illness, went down to see him. This was on Tuesday. He insisted on detaining them to dinner, and left his sick-room to entertain them. This needed little effort on his part; he could not bear to be alone, and ordinarily would go out on the highway in search of some acquaintance rather than dine by himself. On the occasion in question he was in high spirits. Soon after ten he returned to his room, but that night he was slightly feverish, and next day no better.

On Wednesday, October 24, he incautiously got up to have his bed made, and sat at the fire. He took off his night-shirt, rummaged in a drawer for a fresh one, and renewed his cold. Ugly symptoms having developed themselves, Dr. Raverty, of Bray, his ordinary attendant, called to his aid Dr. (now Sir Thornley) Stoker. Previously the Padre suffered

from gall-stones, but Dr. Stoker could not detect their presence now. He suffered from pneumonia.

It was stated by a *bon raconteur*, and believed and repeated by Sir George Porter, that Father Healy on his death-bed remarked, in reply to his doctor, who said, 'You cough with more difficulty this morning,' 'Strange, for I have been practising all night.' In point of fact, this was said by Curran in 1817; but if authentic illustrations of Father Healy's wit are admissible in dealing with the solemn event of his death, assuredly good examples are not wanting.

When it is mentioned that Father Healy for years had viewed with scepticism the alleged virtues of medicine, it will be seen that he cannot have proved a very tractable patient. Dr. (now Sir Christopher) Nixon, having been called in for consultation, addressed him in impressive words: 'My dear Father James, you are exceedingly ill. We know what is best for you, and I must ask you to submit your *will* to us.'

'You might change it,' was the witty reply.

Dr. Stoker was so much struck by this renewed proof of his exhaustless wit—strong in death—that he noted the reply.

'Are you distressed?' said Dr. Nixon, during the progress of his diagnosis.

Sir Thornley Stoker describes his answer as slowly uttered, with a gasp between every word:

‘I feel as if several people owed me money.’*

His last words to his devoted curate, Father Burke, as he held his hand, were touching: ‘The doctors have been here; they have passed judgment, and left me no loophole for escape.’

To his sister Mary he whispered: ‘Notice to quit.’

Archbishop Walsh made a special journey to see him. Father Healy brightened as he entered; but this was but one of the last flickerings of the lamp before its light is finally extinguished.

He thanked his Grace for having at last promoted Father Dan, and asked as a dying request that his attached and erudite friend, Canon Quinn, Pastor of St. Audoen’s, Dublin, might be appointed his successor. A few days later the *Freeman’s Journal* records:

‘We are in a position to announce that after the solemn obsequies in Glasnevin yesterday his

* The mind of a wit as death draws near seems to grow brighter and stronger in proportion as his frame weakens. Foote, when told that he would die by inches, said he was thankful that he was not a tall man. Theodore Hook said on his death-bed, ‘There is an end to all things, even to Upper Wimpole Street.’ Sheridan, who, like Healy, had finely expressive eyes, said to Rogers on the bed of death, ‘Tell Lady Bessborough that my eyes will look up to the coffin-lid as brightly as ever.’ A friend of Healy’s in early life, with whom he fenced in repartee, was Joe Geoghegan. Joe, during his last illness, was asked how he felt. ‘If I were to tell you, you wouldn’t believe me,’ was the reply. ‘How is that?’ ‘Because I have been *lying* ever since I saw you.’

Grace the Archbishop conferred the vacant parish of Ballybrack upon the Very Rev. Canon Quinn, P.P.’

Canon Stavely, a prominent figure at the Protestant Synod, and Rector of Ballybrack, had not known Father Healy until his arrival there as parish priest, some months before. He called upon him, and was charmed by his genial wit. ‘I offered prayers for him in my church just as his soul was departing,’ he writes. Frank Battersby but voiced the feeling of many other Protestants in lines too touching to be omitted :

- ‘Toll the bell! a soul is passing
From its mortal home of clay;
Holy prayers, our voices breathing,
Speed it on the heavenward way.
- ‘Toll the bell! the good priest dying
Leaves in memories pure and fond
Deeds of mercy never ending,
Earthly treasures far beyond.
- ‘Toll the bell! no broken-hearted
Ever sought his help in vain;
His, the word of sacred comfort,
Bids the mourners smile again.
- ‘Toll the bell! the scene is holy;
Calm, in sleep of death, he lies;
Round him throng the great, the lowly,
In the solemn sacrifice.
- ‘Toll the bell! while sunbeams, bursting
Through the autumn noontide sky,
Speak in tones of heavenly glory,
“Welcome to thy home on high!”’

When prayed for in the Roman Catholic church at Bray on the same day, many sobs were heard through the sacred edifice.

Father Healy died on October 28, 1894, aged seventy. 'His obsequies, in his parish church at Ballybrack,' writes the Rev. Joseph Burke, 'presented a spectacle of public mourning without a precedent, perhaps, in all our history. The Archbishop of Dublin, with his Cathedral Chapter, the Most Rev. Bishop Donnelly, and countless clergy, secular and regular (many of them from distant dioceses), the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, the Venerable Archdeacon Scott, Rector of Bray, and the Rectors of the surrounding parishes, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, representatives of the Lord-Lieutenant and of ex-Viceroy, Peers, Judges, notabilities from all the professions, and the leading gentry and persons of distinction, vied with each other and with the peasants and the poor, who had flocked from all quarters, but especially from Little Bray, in offering the last sad token of their undying love to the dead priest, whose like they shall not look upon again.'

It may perhaps be added that his funeral was the largest and most representative ever seen in Dublin. Owing to the largeness of the cortège, it did not reach Prospect Cemetery until some hours after its time. Its arrival was awaited by

Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, the Duke of Teck, and many others.

The week Father Healy died he had arranged to spend in England with old friends.

It will be remembered that some joking allusion to a 'will' was made. In point of fact, he had duly executed a will in which £100 was left to the clerical fund for the relief of superannuated priests, and a similar sum to his friends Canon Quinn and Canon Keon respectively.

For years he had suffered from one of the forms of Bright's disease, and he died the more willingly of pneumonia from the fact that another disease, which was already at work, must sooner or later kill him.

'If those whom the gods love die young,' quotes Professor Mahaffy, 'then Healy was such. Had he lived for a century, he would have died young—far too young, indeed, for the many that loved him.'

APPENDIX.

HERE is the promised sample of P. V. Fitz-Patrick's comic Muse. The reverend dignitary was Dean Meyler, at whose hospitable board James Healy first met Fitz-Patrick. The denunciation of the polka and waltz was by Archbishop Cullen.

LETTER ON 'SHOVEL HATS' AND THE 'FAST DANCES.'

By SAINT VITUS* (*Bishop in Nubibus*).

Thro' 'Minor Orders' some exalt 'em—
I bound into my see '*per saltum*.'†

Shortly after the Polka, Waltz, and similar dances had been denounced by the Catholic Authorities, several Bishops and others partook of a Fast Day Dinner with a revered Dignitary of Dublin. One of their Lordships, on his departure, left his Episcopal Hat at the Presbytery, taking away that

* Doctor Horstius states that in certain parts of Germany persons danced in honour of Saint Vitus on his Feast Day, in May; and they asserted that an uncontrollable tendency to renew the performance was felt by them on the return of the anniversary.

† Applied to ecclesiastical promotions, without passing through inferior degrees.—*Pope Honorius, etc.*

which belonged to the writer of the following lines. The object of his temporary Episcopacy achieved, he hastens to pay anew

The homage of a Layman's Castor,
To the spruce 'Shovel' of his Pastor.

DEAR DEAN,

'Tis droll to find the difference
So small, 'twixt things we mock and reverence,
'Twixt coifs of Cardinals and Rakes,
The holy hats and 'wide-awakes'!

Altho' the sly old proverb has it:
'*Cucullus monachum non facit*'—*
Yet I, and with high pride I tell it—
By a broad Hat am made a Prelate!
Its solemn slouch implies the function,
Minus, alas! the lore and unction.

Late, mortifying in your cloisters,
On turbot, sauced with rich 'dredge' oysters;
(Fare, which if given 'Trash' Gregg, and lasting,
He'd bray his best in praise of fasting,)
Some Bishop-guest, to his disaster,
Profaned his *caput* with my 'castor,'
And left me, to complete the frolic,
His grave 'Sombrero' apostolic!

That Hat, severely orthodox,
Its sacred brim, by band drawn tighter,
Curved to the most correct of cocks,
Circles my temples as a mitre!
And like chaste Hal's 'rum' Reformation,
By a new 'Nag's-Head' consecration,†

* 'The cowl does not constitute the monk.'

† 'The first Protestant Bishops are said to have been consecrated at the "Nag's Head" Tavern, in Cheapside, a famous, but much disputed event.'—*Champney's Vocation of Bishops*.
The hearty old Canon of Oxford, Walter de Mapes, in his

Crowns me a Bishop, sleek and stately,
About as genuine as Dick ———

Dick's 'tile' is Luther's quaint quadrangle,
Mine, faithful to the ancient fangle;
Perhaps, like most judicial prigs,
Of both, the 'wisdom's in the wigs.'

Now all who ply the 'toe fantastic,'
From Boyne to Shannon, Suir to Tolka,
Hail me their Pet ecclesiastic—
I grant full fling to Waltz and Polka!

Ballrooms in light and life rejoice,
Beaux and bright beauties skim the floor,
Waltz-bands again wake into voice,
And mirth and matches thrive once more!
Whilst I, amidst smiles and plaudits hearty,
Reign Primate of the 'Movement Party'!
Spooners may solve the question vital,
Is mine a 'Territorial Title'?
On points like this, by reasonings cool,
A WISE MAN made JOHN BULL 'TOM FOOL.'

Lords of the Hats of margin ample,
Missioned to edify the nations,
Give sprightly dance, with my example,
Your prompt and plenary dispensations.

well-known 'Leonine' Verses, desires to die in a tavern. He at least would scarcely have objected to receive 'Imposition of hands' there. Witness his first verse, which I amplify in English:

*'Mihi est propositum, en Taberna mori:
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori
Ut dicant cum venerint, Angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius huic Potatori!'*

Be, when death calls, my earthly task, concluded in a tavern,
My lip soothed by a genial flask, drawn from its coolest cavern,
While choral angels sweetly troll, as burden to their psalter,
'Propitious Heaven, accept the soul of jovial Canon Walter!'

Athens' grand Sage so loved a skip, he
 Romped thro' a reel e'en with Xantippé.*
 His soul with holy joy entranced,
 Before the Ark King David danced.
 Thence Prelate comes, which pedants carry
 From *Præsul*,—*quasi præsaltare*!†
 Dapper Divines are found to lead off,
 Whether the 'Set' were large or small,
 In all the earliest 'Hops' we read of,
 And light-built Bishops finished the ball,
 Footing it gaily to organs and lutes,
 Thro' a rattling dance like 'Priest in his Boots'!‡

Their steps timed to a joyous psalm,
 Brisk Girls linked with mercurial Fellows,
 Long tripped in airy *chaines des dames*
 Around the Shrine of Saint Marcellus.§
 Kind Prelate, Paul, bid thy sweet 'PERIS'
 Waltz free—'ET TU MARCELLUS ERIS!'

* 'Socrates learnt to dance from Aspasia at an advanced age: Why then should not I join in one?'—*Dr. Johnson*.

Matchless in reasoning, grace, fantasia,
 That wench of wondrous gifts, Aspasia,
 Taught Pericles the power of glances,
 And Socrates the Greek 'Fast Dances.'

† Scaliger says that the first Bishops were called *PRÆSULES*, because they led off the dances on great Festivals.

Père Le Menestrier, so late as 1682, saw the Canons dance at Whitsuntide.—*Traité de Ballets*.

'Only think, thought I, as I dozed away,
 Of a party of Churchmen dancing the hay—
 Clerks, Curates, and Rectors capering all,
 With a neat-legg'd Bishop to open the ball.'—*Moore*.

‡ The popular Irish Jig.

§ Gallini and others tell us that the people of Limoges danced on his festivals around the tomb of Saint Marcellus, singing:

'Grand Marcel, priez pour nous,
 Et nous danserons pour vous.'

'Gainst the dear Polka ne'er enforce
The rule so fettering and commanding,
But blotting from your 'Moral Course'
That 'Lock on Human *Understanding*,'
Let, like the gay old Crozieraed Quorum,
Nymphs dance—'PERMISSU SUPERIORUM.'

La philosophie est quelque chose ; mais la musique, et la danse, c'est-là tout ce qu'il faut.

Sans la musique, un Etat ne peut subsister.

Sans la danse, un homme ne sauroit rien faire.

Lorsqu'un homme a commis un manquement dans sa conduite, soit aux affaires de sa famille, ou au gouvernement d'un Etat, ne dit-on pas toujours, Un tel a fait un mauvais pas dans une telle affaire ?

Et faire un mauvais pas, peut-il procéder d'autre chose que de ne savoir pas danser ?

MOLIÈRE.—*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

In 'Plain and Easie Rules for Dancing,' published in 1651, the author exclaims with energy, 'Who hath not heard of the Gentlemen of the Innes of Court, whose sweet and airy activity makes them of our Corinnas and Amandas the especially admired and beloved ?' Their successors of the long robe command in these days the same enviable preference. Sensible, too, of the value of court smiles and favours, they hopefully recollect that

The graceful play of agile heels,
Gained Hatton—from Queen Bess—'the Seals' ;*
And Marie Antoinette was schooled
In waltz, by Dancing 'Master' Goold !†

* 'By his unrivalled proficiency in dancing.'—*Lord Campbell's Lives of Chancellors*.

† The late Master in Chancery, Mr. Goold, who, in early life, acted under a persuasion that he was called upon to amaze the world in every department, is understood to have moved in the *Minuet de la Cour*, and the gayer dances, with the ill-fated Queen of Louis XVI. According to the *Sketches of the Bar*, 'he could throw off a *Pas seul* in a style of original dexterity which, to use an Irish descriptive phrase, elicited explosions of applause from the men and ecstatic ebullitions of admiration from the ladies.'

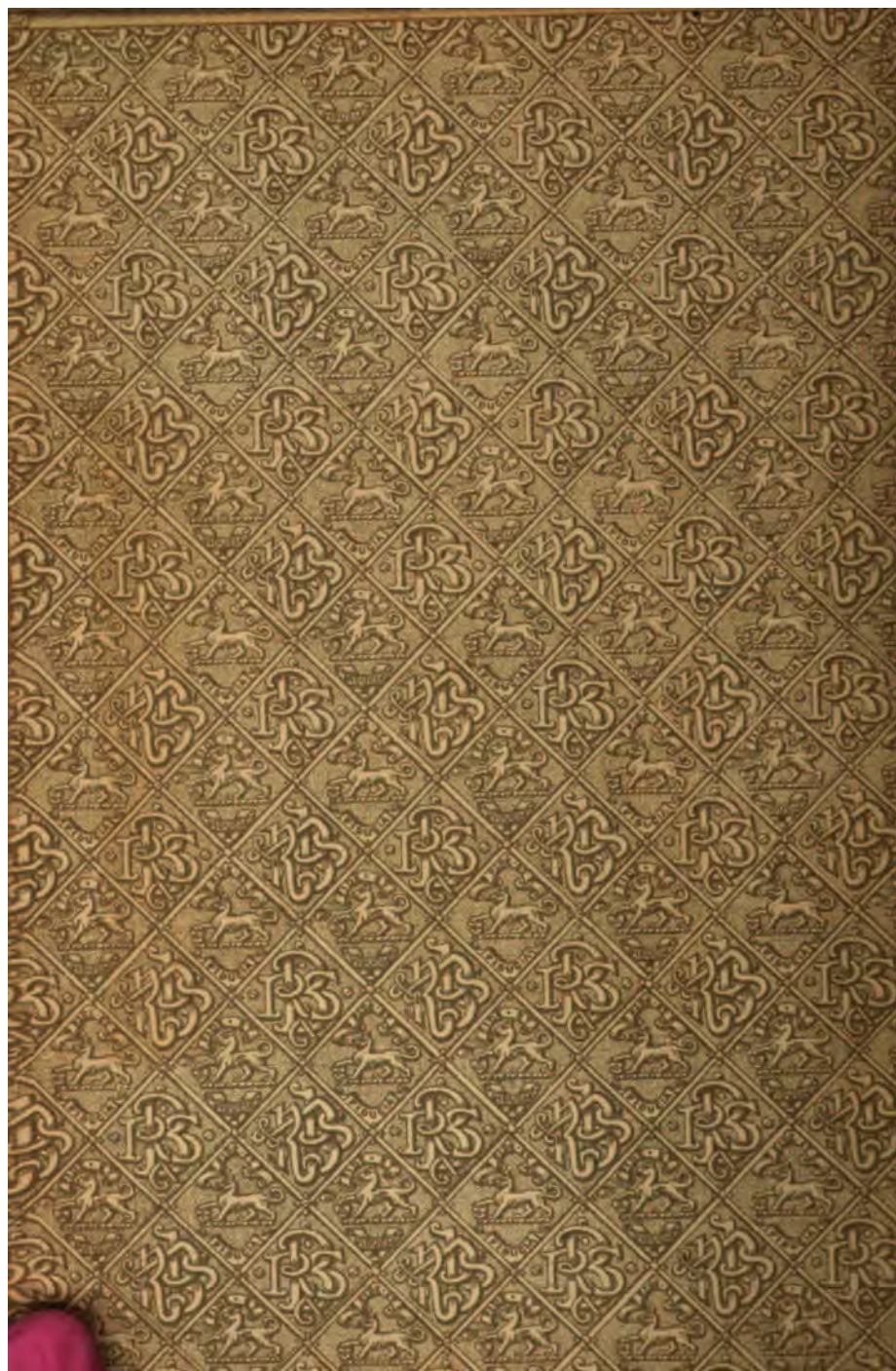
PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO THE LATE REV. JAMES HEALY, P.P.

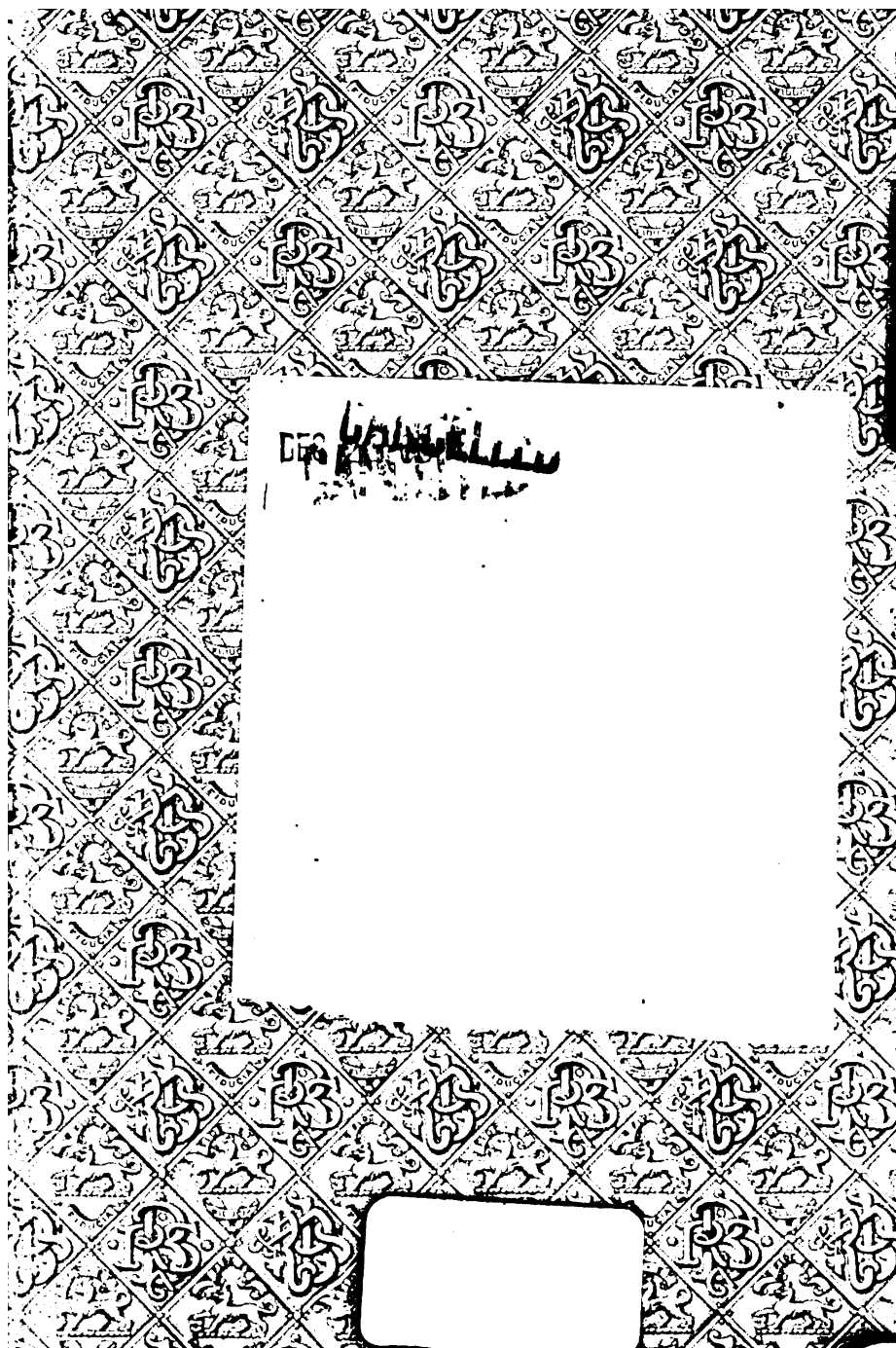
IN December, 1894, a meeting of the friends and admirers of Father Healy was held in the Shelbourne Hotel for the purpose of considering the best means of perpetuating his memory. Lord Powerscourt presided, and it was urged by Sir R. Martin and the Provost of Trinity College that the best way to honour his memory was to establish some benevolent institution or work for the benefit of the poor of Little Bray, amongst whom Father Healy laboured for so many years. It was finally proposed by the Rev. Dr. Haughton, S.F.T.C.D., seconded by Lord Monck, that a Cottage Hospital be established in Little Bray.

Subscriptions have already been received amounting to £2,400, but a larger sum will be necessary before the good work can be accomplished. This aid, it is hoped, will soon be forthcoming.

Among the subscribers were Lord Ardilaun, £100, and Lord Iveagh, £100, donations afterwards handsomely doubled; Lord Salisbury, K.G., £20; Lord Houghton, £20; H. Bischoffsheim, Esq., £20; Lord Zetland, K.G., £10; Lord Londonderry, K.G., £10; Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, £10; Lord Powerscourt, K.P., £10; the Master of the Rolls, £10; Right Hon. David Plunket, £10; H.S.H. the Prince of Saxe Weimar, £5; Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, £5; Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Kildare, £5; Most Rev. Bishop Donnelly, £5; and Lady Constance Leslie, Marchioness of Drogheda, Earl of Belmore, Right Hon. J. T. Ball, Very Rev. Archdeacon Scott, etc.

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